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THE

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Published Fortnightly by the Students of

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

1896-97.

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Each new board of editors salutes its constituents after nearly the same fashion; sometimes promises are made and sometimes not. We will say at the outset that it is not our intention to make promises that cannot be fulfilled; we simply will do our best to make the ORIENT a truly representative paper of the college. If we fail to come up to the expectations of all, you can rest assured that it is not due to lack of hard work, but rather to a lack of ability.

It is no easy task to fill successfully the seats left by our predecessors, since many who have been editors from one time to another have been men of decided abilities in a journalistic line of work.

The ORIENT has always maintained a high standard of excellence, and has a good position among college journals of its class, and with the support that it deserves at the hands of all Bowdoin men it should continue to maintain its present position.

No changes will be made in the form of the paper, so that any one who wishes to aid the college, can assist the board by sending in, from time to time, contributions or suggestions, anything, in fact, that is of interest to those interested in the welfare of Old Bowdoin.

To the undergraduates we will say that

an attempt will be made to get a room in which exchanges will be kept on file. It is of great interest to many to learn what other institutions think of us, and to read their accounts of games played with us.

We feel that should all learn how vitally connected the ORIENT is with their lives here, none would fail to assist in keeping the paper up.

We will attempt, as we said above, to make our paper a representative one, and we ask your assistance in so doing.

THERE is one feature of college life that is neglected among us. That is, we, as an institution, do not get together and join in singing the good old college songs.

At different times in former years, so we are told, the campus used to ring with the strains of familiar songs. Once in a while, nowadays, a few will get together and sing, but no large numbers as in the olden days. Is it right that this old custom of singing should be forgotten? Is it possible that the fellows are so busy that a few minutes once in a while cannot be spent in singing? It is one of the best methods of arousing enthusiasm. It is a feature of college life that will not soon be effaced from our minds.

Whenever any number of Bowdoin men accompany the athletic teams, it is pleasant to be able to sing a lot of Bowdoin songs and to sing them well. It is also a help in bringing out material for the glee club, and in many other ways it is a means of uniting the various classes in college.

We have a splendid place to sing, and now that the warm moonlight nights are here, we ought to congregate on the steps of the Art Building and awaken once more the town by the echoes of our songs.

In the seventies a book of Bowdoin songs was published, but now no one knows those old songs. Why not compose new ones to the old airs, and have them printed in the

ORIENT so all may learn them? Then have regularly bulletined song meetings, and all turn out to sing the praises of Bowdoin with a will. More than this, have them included in the repertoire of the College Glee Club. Surely every one would enjoy it.

THE college feels very much elated, and justly too, over the result of the Chess Tournament recently held at Waterville with Colby. The result gives us more pleasure, because it was so unexpected. No one had dared to predict that our representatives would make even a creditable showing, but to have them win the most games, in fact, nearly all the games, is a thing for which they should be commended. When it is remembered that chess is not played by any large number here, and that the members of the club have not worked hard for places, it is even more to be wondered at that we should so easily defeat the picked men of an institution where chess is played on scientific principles.

Colby was the challenging party and from all appearances expected easy victory. The next tournament is to be held here in Brunswick, and it is hoped it may be between the four colleges of the state. It should be the aim of all men in college to make Bowdoin a leader in Maine, not only in athletic games, but also in the highly intellectual games, such as chess. It can only be done by conscientious and systematic training, and we believe that such is the present feeling.

THE lecture delivered last week by Professor Hutchins, on the X ray, shows very clearly that Bowdoin is up to date both in equipment and in the efficiency of her teaching force.

Professor Hutchins, before a large and interested audience, took a photograph of the bones of the fingers and had it developed inside of ten minutes. The exposure was

only of one minute's duration. Nowhere else, so far as can be learned, has this been done, the usual time of exposure being from twenty minutes to an hour in length.

Professors Hutchins and Robinson have invented a new tube which gives the above results. It is a great improvement over the famous Crooke's tube, but exceeding difficult to make. This advance will, we hope, be received with favor as has been all the work of our professors heretofore, and the college ought to feel proud of the two men who have done such good work in her name.

When we think of the eminent scientists at work on the subject of photography by the X ray, we should feel better satisfied for the fact that we are under the tutorship of men who have made the greatest advance in the study of photography by the light ray.

Nothing should be more firmly implanted in our minds than the fact that we are abreast of the times, and we should not fail to make mention of that fact.

THE base-ball season opens with a very good prospect before us, and will, no doubt, be a creditable one for the college. Three games have been played and the team has shown itself to contain good material. The men are batting well and fielding in fairly good shape, but the throwing is not up to the mark.

To obtain the best results all must do good systematic training, and conscientious work during the games. The training has been under excellent directions. We have an efficient manager and an excellent captain, and it remains for the team to prove its ability to repay for the many advantages it has received this year. All the vacancies occasioned by the loss of last year's players have been well filled. Competition has caused men to work hard for places, and it remains for those chosen to show themselves worthy of the places assigned.

The way the men have turned out is to be commended, and those who play on the second nine are doing just as much for the college as those on the 'varsity nine. Let all who can, turn out to aid in practice.

By the crowd that watches the men during practice it is easy to see that there is much interest on the part of the student body. But mere interest is not enough, financial support is necessary as well, and it is earnestly hoped that all will contribute something either by subscription or by attendance at all the games played on the home grounds. Encouragement should be given the men not only by words that show appreciation of work performed, but also by good concerted cheering at the games. All should bear in mind that the groans and hisses that sometimes follow a poor play, do not better matters and can well be left out. Any and all good plays, whether made by our own team or by our opponents, should merit hearty applause, and in this way we will be known as a fair-minded college and will command greater respect from outsiders.

Guard against the tendency to groan; cultivate good cheering; and, above all, be sure to attend all the games and encourage the team. We have a winning team and it should be well backed up. Let each do something, and surely the aggregate will amount to a great deal.

Genesis and Exodus of Skepticism.

'SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZE ORATION.

By R. O. SMALL.

VARIOUS creeds have exposed skepticism as the result of natural and total depravity in mankind. The same devil who occasioned man's ejection has caused his ex-communication. Held responsible for his fall, he is charged with all his doubting. I would find another cause for skepticism, old as the Serpent and potent as man's inborn badness.

Whether devilish or angelic, its origin is in intellectual tendencies ancient as the mind and coeval with truth itself.

Skepticism is an inherent possibility with which all ages and professions have been concerned; Hypatia, Voltaire, Franklin, and Huxley unite historic time, lands, and learning, all influenced by its enterprise; while such adaptness to time and subject allows the skeptic of the present to doubt philosophy, question science, and contest theology as Socrates, Galileo, and Luther did in the past.

Like the works of man or nature, the obelisk or the wastes of Sahara, skepticism must be admitted, then explained. The admission demands but a look about us; the explanation requires deduction of law from the phenomena of its appearance and growth. I believe Bacon's law of matter to be true of mental conditions, and that every effect is produced by some efficient cause. From the effect, then, we must argue for the cause, and the mainspring of skepticism will be found by arriving at the law of the mind which governs change in belief. Thought has been the vehicle of this change, and has run upon a crooked and stony road.

As Odysseus was obliged to shape his course by Scylla and Charybdis, so thought has ever been forced to pass between credulity and doubt, eluding the grasp of one to encounter the vortices of the other. Conservative doubt and radical credulity meeting on all fields and in all questions, by their success and failure have rung on the changes in this world's great drama: and the part played by skepticism has been no minor role. Though faith in a Great Spirit has been piously transmitted in the blood of the Semitic family, Jew as Gentile has often been found skeptical of a Deity. Though kings at one time enjoyed homage meet for divinity, Magna Charta was demanded of a John and a revolution wrested divine rights

forever from England's crowned heads. And despite the authority for a special creation, evolution has been evolved. The "Nemesis of faith" is at the bottom of all this change.

Thought has served as a constructive agent in our world of mind and institutions much as the sun does during nature's growing season. The secular growth in the trend of one is like to the vernal development in the ecliptic of the other. Spring escapes through winter's back door to view the death-like ravages of her late despotic lord. Life is as yet hid within the dull cold ground. Day trails after daylight, and warmth succeeds to shade and chill as the season unfolds its three months life. And behold! The Germ of Life stagnant in the dead earth has affined the vitality given down from the sun, until what simulated death is now expanding life and the pallid color of fugitive Spring is warmed to the roseate blush of a virgin Summer. So mind comes out from instinct to find the brown stubble of intuitive knowledge. Truth is now deep rooted in the soul, and absolute crudeness is but one stage removed. Centuries bury generations, a period of thought light is followed by the darkness of doubt; the rule of intellect is relinquished to that of fatuity, and time tolls off its centennial strokes. Now take notice! Truth planted within our being has been vitalized and strengthened by the remodeling thought of ages, and the stubble has grown and borne the abundant fruits we now enjoy.

This progress of thought has ever been due to reaction; numberless forces in numberless ages have reacted and finally given us our customs, laws, and institutions. The bursting of the bonds of ignorance and superstition, known as the Reformation; that drama of carnage, crime, and license called the French Revolution; and the harvest of slavery denominated as the American

Rebellion, all have a common explanation in the law of reaction. Cite any crucial event in the world's history and investigate its cause; it is a reaction. Reaction explains skepticism. Pick out a skeptic and you find a mind reacting against some arbitrary power—ignorance, vice, learning, or some equally unanswerable tyrant—which has bound it to a mode of thinking. In reaction we have the power which makes for change in belief; it is the intellectual tendency ancient as the mind and coeval with truth itself.

The way skepticism grows out of belief is apparent when you consider this law. Noblest truth is mixed with falsehood, and after a system of faith has prevailed for a time, keen minds detect some error. The reactionary principle brings investigation, and the critical scrutiny then entailed leaves a shattered belief; a system rejected in whole or in part. Reaction against the essential Paganism of the Catholic world was the ultimate cause of Protestantism; reaction from Calvinism gave us the Unitarian church; reactions against dogmatic creeds have made skeptics of the very elect, robbed the eucharist and the altar of many devotees. Your dogmatist is of the stuff of which inquisitors were made, and so long as the church was an oracle from which appeal was denied, thinking men dreaded its folds as heretics feared the inquisition.

Now that we have found the principle which forces men to leave the lighted avenue of faith to tread the shadowy road of skepticism, must we stand at the parting of the ways and see them choose this route? Is there no way to keep all save stragglers on a common course? Yes, there is.

While it is a fundamental law of mind, as well as matter, that action is equal to reaction and in the opposite direction, with mind to an extent not true of material things, greater freedom of action renders

reaction less perceptible, and the two more easily harmonized. This is the phenomenon which encourages me to hope that mankind may be thinking beings and still keep out of the dark highway. To diminish skepticism, freedom in thought must be allowed. A common ground where conflicting ideas can mingle on friendly footing must be established. As long as the arena of war is the only meeting-place for conservative institutions and progressive thought, our difficulties will be aggravated.

While Rome remained guardian of the world's stock of truth, dogmas were proof enough that cherished hopes were true. Research and investigation were check-mated when attempt was made to push them beyond the "thus far and no farther" established by the priesthood. Nor was the lesson taught by the mother church easily forgotten. Churches down to this day establish hard lines of belief on as insufficient bases as ever the Catholic church employed. Milton saw "abandon all hope" written above the gates to the infernal regions. For centuries thinking man has beheld "abandon all thought" written over the entrance to many a church fold.

Modern skepticism is often intellectual and questioning thought; at its best it is courteous and dignified. The attempts of some theologians to bundle aside all skepticism undistinguished and unheard, has been one reason for its abiding and persistent antagonism. The skeptic is not "Mephisto" in disguise. Christianity can not be indifferent to views of such a man; the church must turn to and help him, or never behold the salvation of the world. The clergy must not subordinate their desire for free inquiry to their zeal for the positive proof of their belief. The united testimony of the ages must be weighed with the bold speculation of the hour, unprejudiced by tradition and unhampered by authority. Spiritual bond-

age must be overthrown and spiritual freedom granted to the world. Free communication of opinions and belief is the one method which will force skepticism to surrender its sword. Should this method fail, then reasoning man with justice may declare, "the pillared firmament is rottenness and earth's base built on stubble."

But far better than knowing the method is the assurance that it will be employed. Religion, strangled by her own dogmas, is freeing herself from these encumbrances, and with beneficent gaze sweeping the horizon in search of vital truths. The tomb for blind belief stands constructed ready for its fated tenant. Science and theology have outgrown their age of conflict, and now a minister of God standing on the book of Genesis can accept the truth of evolution. Religion in the form of a logically dependent series of propositions is being rejected, and the skeptic made such by a creed which spurned him as unclean, will soon be gone. Reason as the only arbiter between truth and falsehood is uniting extremes, and theology, tried and acquitted at this tribunal, finds its pillars secure against any infidel Samson who may arise. "Festina lente" is the motto embossed upon the shield of truth, and in this sign she will conquer and hold the nations. America and Africa, one free, the other half-enslaved, stretch eager hands to grasp her riches.

Honest doubt, by hastening this time, has worked more "universal good" than "partial evil," and should be so accredited. Skepticism has kept the waters of religious speculation in that ebb and flow where arbitrary custom cannot congeal nor transmitted doctrines stagnate them. It has opened the way for Christ's pure and simple religion of love to God and man; that way once made clear, skepticism will perish by its own work.

As when David sung and Isaiah prophesied, sun, moon, and stars declare the glory

of a God undimmed by doubts and not narrowed by belief. Skeptic, who denies a God power to this earth, go look upon the granite masses of the Presidential range; stand by the sea and gaze into its unfathomed depths rolling away to lave the walls of bending æther; or listen to the striving elements, as the inexorable rage of tempest defies the control of human power. Then ask with Tennyson, "What am I?"

I know not how in future years the pendulum of thought may swing. It is sufficient for me to live my day, and while I live it, to be thankful for that intellectual tendency which has forced us to pluck the winding-sheet from the past and expose it in all the ghastly nakedness of death, forced us to allow that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among its followers."

The Genesis of Skepticism is found in reaction; the Exodus in reunion.

The Animals of Florida.

THE animals of Florida present a wide range both to the naturalist and to the hunter. They are in a land where the north and the tropics blend—a mean between hot and cold; and as a result have a strange medley, there being animals of two climes. Life in all its forms has ever been found most flourishing in southern lands. The tropics are where the dense jungles, the impenetrable forests, and the rank growths of vegetation are seen. And the climate, so favorable to the vegetable kingdom, seems also to nourish the animal kingdom. To this general rule, Florida is no exception. Within her borders she has many curious and some dangerous forms of the animal family.

Perhaps the most dreaded and most dangerous is the commonly called panther.

These are found in Florida with all their cunning and strength. A single glance is enough to convince one that they are a formidable adversary. The lithe, cat-like movements, as they creep through the forests, the cunning, merciless eye, and the strong, well-formed muscles, easily prove them of royal blood. Each year, however, they are growing scarcer. Occasionally some hunting party will tell how its dog struck a panther trail, or some quiet farm-house will be awakened from its sleep by an unearthly cry, but none seem sorry that such occurrences are becoming less and less frequent.

The panther stays for the most part during the day in the jungles and dense swamps. Then, when night comes on, he prowls forth in quest of food. He generally confines his depredations to cows, and hogs, and smaller animals, rarely attacking men. He is quite cowardly, but if wounded or attacked, makes a terrible fight. The cry of the panther is rather weird, to say the least. In my first experience it was hair-raising. The cry is a long, piercing yell of anguish as from one in trouble, and then at times it dies away to a hoarse laugh. At other times it is the exact imitation, to untrained ears, of the crying of a baby. The strength of the panther is well known. It was my fortune, one evening, to stop at a settler's house for the night. After supper, as we sat around the open fire-place, the conversation turned on panthers. Several stories of the feats and deeds of this animal had been told when, what in the uncertain light of the fire-place I took to be the grandfather, an old white-haired man, told us his experience. I noticed that he still showed that when he was younger he must have been a giant, and that his voice still seemed strong for one of his age, but I did not consider this till after he had told his story. The substance was this: About four years from that time he was on a clearing with another man, setting

out an orange grove. The place was several miles from any neighbor and about fifteen from any town. One day his companion went to town for provisions, to be gone over night. Nothing out of the way occurred on the ranch till about midnight, when this man was awakened by a loud thumping in the barn. He thought probably a calf had escaped from its pen and its mother was hunting for it. So, in his night clothes, he started for the barn. It was moonlight, but only a few beams came in through the cracks of the wall; yet on the floor in an unused stall he saw a dark object which he took for the supposed calf. Giving it a punch, he told it to "get out of there." Imagine his terror when a full-grown panther with a roar sprang up to meet him. The fight was long and hard. But, as I have said, the man was of giant build, and getting the panther by the neck, he clutched him with all his might. The next morning the two were found in the barn-yard—the man unconscious though alive, but the panther quite dead. It was then discovered that the panther was very old and had lost many teeth in former combats. But for this the result would doubtless have been much different. The man's hair had changed from a black to an almost white, and once full of strength he was then but a wreck, and never did recover from his frightful encounter.

One of the most interesting of Florida animals is the bear. Though he is found in almost every clime, the habits of the bear vary as much as his situation. The Florida bear is rather small, of a dark color, and lives a great deal in the swamps and surrounding hammocks. They also consider a calf a great delicacy and relish very much a young shoat; but I fear a razor-back hog of twenty-five years would not be too much for their sharp teeth. The bears are very fond of the cabbage palmetto. This species of palmetto grows from forty to sixty feet high.

It is very straight, generally about a foot through, and has no leaves till within about fifteen feet of the top. There is the bud. This, if pulled out, is very sweet and juicy, tasting much like a tender cabbage. It is, however, very hard work to pull the bud out. The only way for a man to get at it is to cut the tree down. Somehow the bears have found out that these buds are good, and when they get hungry and have no meat will climb the trees and get them. One time when I was on the St. John's River, the captain pointed out to me several trees that had lost their buds in this way. He said that several times at night they had heard the bears growling and twisting among the palmettos as they tried to pull out the bud. Sometimes the bud relaxes rather suddenly, and if bruin has not a good hold, he makes a rather hasty descent some forty or sixty feet, as the distance may be, and there is growling, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth generally, but none ever seem the worse.

Bears in Florida are very fond of acorns. The bears come out of the hammocks early in the morning or just at dusk to get them. These hammocks are very dense; a tropical jungle of vines and palmetto, and various underbrush, almost impenetrable. In these places, the bears have what are called runs. These, at first glance, look like tunnels, so dense is the underbrush. The runs are quite low and are where the bears come out to feed. If you are out hunting bears, you station yourself a short distance from the run, gun in hand, and await your game. Everything is still. It is just dusk. A fox runs past. Possibly you hear the cry of a panther or the bellow of a 'gator. It gets darker. The frogs begin to croak and the place commences to look a little weird, and you prepare to leave, when suddenly a rustling of brush is heard, there is a low whiff or heavy breathing, a shambling dark ball appears, and your game is before you. If

the bear is at all suspicious of danger, at this critical moment he will rise on his hind feet and carefully sniff the air. Then, if in doubt any longer, he takes his paw and makes a wide circuit through the air, and then carries the paw to his nostril. If danger is near at hand this generally decides it, and the old fellow shambles off mighty fast, grunting meanwhile over his disturbed supper.

Perhaps Florida's most characteristic product in the animal line is the alligator, commonly called the "gator." This old saurian is to be found in most any lake, mud-hole, or stream. The 'gator differs from the crocodile in that his head is broader, that he has more numerous teeth, and that his snout is more obtuse. The 'gator also has the large canine tooth of the under jaw received not into an external furrow as in case of the crocodile, but into a pit formed for it in the upper jaw. The 'gator, too, is wanting in the ragged fringe on the legs and in having his feet webbed not more than half way to the tips.

The 'gator is of a roving disposition, and after staying awhile in one lake, will calmly migrate to another. They generally make these transfers in the night-time. The female lays from 50 to 60 eggs. First, she scratches a hole in the sand and deposits a layer of eggs. These are covered with mud and leaves and then another layer of eggs, and so on. The young are quite lively from their birth, and make almost immediately for the water. When one is observing a nest the old 'gator is an important factor of the case not to be forgotten, for she generally makes things lively when she is around, and, unfortunately, she is generally around. In such a case where the 'gator is around and takes after one, the only safe thing to do is to run around in a small circle or climb a tree. The 'gator's tail is so long and heavy that he cannot turn around very fast, and for certain physical

reasons obviously can't climb a tree. People, when they are chased by a 'gator, generally seem to prefer climbing a tree to running in a circle, however. There is a common idea that 'gators can't run at all. Such, indeed, would be the impression obtained from their build. But perhaps an incident which happened to a cracker may best illustrate this fact—that they can run. By chance the cracker was out riding in the woods when, some distance off, he saw a 'gator. Now he knew that the path he was on would go past a water-hole where he judged the 'gator was going. So, clapping the spurs to his horse, he put him on the dead run. The 'gator and the man had about the same distance to go. The horse puffed and sweat and kept time to the blows which the excited cracker showered upon him; but the 'gator didn't seem to exert himself in the least. However, the man got around finally just in time to see the tail of the old saurian disappearing into the water-hole. "I had a right peart horse, a right *peart* one," said the cracker to me in his peculiar nasal drawl, "but she couldn't touch that 'gator." Very rarely will a 'gator trouble a man even when people are swimming. If he does he takes his victim silently by the leg and pulls him beneath the surface of the water. The only safety then for one is to reach down, run his hand along the 'gator's snout, and thrust his finger in the gator's eye. This, it is said, will cause the alligator to loosen his hold.

Dear to the heart of every patriotic southerner, darkey or cracker, is the 'possum. This animal is about the size of a cat. It has a pointed head, rough tongue, large bare ears, small eyes, and a long, tapering tail. The opossum varies from a dirty white color to a black. It lives in the swamps and lowlands and is a regular attendant on all neighboring chicken roosts. The 'possum is noted for his cunning, and he can "play 'possum," as the proverb has it, to perfection. He

doesn't resort to this trick unless he thinks he can't get away by force. When "playing 'possum" he appears dead. He will take poking and punching without a motion. After you have left him alone for a few minutes, he comes to by opening one eye slowly. Then, if all is clear, he scuttles away through the underbrush. 'Possum tastes very much as a young pig does. The meat is eaten everywhere by the southerners, and a darkey will forget all his sorrows if you provide him with a 'possum and a water-melon. The 'possum has, it is said, the habit of hanging from the branches of trees by its tail, but I never happened on one in such a state.

Such are a few snapshots of our animals and their habits. They all have their part to play in southern life, and Florida without them would be far different from what she is. The 'gator is valuable for his skin, and "gator steak" is one of the delicacies of the southern table. The woods are full of doves, rabbits, quail, wild turkeys, snipe, and in the winter the streams are covered with ducks. In the southern parts of the state deer abound. Most anywhere one can pick up a gopher—another dish of the true southern table. Then there are fish of all kinds and sizes in the lakes and streams, so that Florida with its animals, its birds, and its fish presents a wide field to the sportsman. In the southern part especially is the country unknown and the everglades offer many interesting tours to the traveler.

After all, Florida, with its snakes, its 'gators, its ticks and red-bugs, and sand-spurs, scorpions and grampus, animals and insects of various kinds, is not what strong imaginations would at times have us believe. It is neither a desert nor a swamp. The Indian directed the traveler to it as the "Fountain of eternal youth." The Spaniard said it was "Florida"—the land of flowers, and the true sportsman of to-day will find it equals his highest ideals of the "Happy hunting-grounds."

Bowdoin Verse.

Signs of Spring.

Robins singing in the tree-tops,
Bull-frogs croaking in the pool,
Boys beginning to play marbles
As they wend their way from school—
All these things are signs of spring-time,
But the surest sign of all
Is to hear, where'er you wander,
Umpires calling out, "Play ball."

A Freshman's Confession.

Every dog must have his day
And every boy his girl,
Some old dried leaves, a ribbon gay,
A note, a rose, a curl.

I was young when first I felt
The point of Cupid's dart.
His aim was true, and soon I knelt
With deeply pierced heart.

The first securely sealed my fate;
We pledged eternal love.
I vowed sometime to be the mate
Of my beloved dove.

The next was tall and lank and lean,
But I was soon undone.
I thought her fair as any queen,
Our young hearts beat as one.

The third I thought was just divine;
She taught the village school.
By this I got the thing down fine
And courted her by rule.

The fourth was shy, her eyes were dark,
Her age was six and ten.
With her I had full many a lark—
Oh! how I loved her then!

The fifth, the sixth I loved, yes, all;
I played an endless game.
The large, the small, the short, the tall,
I loved them all the same.

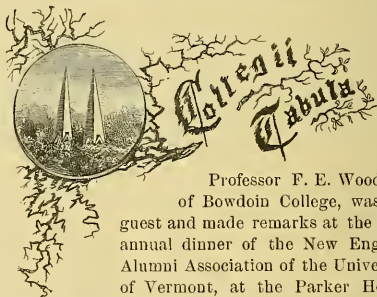
And when another year rolls round
Then I a Soph. shall be,
But come what may, still I am bound
To always have my "she."

A Change.

When first we came to Brunswick,
Where our old Bowdoin stands,
Our Freshman eyes were blinded
By the shifting of the sands.
But now our eyes are opened
And we see, or seem to see,
That of phases of our college life
There's great diversity.

Raising the Dust.

Said Hamlet Shakespeare to Algernon Black
As they paced off ties on the railroad track,
"I wish this wind which blows sand in our eyes
Would swap places with us and count these ties."
"Indeed," said Algernon, "I can't see
How we the better for that should be."
"Why," said Hamlet, eyeing his friend askant,
"The wind can raise the *dust*—we can't."



Professor F. E. Woodruff, of Bowdoin College, was the guest and made remarks at the 50th annual dinner of the New England Alumni Association of the University of Vermont, at the Parker House, Boston, during the Easter vacation. He was elected a vice-president of the association.

Rehearsals for "Mascot" are progressing finely. Golf suits are very popular in college this spring. Several new wheels are seen on the campus this week.

There is some talk of the Hare and Hounds Club starting this spring.

Professor Johnson's "Schiller's Ballads" is being read by the Sophomores in German.

Sewall, '97, is teaching at Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, and will not return this term.

Rhines, '97, is very ill at Gardiner, where he has been under a doctor's care this winter.

Rollins, who recently entered '99, was initiated into Zeta Psi on Monday night, April 20th.

It is rumored that '97's *Bugle* will be out in about three weeks. Only three weeks, and then—

Robinson, '96, is in New York this week, in attendance upon the annual Z + convention.

Quite a crowd of supporters went to Portland, Fast-Day, to see the Bowdoin-Portland game.

A dealer in oil clothes could do a thriving trade these warm days, among the Freshmen in particular.

The *Bangor Whig* had an excellent article on Professor Hutchins and his fine work on the Roentgen rays.

The Misses Webbling did not appear, as was advertised, for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Bass, '96, is teaching in Wilton Academy, and will not return to college until the middle of the term.

R. S. Cleaves has been elected manager and Rounds temporary captain of the '99 class base-ball team.

Thompson, '97, has left college and will enter the United States Military Academy at West Point, June 15th.

A number of Bowdoin men attended the Masquerade Ball given by the young ladies of Bath last Wednesday.

Hamlen, '98, has left college. His many friends are sorry to have him go, and all wish him success in his new work.

The Senior Chemistry Class has been divided into divisions, one taking mineralogical and the other physiological chemistry.

The newly organized ORIENT board is to tender a banquet at the City Hotel this week to the six outgoing Senior members.

Professors Hutchins and Robinson lectured before the medical students on the Roentgen rays and its application to medical science.

The Kennebecs seemed to be a very gentlemanly set of ball tossers. They certainly gave the Bowdoin nine lots of good practice.

There is a prospect of having an Interscholastic Tennis Tournament here this year. It would be a good drawing card for Bowdoin.

James H. Horne, the fast hurdler, was elected popular man of the Class of '97, at a class meeting held Friday afternoon of last week.

The various fraternities are putting their tennis courts in condition for the season. The Freshmen seem a considerable factor in the work.

Royal, '90, was on the campus last week. After watching the practice of the ball team he left for Auburn, where he is engaged in the practice of law.

The firm of Robinson & Lynch has dissolved, Robinson retiring. Pettingill, '98, has bought Robinson's interest and become a partner of Lynch, '98.

Bates, '96, will not be back until the middle of the term. He is serving as gymnasium instructor in a King's Daughters gymnasium up at St. Albans, Vermont.

John G. W. Knowlton, '95, has been visiting his numerous friends in college during the last week. Jack is studying at the Harvard Medical School this year.

Clarence Burleigh, '87, editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, was on the campus at the assembly of the Kennebec team, last week. He is still a base-ball enthusiast.

The number of books taken from the library in March was 820. The greatest number charged in one day was 69 on the 18th. The average number for the month was 26 per day.

At an impromptu meeting of the General Athletic Association, Williamson, '98, was elected secretary of the M. I. C. A. A. to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Haskell, '96.

William F. White, '97, Oliver D. Smith, '98, and Edward Stanwood, Jr., '98, are attending the sixty-fourth convention of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, which is being held at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

It is understood about college that several Bowdoin men have a decided leaning towards the society of the Shipping City. The rumors have not been verified, but it is hoped that they are not true.

Bowdoin won the first three places in the Chess Tournament, and they do not make much of chess here either. Lyford won 4½ games and lost 1½; Gardner won 3½ and lost 1½; Preble won 3 and lost 2.

The Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs gave one of their excellent concerts at Westbrook, Friday, April 17th. Those who heard the concert pronounce it one of the best ever given by talent from Bowdoin.

The third Junior assembly was held in the Court Room, Monday evening, April 20th. The attendance was not large, but that did not injure the enjoyableness of the affair. The college orchestra furnished the music.

W. F. Garcelon, the trainer of Bowdoin's Track

Athletic team, is a worker. He has his men out every day and some of them several times. It will not be his fault if Bowdoin does poorly at the Worcester meet in May.

The subject for the Pray English Literature prize, founded by the late T. J. W. Pray, '44, and open to the Seniors, has been announced as "The Ethical Element in Shakespearian Tragedy." The articles are due June 1st.

Work has been commenced on the new Maine Central station. It was feared that the heavy losses occasioned by the recent storm in the way of bridges, etc., would necessitate the postponement of building the depot here this season.

The Kappa Sigma men have begun to build a new tennis court back of the gymnasium. This is the thirteenth court to be built on the campus. From all appearances this number is not too large, as all will be occupied during certain hours of the day.

By the death of Rev. T. T. Stone, Class of '20, which occurred during the winter, Bowdoin will come into possession of many old and valuable books. The whole library of Mr. Stone is included in the gift, and it will be a splendid addition to the library.

We see that Judge Emery is going to Bowdoin College this week to lecture upon "Medical Jurisprudence," and Judge Wiswell will take his place upon the bench at the April term of court now in session in Penobscot County. Judge Emery's ideas are always in demand.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Our esteemed friend, the *Journal*, seems to have forgotten that Judge Emery has been on the Faculty of Bowdoin for quite a number of years.

The April number of the *University Magazine* has a long illustrated article on Bowdoin men in Boston, written by William G. Reed, '82, a former Waldoboro boy, now in law fraternity in Boston with his college chum, ex-Mayor E. U. Curtis. The Bowdoin Alumni Association of Boston now numbers 450 members.

The following Bowdoin men have been chosen as officers for the annual field day of the Maine high schools and academies, to be held in Waterville, June 13th: Dr. F. N. Whittier, referee; J. C. Minot, '96, scorer; J. H. Horne, '97, judge at finish; C. S. Pettengill, '98, judge of walking; E. T. Minott, '98, measurer of field events.

Those interested in French literature will be glad to know of the following recent additions to

the library, which contain some of the best contemporary works of fiction and which represent a class of books in which the French department of the library has been most wanting:

Tartarin de Tarascon. }
Tartarin sur les Alpes. } Alphonse Daudet.
Port-Tarascon.
Madame Chrysanthème. Pierre Loti.
L'Ablé Daniel. André Theuriot.
Ouvre-Mer, 2 vols. Paul Bourget.
Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard. Anatole France.
Après Fortune Faite. Cherbuliez.
Andersen's Contes.
Les Contemporains; Etudes et Portraits Littéraires.
Lemaître.
La Vie Littéraire, 4 vols. Anatole France.
Le Mois de Jeanne D'Arc. Joseph Fabre.

Some other new French works are:

Guerre Civile en Amérique, 7 vols. Le Compte de Paris.
La Famille et les Amis de Montaigne. Paul Stapfer.
Beaumarchais et Son Temps, 2 vols. L. de Loménie.
La Religion Romaine. Boissier.
Elizabeth Seton, 2 vols. Mme. de Barberey.

The managers of the "Mascot" wish to produce that opera about the middle of May. All students should take an active interest in this move, as the proceeds are to go to the General Athletic Association. More than this, a precedent should be established of giving, yearly, operas here at Bowdoin. It is done at other institutions and should be here.

Mr. Booker, our efficient janitor, together with his satellites, has been engaged for the past few days in beautifying the appearance of the campus. The leaves and rubbish are raked into the paths and burned, while the hollows are filled and all the walks trimmed. It makes such a difference in the looks of things that students coming back late almost fail to recognize the place.

Garcelon of Harvard arrived Monday, and will help get the Bowdoin field and track athletes ready for the contests to come. Horne, '97, is captain of the team, and there seems to be an abundance of good material and a good prospect that last year's brilliant record will be equalled. The New England college field day will be held at Worcester, Mass., May 23d, and the Maine college field day at Waterville early in June.

The Thomas T. Stone gift to the college library was contained in thirty-one boxes and two barrels. There are upwards of 1,000 volumes in all, and they are of great value, having been selected by Mr. Stone with much care. Among them is a complete file of the *Christian Mirror*, which is a history of the work of the Congregational society in Maine over

many years. Many are religious and philosophical, and are of greater value from the fact of their being out of print.

The first of the four song recitals to be given by Misses Bartlett and Vannah, assisted by John J. Turner, was given in Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, April 16th. A large body of students attended and were greatly pleased by the effective singing of Miss Bartlett and Mr. Turner. Miss Vannah's work at the piano was up to that lady's high standard of excellence. The following programme was rendered, each number being encored several times:

PART I.

- 1.—Valse.—Schuloff. Miss Vannah.
- 2.—Would that I Could Forget.—Keston. Mr. Turner.
- 3.—a Chansonette. } DeKoven.
b My Home is Where the Heather Blows. } Miss Bartlett.
- 4.—O God, Have Mercy (St. Paul).—Mendelssohn. Mr. Turner.
- 5.—Connais tu le Pays (Mignon).—Thomas. Miss Bartlett.

PART II.

- 6.—a Mazourka.—Moskowski. Miss Vannah.
b Song Without Words.—Vannah. Miss Vannah.
- 7.—From Dreams of Thee.—Bartlett—Vannah. Miss Bartlett.
- 8.—Luna in Mare.—Vannuccini. Mr. Turner.
- 9.—The Brides of Enderby.—Jean Ingelow. Miss Bartlett.
- 10.—Like to the Moon (Heligoland).—Bartlett—Vannah. Miss Bartlett and Mr. Turner.

The provisional commencement appointment list of the Class of '96 has been announced as follows: R. M. Andrews, Gray; T. D. Bailey, Bangor; W. S. Bass, Wilton; J. H. Bates, West Summer; H. R. Blodgett, North Brooksville; F. E. Bradbury, North Freeman; J. E. Burbank, West Freeman; H. O. Clough, Kennebunkport; H. W. Coburn, Weld; R. W. Crosman, Medway, Mass.; Philip Dana, Westbrook; F. S. Dane, Kennebunk; Chase Eastman, Portland; C. G. Fogg, Bangor; W. W. Fogg, Bridgton; J. E. Frost, Eliot; H. Gilpatrick, Biddeford; C. A. Knight, Brunswick; Preston Kyes, North Jay; R. W. Leighton, Augusta; E. H. Lyford, Farmington; C. W. Marston, Hallowell; J. C. Minot, Belgrade; Robert Newbegin, Defiance, Ohio; H. H. Pierce, Portland; R. O. Small, Berlin Mills, N. H., and B. G. Willard, Newcastle. This shows the Senior Class to be a very high ranking one, as 27 out of 45 men are appointed to the coveted list. These will all write commencement parts, from which six will be chosen for delivery.

The U. S. Golf Association is trying to bring about an intercollegiate golf contest.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Portland, 14; Bowdoin, 8.

After playing several practice games with the second nine, and the Augustas of the New England League, Bowdoin played her first schedule game last Thursday, with the Portlands at Portland.

The game, up to the close of the sixth inning, was close and exciting, the score at that time being 5 to 4 in favor of Portland. But in the fatal seventh, by a combination of hard luck and poor throwing, the leaguers managed to tally six more runs, which was too much of a lead to overcome.

The feature of the game was easily Coburn's home run in the first inning, which was the longest and prettiest hit ever made on the grounds. The pitching of Bodge was very effective, although he was at times a bit wild.

The team showed up well at the bat, and the out-field seems especially strong. With the games and practice which come before the college league opens, the team will, without doubt, steady down and improve in a great measure.

The following is the score:

PORTLAND.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Tebeau, l.f.,	6	1	1	1	1	1	0
Slater, lb.,	5	0	1	2	10	1	1
Musser, 2b.,	5	1	0	0	3	2	0
Leighton, c.f.,	5	3	1	1	0	0	0
Donovan, c.,	2	1	0	0	4	1	0
Duncan, c.,	2	0	0	0	6	2	0
Hanrahan, r.f.,	5	3	0	0	1	0	1
Magoon, 3b.,	5	2	0	0	0	1	1
Cavanaugh, s.s.,	5	1	1	1	1	1	0
Woods, p.,	5	2	0	0	0	2	0
McDonnell, p.,	3	2	0	0	1	3	0
Totals,	48	14	4	5	27	14	3

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, 3b.,	5	1	0	0	1	3	2
Bodge, p.,	3	1	2	2	0	2	1
Bryant, c.f.,	3	0	1	1	2	0	0
Coburn, s.s.,	5	1	1	4	1	2	2
Greenlaw, l.f.,	5	1	0	0	4	1	0
Hull, c.,	4	2	1	1	5	0	1
Libby, r.f.,	4	0	1	2	0	0	0
Dane, 2b.,	4	0	2	2	0	3	1
Gould, lb.,	4	0	0	0	11	0	2
Totals,	37	6	8	12	24	11	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Portland,	0	3	1	1	0	0	6	2	X-14
Bowdoin,	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	0-6

Earned runs—Bowdoin 3. Stolen bases—Portland 8, Bowdoin 2. Base on balls—by Woods 2, McDougall 4, Bodge 7. Hit by pitched ball—by Bodge 3. Struck out—by Woods 4, McDougall 3, Bodge 4. Wild pitch—Bodge. Passed ball—Hull. Left on bases—Portland 8, Bowdoin 4. Time—1 h. 55 m. Umpire—Webster of Portland.

Lewiston, 14; Bowdoin, 8.

Friday, April 24th, the strong Lewiston team played the college nine on the delta, and was victorious by a score of 14 to 8.

The diamond was a bit rough and hard, and infield errors on both sides were too numerous for a very close or exciting game. Both pitchers were hit quite freely and gave several bases on balls. The playing of Greenlaw in left field and the batting of Coburn were the features of Bowdoin's game, while the batting of Lippert and the "yagging" of the whole team were the features of Lewiston's work.

Bowdoin's team showed a tendency to do some wild throwing, as it did in yesterday's game. This seems to be the team's greatest weakness and one which ought to be overcome without much difficulty before the college league season opens. The score:

LEWISTON.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lippert, l.f.,	4	2	3	8	3	1	0
Goodheart, lb.,	5	1	2	2	10	1	1
Shea, 3b.,	5	2	2	4	2	0	2
Miller, r.f.,	3	2	0	0	2	0	0
Pettee, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	3	5	1
Nattress, s.s.,	3	2	1	1	0	5	3
O'Brien, c.f.,	3	2	0	0	0	0	0
Vetter, c.,	3	2	1	1	7	1	1
Forrid, p.,	5	1	0	0	0	1	1
Totals,	36	14	9	16	27	14	9

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, 3b.,	5	0	0	0	1	1	5
Bodge, r.f.,	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bryant, c.f.,	6	1	1	1	4	1	0
Coburn, s.s.,	5	2	4	10	2	4	2
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	3	1	1
Dane, 2b.,	3	0	1	1	3	2	0
Libby, p.,	5	2	0	0	0	4	0
Philoon, c.,	0	1	0	0	2	1	1
Gould, lb.,	3	1	1	1	9	0	0
Totals,	36	8	7	13	24	14	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Lewiston,	1	5	0	2	3	0	0	3	x—14
Bowdoin,	1	3	0	1	0	0	1	2	0—8

Home runs—Coburn. Three-base hits—Lippert 2, Coburn, Shea. Two-base hits—Lippert, Coburn. Bases on balls—by Libby 8, by Forrid 9. Struck out—by Forrid 3,

by Libby 1. Passed ball—Philoon. Umpire—Kelly of the Kennebecs. Attendance, 400. Time of game, 2h. 10m.

Kennebecs, 18; Bowdoin, 2.

Saturday, the 25th, Bowdoin played the Kennebec league team on the delta. The leaguers won as they played in a poorly played game.

Philoon started in to catch Bodge, but could do nothing with him, and was replaced by Captain Hull, who was severely handicapped by an injured finger. It was so cold that the pitchers did not exert themselves, and both teams batted well.

The feature of the game was the work of Bean at short-stop, who was in every play and also batted hard. The college team again indulged in some extremely poor throwing.

The following is the score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, 3b.,	4	2	2	5	2	2	3
Bodge, p.,	4	0	1	1	0	2	0
Bryant, c.f.,	4	0	2	3	2	1	1
Coburn, s.s.,	4	0	2	3	1	4	1
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dane, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	4	6	2
Libby, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Philoon, c.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Hull, c.,	3	0	0	0	6	1	1
Gould, lb.,	2	0	0	0	8	0	1
Totals,	33	2	7	12	24	17	12

KENNEBECs.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pickett, l.f.,	6	1	3	4	3	1	0
Bean, s.s.,	5	3	3	4	3	5	1
Conner, r.f.,	5	2	0	0	1	1	0
Dougherty, 3b.,	4	3	0	0	2	2	2
Johnson, 2b.,	5	3	2	3	2	5	0
M. Kelley, lb.,	3	3	1	1	13	0	0
J. Kelly, c.f.,	5	1	2	2	1	0	0
Harmon, c.,	5	1	0	0	2	2	0
Newell, p.,	2	0	1	1	0	1	0
Couroy, p.,	2	1	1	2	0	2	0
Dilworth, p.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	43	18	13	17	27	19	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Kennebecs,	5	0	4	2	5	0	2	0	0—18

Passed balls—Philoon 2. Bases on balls—Hull, M. Kelly 2, Dougherty 2. Struck out—by Bodge, Bean and J. Kelly; by Newell—Greenlaw. Wild pitches—Bodge 3. Umpires—W. E. Merrill and Butler of the Augustas.

The first college paper printed in the United States was at Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.

Y. M. C. A.

The first meeting of the term was conducted by Woodbury, '99, and, considering the number of students not yet returned to college, was well attended.

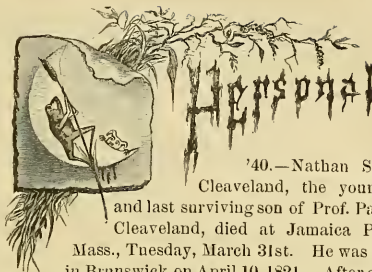
The Sunday meeting was of unusual interest, and had there not been considerable confusion arising from the change of the hour of the service, the room would surely have been filled to overflowing. Professor Little delivered a most instructive and interesting lecture, illustrated with stereopticon views, on the Holy Land and its inhabitants at the time of Christ. The views of Jerusalem, with its mosques and walls, and of Nazareth, with its characteristic peasant life, showed most clearly the difference between the Saviour's environment and our own surroundings here in Brunswick. In this way many incidents in the New Testament which seem almost absurd in comparison with our present customs, are made not only reasonable but very probable. Professor Little closed his lecture by showing several of the more famous portraits of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and by giving a brief history of the artists who have painted them.

It is hoped that Professor Little may be induced to repeat his lecture at a time when more of the students can attend.

Book Reviews.

[Selections from the Poems of Keats. Edited, with notes and introduction, by Arlo Bates, Bowdoin, '76, Professor of English, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston.]

This volume is meant to contain whatever of the work of Keats is of real worth, both of the poems published during his life-time and those printed posthumously. They are arranged with regard to their interest, and an earnest effort has been made to render the text intelligible and permanent by a careful collation of authorities and a uniformity of orthography. The introduction gives a brief sketch of the poet's life and a critical estimate of his work. The notes explain briefly the numerous mythological allusions and whatever passages are obscure, but their chief aim is to aid the student to appreciate the literary beauty of the poems, and to help to a genuine and intimate knowledge of their imaginative value.



'40.—Nathan Smith Cleaveland, the youngest and last surviving son of Prof. Parker Cleaveland, died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., Tuesday, March 31st. He was born in Brunswick on April 10, 1821. After graduating, he entered upon the study of law, but did not complete the course. He held positions in the Boston Custom House and post-office, and was for some years on the editorial corps of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. He resided for many years at Neponset and Roxbury, and in the last part of his life at Jamaica Plain. He leaves a widow, who was a daughter of Captain George Bacon of Freeport.

'50.—Rev. T. S. Perry was one of the first to be arrested at Orange Park, Fla., on the enforcement of the so-called Sheats law, which provided for the arrest and imprisonment of the teachers engaged in teaching white and black in the same school.

Ex-'51.—Dr. Elbridge A. Thompson, who was recently elected delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention, resides in Dover. Though a very successful physician, within a few years he has been obliged to devote more and more attention to financial cares. He fitted for college at Foxcroft Academy and entered Bowdoin with the Class of '51. He left college, however, at the end of his Sophomore year and commenced to study medicine at the Castleton Medical College. He served in the war, being surgeon of one of the Maine regiments. Dr. Thompson has rendered great services to the state as well as to his town, having been surgeon-general of the state, twice a member of an Executive Council, trustee of the State Reform School and of the Maine Insane Asylum. He has also been president of two banks, and prominent in Dover politics.

'60.—Amos L. Allen, one of the delegates-at-large to the Republican Convention, is a resident of Alfred. He was born in Waterboro, March 17, 1837, fitted for college at Whitestown Seminary, N. Y., and entered Bowdoin in 1856. During his college course he was a strong friend of his classmate, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, and has always continued so. Mr. Allen was clerk of the Judiciary Committee in Congress of which Mr. Reed was

chairman; and during the latter's two terms as Speaker of the House, Mr. Allen has been his private secretary. He was for twelve years clerk of courts of York County, was a special examiner of the Pension Department in 1884, served in the lower branch of the Maine Legislature in 1886 and 1887, and was special agent of the Treasury Department in the early part of President Harrison's administration.

'64.—Charles F. Libby was president of the First District Republican Convention which was recently held, and made a Reed speech. Anson M. Stoddard, '82, was also a delegate to this convention, and John I. Sturgis, Med. '68, was an alternate. Herbert M. Heath, '72, another of the delegates, made a stirring speech. Still another was Frederic Coudy, ex-'80.

'70.—Comptroller Roberts of New York refuses to appoint as members of the State Excise Commission those who have not passed competitive examinations in accordance with the constitution. Referring to this, the *New York Evening Post* says in part: The State Comptroller, Mr. Roberts, stands by the constitution as inflexibly as he has stood by the civil service laws since he has been in office. From the time of taking office he has regarded it as his first duty to stand by the laws rather than by his friends, and his conduct at present is no new departure, but merely the continuation of a course which has proved him to be one of the most faithful public servants the state has ever had.

'77.—Dr. Edwin J. Pratt died at his home in West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, on Monday, April 20th, of typhoid fever. He was born in Yarmouth, July 7, 1853. The two years following graduation he was engaged in New York on literary and clerical work in the preparation of an *Encyclopedia of Materia Medica*. During a part of the time he united with this lectures at the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., and at the New York Homœopathic Medical College, at which latter institution he was graduated in March, 1881. In April following he was appointed resident physician at the Brooklyn Maternity and New York School for Training Nurses, where he remained three years, at the same time carrying on private practice. But his health being poor he was obliged to resign in the spring of 1884, and give up his own practice for temporary rest and change. He passed a year and a half in the mountain regions of Wyoming and Colorado, enjoying the experience greatly, and returned to New York in October, 1885, with

health thoroughly restored. After his return to New York, up to the time of his death, he continued in the active practice of his profession. He was a member of the County, State, and National Homœopathic Medical Societies, Professor of Anatomy and Histology in the College of the New York Ophthalmic Hospital, and a surgeon of that hospital.

'77.—Robert E. Peary has been placed on the waiting list of the Navy Department at Washington.

Med. '77.—John F. Hill of Augusta was elected Republican presidential elector-at-large at the late state convention.

Ex-'77.—On the forenoon of Monday, April 20th, Mr. Howard V. Stackpole was united in marriage to Miss Cora J. Curtis, daughter of George Curtis of Brunswick. After the marriage ceremony, at which Dr. Mason officiated, Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole left for Boston, where they will spend a week, and then return to take up their residence in Brunswick.

'78.—James T. Davidson, one of the First District delegates to St. Louis, is a lawyer of York. He was born in Oxford, O., forty years ago. After his graduation from Bowdoin he studied law and commenced his practice in Lafayette, Ind. During his residence in Indiana he was elected District Attorney in the Twenty-third District of that state. In 1883 he came East, and married a daughter of the late Congressman Burleigh of South Berwick. He is a member of the Suffolk County Bar in Massachusetts, and of the York County Bar, and is also president of a National Bank at York.

'80.—Thomas F. Jones was a delegate to the East Maine Methodist Conference which was held a short time ago.

'81.—A. E. Whitten, A.M., is principal of the Carroll Normal and Business College at Carroll, Iowa. The college has recently been enlarged and is having a prosperous year under Mr. Whitten's control.

'82.—William G. Reed of Boston has a long and interesting article on the Boston Alumni Association in the *American University Magazine* for April. Mr. Reed being secretary of the association is able to write most intelligently about his fellow-graduates of eastern Massachusetts.

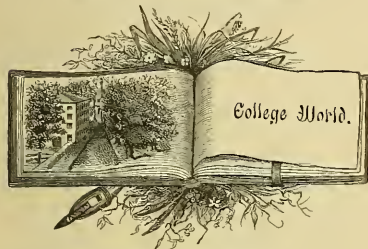
'90.—A. S. Ridley, formerly of Lewiston, is practicing law in New York City. Mr. Ridley has recently been taken into a firm in that city.

'94.—Rev. and Mrs. George C. DeMott are receiving congratulations on the birth of Master G. Stuart DeMott, who arrived on this planet on Thursday, March 26th. For the benefit of those who thought

this child the class baby, we will say that the child born to the wife of Frank G. Farrington about a year ago has the honor.

Ex-'94.—J. E. Lombard was a delegate to the recent East Maine Methodist Conference.

'95.—Perley D. Smith, of the Harvard Law School, has been engaged to deliver the Memorial Day oration at Derry, N. H., on May 30th.



AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

She steps from the steamer onto the pier,
Her neat traveling dress is *au fait*;
But the things that it covers are made to appear
By means of the magic X ray.

Notwithstanding her delicate, innocent face,
Her pockets, her boots, how they weigh!
For they're stuffed full of gloves and jewels and lace,
Brought to light by the magic X ray.

—Vassar Miscellany.

A chair in military science has been established at Brown University.

There are seventeen Freshmen trying for the editorial board of the Harvard *Crimson*.

The students of Bates gave a very successful presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," at Music Hall, Lewiston, April 17th.

A SENIOR'S AMBITION.

I care not if my mark be B,
Or on my themes I C should see,
If I escape a steady D
And A.B. see on my degree.

—The Morningside.

At Princeton it is proposed to train batsmen by an artificial pitcher. It is an institution of Professor Huston, which fires a ball at greater speed than any ordinary pitcher. The Professor hopes to be able soon to control the ball so that curves can be pitched. With this improvement Princeton's batters ought to be the best in the country.

A late number of *Harper's Weekly* contains a bird's-eye view of the college buildings of the University of Pennsylvania.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 13, 1896.

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It is hoped that this year will see a more active interest taken in our college paper. We certainly need all the help that can be obtained. The principal way in which to aid the ORIENT is to contribute to its columns your best productions. We should like to have articles from Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen alike. Take any subject of college interest, and give your ideas concerning it. Any and all prose parts can be passed in as themes and be ranked as college work. Do not pass lightly over this appeal; it is not made so much in behalf of the editors as in behalf of the college and its interests. We must have a creditable paper in which to speak of the other things that are a credit to Bowdoin. Cannot we have the aid of the whole college?

AS the Spring Term advances and the fine outdoor weather becomes more and more settled, the temptation to neglect our work or to skim over it carelessly becomes almost irresistible, for the days are far too short for all that we wish to crowd into them. The effect of this temptation, which is not confined wholly to this alluring season, although now more apparent than at any other period of the college year, is the unwarranted cutting of recitations. This is an evil which is getting of too common

occurrence with us, and which serves to encourage indolence in certain students, who care little for the feelings of their professors and still less for the prime object of college life, education. After a professor has made preparations for holding a recitation, for an entire class to desert him for the sole reason that a few men are unprepared to recite, is an inexcusable act and should not be permitted to pass unrebuked. It is also a serious hindrance to those who really want to get some benefit from the course, and who stay out for fear of being thought "narrow" or "chinnners." Our Faculty is most liberal and the professors are perfectly willing to omit a recitation when there is sufficient excuse, but if any student feels himself unwilling or unable to attend recitations it is his privilege to cut and bear the consequences; his classmates, however, should be free to consult their own wishes and judgment in the matter. The work of the Spring Term is fully as important as that of the other two terms, and this practice of class cutting, which by the way is quite peculiar to Bowdoin and is one of the customs we do not wish to perpetuate, we hope to see die a sure and speedy death at an early date.

AMONG the many things that must be considered in the successful operation of a college, none is more important than college spirit. A college may have well equipped buildings, competent instructors, a large and well stocked library, but its influence must be of little account if it has a lack of this so-called college spirit. It should be exhibited not only by every alumnus, but also, and especially so, by every undergraduate. It will act as a drawing card for students from abroad and it will give a healthier tone to those already in college. It should manifest itself in the class-room, on the athletic field, and in all other places at all times. To be true and loyal Bowdoin men we

should guard against anything that will mar her name. We should accept her traditions as a sacred trust and strive to maintain her standard. Let all who come to visit the college be made welcome; let all know that we have advantages and that we appreciate them, but above all else, let us strive to build up our *Alma Mater* on her own merits, not by pulling down our neighbors. We need more college spirit.

THE change in the time of having chapel called forth a few groans at first, but now that all have become accustomed to the earlier hour there is a marked revulsion of feeling, and the ten-minutes-of-eight chapel is agreeable, if not popular. Rising early in the morning is one of the best things a man can cultivate in college, for when he gets out into the world he will need to be about before the day is well on if he would do what is required of him. One does better work if he gets up; his head is much clearer and he feels stronger physically. A good brisk walk before breakfast on these beautiful spring mornings is one of the best of Nature's tonics, and none should fail to try it.

BEFORE another issue of the ORIENT we shall all know the result of the Inter-collegiate Field Meet at Worcester, Mass. It is too early and of too little importance for us to predict the result of that meet, but we sincerely hope that the athletic team sent out by Bowdoin this year will make even a better showing than that of last. We are handicapped as yet for a track to work on, but we feel that the interest and enthusiasm with which the men have worked will, in a way, overcome this handicap. Mr. Garcelon, our trainer, has chosen the men with great care from a large field, and they have been thoroughly trained for the events in which they are entered. It only remains for the men to do their best.

All the men that have come out will have a chance at Waterville, even if they do not go to Worcester, so the training should be kept up and our last year's victory repeated. It means work, but we cannot expect to accomplish much in athletics or anything else without good hard work. The alumni are watching to see if we are worthy of the track. Go in and show them that we are.

IT will be gratifying, we know, to our alumni to learn that, through their aid, Bowdoin's Athletic Field is now well under way. Dr. Whittier has contracted for the building of the track, and quite a stretch has been completed. After so many years of waiting, we now feel that Bowdoin will no longer be handicapped in her track athletics. She will, no doubt, prove to her sons that their confidence was not misplaced and will make a creditable showing at Worcester. Of course the effect of the new track will not be apparent this year, but as time goes on it will become more marked. Track athletics have received a boom, and new men are coming in large numbers. It will aid those who have the building of the track under their care, if all subscriptions are promptly paid to the treasurer of the college.

Alpha Delta Phi Convention.

THE sixty-fourth annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity was held on April 29th and 30th, with the Peninsular Chapter at Ann Arbor and Detroit, Mich. This chapter has just completed fifty years of active life, and great efforts were made to have the new fifty begin auspiciously.

The festivities were begun at Ann Arbor, where, on Tuesday evening, those delegates who were fortunate enough to have arrived, were entertained by the "Deke" chapter. Here Alpha Deltas, Dekes, and Psi U's joined in the "love feast." The Dekes and Psi U's are to be congratulated on their Peninsular

chapters. Wednesday morning the convention formally opened with Brother Alfred L. Maniere, Secretary of the Fraternity, in the chair, in place of Brother Clarence Seward, President of the Fraternity, who was ill.

At noon the Peninsular Chapter served lunch in the chapter house to all the delegates and other "Frat" men of the University. Business was continued until four in the afternoon, when the public exercises in University Hall took place.

The question, "The Foreign Policy of the United States," was discussed intelligently and interestingly by a paper written by Brother Seward and by speeches by Regent U. M. Y. Cocker of the university, Dan P. Ells, brother of the founder of our Fraternity, and by President Henry Wade Rogers of Northwestern.

At six o'clock a special train took all the delegates to Detroit, where at nine they were treated to a select dance given by the alumni brothers of Detroit.

Thursday forenoon was taken up with business, as was the afternoon until four, when the convention was declared adjourned. Much business of importance was transacted, but nothing of public interest.

At four the delegates were given a sail on the Detroit River, and no pleasanter time can be imagined than that which the delegates had. The foliage and blossoms are all out and the shores were a beautiful sight.

In the evening the great banquet came. The large dining-hall of the Russell House had been transformed into a veritable garden, and amidst this splendor the banquet was eaten, the toasts listened to, and the fun participated in. It was early morning when the festivities ceased.

The Bowdoin Chapter sent three delegates to Ann Arbor, William Frye White, '97, Edward Stanwood, Jr., and Oliver Dow Smith of the Class of '98.

The convention meets at Brown in 1897.

The Zeta Psi Convention.

THE fiftieth annual convention of Zeta Psi was held in New York, on Friday and Saturday, April 24th and 25th. The delegates and other loyal Zetes began to arrive on Friday morning. At 11 A.M. all met at the Hotel Imperial and the business of the convention was transacted in secret session. The chapters, with unusually few exceptions, were well represented and many guests were present, making a total number present of nearly two hundred. After other business had been transacted, the applications for new charters received attention. The applications were from the Universities of Harvard, Chicago, Minnesota, and Nebraska. In accordance with its conservative policy, however, the Grand Chapter refused all these petitions and voted that hereafter a \$5,000 guarantee be required from all new chapters. On Friday night a complimentary supper and smoker was tendered the delegates by the Patriarchs at the Hotel Imperial. It was a most enjoyable affair. There was an unbroken flow of wit, wine, and song, interlarded with songs, speeches, and reminiscences of Zeta Psi triumphs and friendships in the college days of the older as well as the younger alumni. On the forenoon and afternoon of Saturday, the remaining business of the Grand Chapter was dispatched, and at 8 P.M. the Grand Chapter banquet was held at Delmonico's. Now the enthusiasm, which had before run high, culminated. The brothers vied with each other in contributing enjoyment to the inspiring and never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Some of those who responded to toasts were: Hon. Edmund Bristol, Rev. Charles H. Eaton, D.D., John C. Tomlinson, and Hon. R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

This delightful banquet was a worthy end to a convention unique in its success as well from the business point of view as from the social. Great interest attaches to next

year's convention, for then will be celebrated the semi-centennial of the founding of the fraternity. Suitable preparations are being made to this end. At that time also, the new Biographical Catalogue will appear.

W. W. Robinson, '96, was the delegate from the Bowdoin Chapter to the convention this year. A large number of Bowdoin alumni were also present, and of these P. P. Simmons, '75, and F. W. Hawthorne, '73, took an important part in the proceedings of the convention, and both made interesting speeches.

A Glimpse of a Noble Life.

THE hazy sunshine of a fair Sunday afternoon late in October is bathing field and forest with its grateful mantle. It settles comfortably down on the south-western side of an isolated farm-house, offsetting the cool winds which come at intervals from the north. Heaps of red and yellow apples in the grass and under the trees near at hand are much more suggestive of rural comfort than the unpainted house with its staring, curtainless windows. As the sun drops slowly to the west, it regretfully watches the cold shadows steal over the side of the house where its beams can no longer reach. An opening in the row of spruces reveals a field sloping down to a broad sheet of water, while through the trees on the bank the sun is again seen dancing along the crests of the ceaselessly moving waves. The occupant of this lonely but beautifully situated dwelling is one of the most interesting persons in Maine. Let us follow the carriage track to the main road and we will tell you about him. Coming towards us, crunching over the dry leaves and withered grass, is a carriage containing two gentlemen from a neighboring city, who are well known all over New England. Passing these, we come to a well traveled road, and following it in a

southerly direction, arrive at a little church, where knots of people are already assembling.

Now about the lonely house and its occupant which has attracted our attention: Living there alone is a man eighty years old. It is he who is to address the people this afternoon, as he has every Sunday afternoon for years. That his eighty years rest lightly on him is evident from his preaching mornings at a church a few miles down the road.

A graduate of a neighboring college, he is a man well known all over New England, at least, and his name is not unfamiliar in many households throughout the United States. Strange to say his reputation rests upon his fame, not as a preacher, but as an author. An author? A farmer-preacher down on the Maine coast write books? That that spare man now approaching the church, with sun-burned, wrinkled cheeks, hard, toil-stained hands, clad in an ill-fitting suit of rusty black! He known all over New England? It seems incredible, but you remember the gentlemen we met in the lane. Now you can understand how they happen to be in this rather out-of-the-way place. Surely they were going to pay their respects to the old preacher. Even now entering the church are several college boys, who have tramped a number of miles to hear this old alumnus of their *Alma Mater*. The people about would tell us that it is no uncommon thing for their pastor to have distinguished callers and that a Sunday rarely passes without a visit from some of the college boys. But let us go in and hear him preach. Whatever his text, he will illustrate his discourse from every-day life. The illustrations will be appropriate, nevertheless, often from the soil, but more often from the sea. The sermon is rare in which he does not touch upon some interesting bit of Greek and Roman history. He will quote from Homer, Horace, and Virgil, with an aptness which is

striking. Now, it is not so difficult to believe that he could write a book, and a good one, too.

But it is when he tells some tale of early pioneer life, or life at sea, that his homely, yet eloquent vigor, is most stirring. We feel the hardships of the early settler; we enter into the excitement of the hunt as he pictures it to us; we feel the keen delight of the chase. He takes us out on the ocean. He makes us sweat far down in the southern ports with the poor sailor; we journey up the coast with him, suffer when he suffers, shaking out the frozen sails with stiffened fingers, and rejoice with him when, all his hardships over, he toasts himself before a roaring fire, and surrounded by his happy family, forgets the peril and suffering through which he has passed. All this and more the old preacher will make you feel.

Stopping to shake hands frequently, after the sermon is over, he quietly wends his way to where his horse is hitched, and drives away, a bent and insignificant figure.

But what of his soul? A life of toil, poverty, and often lack of appreciation, has only served to enlarge the soul, broaden the mind, and sweeten the disposition of this noble old man.

He was born and reared among the people with whom he now lives. At the entrance to manhood he found himself equipped with a good education and unusual mental abilities. The gates to fame and fortune stood ready to swing open at his touch, but while yet in his youthful vigor, he turned his back on the smooth, glistening road, stretched so temptingly before him, and entered the thorny one of a life of sacrifice in the interest of the Master whom he serves and loves. His talents would have easily given him a wealthy and cultured congregation in any of our large cities and a salary on which he might have lived luxuriously. But did he follow this road? His life has

been spent where we now find him, preaching to these hardy fishermen and sturdy farmers; he has cast his lot with them.

After repeated urgings he consented to preach a part of the time in the neighboring city of Boston, but where do we find him spending his leisure hours? Making social calls on a fashionable congregation? Go down on the wharves, on board recently returned ships; there you will find him, often with frock and overalls, working among the crew unloading the vessel, that he may the better tell them of the Saviour, whom he wishes all to know. No persuasions, however, could keep him long from the simple fisherfolk among whom he has cast his lot.

We said, too, that he was an author. His stories are interesting and delightful to young and old, but if books have ever taught boys to love thrift, manliness, and truth, his books have. His income from these books should have been large, for their sale has been in proportion to their merit, but his simple faith in the honesty of mankind was taken advantage of and he has really received very little from them.

His charity has been unbounded. Like the Good Samaritan he crosses the road to the wounded traveler, binds up his wounds and feeds him; but unlike the scripture character, he is hunting for roads upon which wounded travelers are to be found. His treasure is laid up in Heaven; he has none on earth. At the age of eighty years he is doing work on Sundays which many younger ministers would not think they could do, while through the week he labors with all his strength on his farm to eke out a scanty living in the home which is to the outside observer so barren, but which signifies to him all that the word home can signify.

With a mortgage on his farm, wife dead, and children far from home, what has his life brought him? His love for the sea is unbounded. On its shores he was born; on its

bosom he has passed many happy, exciting hours; within sound of its murmur and splash on pleasant days, its roar and surge on stormy, he has lived and will die. Next to the sea he loves the soil. Each year he has planted and harvested; he has cooled his brow in the soft May breeze; enjoyed the noon hour of rest with his men under the trees; felt his muscles braced by the invigorating autumn air; he has watched the growth of his flocks and herds. These seem like very simple blessings, but they have been very real ones to the minister. Without them he would have been discontented. More than this, he has the silent worship of thousands of youth all over the land; the unspoken thanks of many men, who are better for having read his written words; the love and respect of the people whom he calls neighbors and among whom as preacher, guide, and example he has spent his life.

If ever any one has taught the lesson of self-sacrifice and adherence to duty; the lesson that it is more blessed to give than to receive (even to the giving of one's life itself); if ever any one can look back without regret on a past life and view contentedly the opinion of all who know him; if ever the Master has said to any one, "Well done, good and faithful servant," he will say it to Elijah Kellogg.

The Walker Art Building.

THE Walker Art Building is a structure of which Bowdoin ought truly to be proud, as no other institution in the land has one more beautiful and artistic.

The building is of Grecian and Moorish architecture combined. The walls of red and black brick, with grey limestone trimmings forming the solid Grecian outlines, give to the building an ancient look which, with the low copper dome, corroded here and there with bright emerald green, gives a most pleasing effect.

In the center of the facade, approached by two low, broad flights of steps, is the loggia, the chief architectural feature of the building. The overhanging arched roof of the loggia is supported by six beautiful Ionic pillars, whose graceful outlines are set off at best advantage by the Pompeian red of its walls beyond. The arched roof, spaced off with stone trimmings, is tinted with warm shades of blue and golden brown, which, with the grey limestone and deep red walls, make a delightful harmony of color.

In the center of the spaces, on each side of the loggia, are large niches in which are placed huge bronzes of ancient Greeks. In small circular niches over the entrance are busts of Hermes, Neptune, and Homer; these, together with the bronzes at the sides, face toward the visitor as he approaches the building. Everything seems to be placed with this idea of facing towards the entrance except the two huge lions on either side of the steps, which stand with heads slightly turned aside, as if guarding all the grounds around.

Leaving the loggia, we enter at once the Sculpture Hall, which is directly beneath the dome. Here the heroic gods and goddesses, with graceful limbs and flowing garments, stand out against the rich-tinted walls, while the mellow light from the dome far above, brings out the expression of each group, from fair Venus to the agonized Laocoön.

Just below the dome, on each wall of the hall, is a large space for a mural painting. These spaces are semicircular in form and are to be filled with large paintings representing the four leading art centres in the world. Three are already in place. The one to the right, by the young artist Kenyon Cox, represents Venice. The tone of the painting is warm and sunny, being kept entirely in the sunsetty shades of pink and yellow. The figures are wonderfully well

drawn, and the flesh tints, like all of this artist's, are painted not in a decorative tone, but are "of the earth, earthy."

The next painting, representing Rome, by Elihu Vedder, makes a decided contrast with Cox's. Its whole tone is decidedly cool, being painted in shades of dusky brown and deep blues. The composition of this piece is by far the best, and, like all of Vedder's works, shows great thought in design and arrangement. This painting is purely decorative, and, in studying the numerous figures and details, you think of it as only such, while the figures of Cox you might almost expect to see move, their flesh tints are so life-like.

The third painting represents Florence, and, while a rather pleasing piece to glance at, it will not bear much study. Thayer seems to have taken little pains or to have painted it in great haste, for the treatment of the whole thing is decidedly sketchy, and looks unfinished. The central figure, clothed in a light, gauzy robe, is certainly most beautiful, and has had by far the most attention, while the other figures have been slighted, as if mere secondary parts. One poor little Cupid is so posed that he looks as if he were ready to topple over at any moment, while the legs of the kneeling figure at the left lack modeling, and one foot has been painted out and set back too far.

The space over the door has been given to LaFarge, and, according to his reputation of putting off his work, he has taken much longer than allowed by the contract. But he has probably been very busy, as he has filled a whole section at the Paris Salon, an honor which has never before been given to an American artist. When we do get his work we will probably be more than paid for waiting, as he is the leader among American mural decorators.

While our art collection is as yet rather

small, Bowdoin ought to be very proud of her beautiful building, and these four mural paintings, which so well represent American art of to-day.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Lay of the Last Year's Coat.

I.

Within the inside pocket
Of my last year's overcoat
I find two yellow coupons
And a dainty little note;
And many happy memories
These little tokens bring
Of one delightful evening
At the opera last spring.

II.

Sweet Phyllis sat beside me,
With her hair in golden curls,
Her eyes were blue and sparkling,
And I called her "Queen of Girls."
Bewitchingly attractive,
So stylish, dainty, bright,
I gazed at her with rapture
And was proud of her that night.

III.

I wore my brand-new overcoat,
And, with some modest pride,
I knew that I was looking well
And felt quite satisfied.
But when the blissful hours were o'er
And we had said "Good-night,"
I figured up expenses,
And was paralyzed with fright.

IV.

The tickets seven dollars cost,
The carriage cost me four,
The "petit souper" took a "V,"
The Jacquemuots took more.
And this the explanation why,
Since that eventful night,
My nobby, brand-new overcoat
Has never seen the light.

V.

My uncle's had it for a year,
I got it out to-day,

And carefully I'll keep it
Lest again it gets away.
For eighteen-dollar memories
Are sometimes sad, though sweet,
And Phyllis and her husband bow
When I meet them on the street.

Mother Goose in College.

It was a Freshman, young and green,
Who met a Senior wise,
And opening wide his question-bag,
Began to seek replies:

"O great, wise man, I've questions here
That long have puzzled me,
And if you've answers that will fit,
I'm wanting two or three:
First, what's Triangle's pedigree?
And who was old Phi Chi?
Who first invented 'end-women'?
And can you tell me why?
Is the great Phi Beta Kappa,
As my Sophomore room-mate states,
The fourteen Best Kribbers
In each class that graduates?
Why is it all the girls in town
Are so in love with me?
What must I do to keep myself
From their attentions free?"

The Senior wise thought hard and fast;
His finger ends he chewed,
In search of some way to reply
Without appearing rude.
At last he said, "In my four years
These college halls among,
In several different languages
I've learned to hold my tongue.
My ignorance I oft exposed
When I was at your stage,
But now I keep it to myself,
Like any other sage.
And, youngster, my advice to you
Is, just lay low this year;
Don't be induced by Sophomores
To credit all you hear.
And that abnormal swelling
Of your cranium, I fear,
Will need much careful watching
For still another year.
And when you are a Senior,
And know all things, high and low,

You can look back at your Freshman year
And laugh, as I do now."

The Senior wise went on his way,
As great and wise men will;
And let us hope that verdant "Fresh"
Hereafter will keep still.



The second song recital was given in Memorial Hall, Thursday, April 30th. Miss Bartlett was suffering from a severe cold, but, nevertheless, her renderings were very acceptable. Miss Vannah's work was an improvement over the first recital, owing to a new and better piano having been procured. Mr. Turner was excellent, as usual. The programme for the evening was as follows:

PART I.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| 1.—Ballet Music.—(Heligoland). | Bartlett—Vannah.
Miss Vannah. |
| 2.—When Richelieu the Red Robe Wore.—Harvey Murray. | Mr. Turner. |
| 3.—a. Nocturne.
b. Sweet Winds that Blow. } | Chadwick. |
| 4.—Non t' amo piu.—Tosti. | Miss Bartlett.
Mr. Turner. |
| 5.—Jewel Song (Faust).—Gounod. | Miss Bartlett. |

PART II.

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|--|-------------------------------|
| 6.—a.—Valse in D Flat.—Chopin.
b.—Daffodil Dance.—Harry McLellan. | Miss Vannah. |
| 7.—It Came with the Merry May.—Tosti. | Miss Bartlett. |
| 8.—Good Bye, Sweet Day.—Kate Vannah. | Mr. Turner. |
| 9.—Poem.—William Vaughn Moody. | Miss Bartlett. |
| 10.—Rustic Song (Rob Roy).—DeKoven. | Miss Bartlett and Mr. Turner. |

Knight, '98, has returned to college.

Don't fail to hear the next song recital.

Leavitt, '99, is teaching school in Wilton.

Pease, '97, is teaching at Boothbay Centre.

Stage rehearsals for "Mascot" are progressing finely.

Rose Sydel's show was patronized largely by students.

Bean, '97, has been absent from college for a few days.

Wormwood, ex-'97, has returned to college and joined '98.

It is rumored that '98 is to give up the *Bugle* next year.

Baker, '96, is principal of the High School at Eliot, Me.

Stetson, '98, attended the Junior Promenade at Smith College.

Fogg, '99, has resumed his studies, after a short absence from college.

The non-society men have been putting their tennis court in repair.

Fairfield, '99, is in Saco coaching the Thornton Academy Track Team.

The sea-shore has a strong attraction for the cyclists these warm days.

The 120 yards straightaway at the new Athletic Field is nearly completed.

Dunnack, '97, is supplying the pulpit of the Poland Methodist Church.

Many of the students are taking advantage of the fine weather for bicycling.

The Junior Division in Astronomy are making observations in the Observatory.

And now ye festive "Lishe" and "Joe" improve ye campus walks with coal ashes.

Philo Steward, Colby '81, was on the campus looking over the college last week.

Our old friend of ginger pop and corn cakes had a stand at the Colby-Bowdoin game.

The Seniors are rehearsing their chapel march under the leadership of Stone, Marshal.

Several fellows went to Lewiston Wednesday night to hear Sousa's Band in City Hall.

Bean, '97, Business Manager of the ORIENT, returned to college the first of the week.

Edward F. Searles, the donor of the Science Building, was on the campus last Sunday.

Professor Robinson began his regular mineralogical excursions with the Juniors, last week.

Cram, '99, who is taking a course in stenography in Boston, will return to college the first of June.

The ORIENT Board will petition the Trustees for an editorial room at the next Trustee meeting.

Arbor Day almost depopulated the halls. Almost all went home Thursday and staid until Monday.

Two teams from the Medical School played an exciting game of ball last week. Score, 45 to 30.

Plumstead, '96, has returned to college, after teaching a successful ten weeks' term at Kingman.

The Faculty have prohibited the candidates for the track events from running on the college walks.

Frank L. Callahan, the well-known musician of Lewiston, will put on the "Mascot" for the college.

The subjects for the first Sophomore themes of the term, which were due May 11th, were:

1. No Man is a Hero to his Valet.
2. High Buildings Have Low Foundations.
3. Prosperity Destroys Fools, and Endangers the Wise.
4. Opportunity is the Cream of Time.
5. Learning is a Scepter to Some, a Bauble to Others.
6. Difficulties Give Way to Diligence.

Professor Johnson has decided to continue his course of French with the Juniors and Seniors this term.

Nearly the whole college turned out to watch Topsham's business section go up in smoke last week.

Stnobs, '98, met with a bicycle accident, and, in consequence, was obliged to walk in from Mere Point.

W. C. Bonney, who is pursuing a special course at Bowdoin, has returned to college after a brief illness.

A large party of Bowdoin men attended the second Masquerade Ball at Bath last Wednesday evening.

Quite a number of musical organizations have made the campus ring with popular airs during the last week.

The Track Team goes to Topsham, in barges, nearly every day. The team leaves for Worcester Friday, the 22d.

It sounded good to hear the chapel bell announce the victory of the ball team at Andover on Wednesday of last week.

Many of the students took advantage of the holiday Friday and the adjourns Saturday, for a trip home over Sunday.

The Sophomores will have a symposium this year. Baxter, Lawrence, and Stetson are the committee of arrangements.

Thompson, '97, was on the campus last week taking a last look at the college before entering the U. S. Military Academy.

Williamson, '98, Secretary Maine Intercollegiate

Athletic Association, attended a meeting of the Association at Bangor last week.

Among the recent additions to the library is a set of fifty volumes of the *Revue du Monde*. This nearly completes the file of this magazine.

The question of the Interscholastic Field Day Cup decision, has been of a great deal of interest among the college friends of Bangor and Portland.

Jerre H. Libby, '96, and Stephen E. Young, '98, are at Ann Arbor, Mich., in attendance on the Psi Upsilon convention which is being held in that place.

A change in the Modern Language Rooms is contemplated for next year. In their present situation and condition they do not meet the requirements.

The numerous candidates for the Senior ball teams are getting in some hard training these days. Prospective batteries may be seen practicing in almost every direction.

The Sophomore division in Botany received some brief instructions in drawing from Mr. Currier of the Art School, preliminary to their regular laboratory work of the term.

Under the auspices of the Bowdoin Tennis Association, a Maine Interscholastic Tennis Association is being organized. The tournament will probably be held early in June at Bowdoin.

The following clipping of a lively man's ad., in the *Kent's Hill Breeze*, speaks volumes as to the social life at that excellent institution: "Sleek, fat horses, educated to be driven by one hand, and wagons built for two."

The ORIENT has become a member of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association. Hagar, '97, was elected delegate to the meeting in Boston next Saturday. It is hoped that several other members of the Board will accompany him.

In the Junior German division, including those Juniors who intend taking that study next year, the conversation is carried on entirely in the German language instead of the English. The members of the class will be far enough advanced by next year to substitute beer for drinking water.

The college went wild over the Dartmouth victory of Wednesday last. The chapel bell for an hour sent out its glad note of another triumph. The team was cheered man by man. After a few speeches at one of the largest bonfires ever built on the campus, a procession was formed which visited

President Hyde and then the professors in their order. Short speeches were made by nearly all, and they were enthusiastically received by the excited crowd. President Hyde said: "The victory was won by a team that had trained faithfully and systematically, and not by the aid of imported mercenaries." May the good work go on.

Athletics.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The track athletes, under Captain Horne, have been at work nearly all the term and are rapidly getting into form for the Worcester Meet, which is to be held this year the twenty-third of May.

A short stretch of cinder track has been made on the delta, to be used until our new track, now in process of construction, is completed. On this temporary track, for the last three weeks, the men have been working faithfully and hard under the instruction of Coach Garcelon, Harvard's fast hurdler.

Bowdoin's chances of winning points at Worcester seem brighter than ever this year. About twelve men will be taken to this meet, while several more will be taken to the State Intercollegiate Meet, which will take place some time during the first week of June.

The following men are in training for the different events: For the dashes—McMillan, Stetson '98, Horne, Kendall, Andrews, and Hadlock. For the 440—Kendall, Andrews, Kyes, Hadlock, Veazie, Lancey, R. L. Marston '99, E. E. Spear, and R. S. Cleaves. For the half mile—Kendall, Andrews, Bisbee, Booker, Cook, L. L. Cleaves, H. E. Marston '99, Nelson, Wiggin, Ordway, Shordon, Woodbury, and Libby (Medic.). For the mile—Sinkinson, Dnnack, Edwards, Fogg '96, Carmichael, and Garland (Medic.). For the two-mile—Fogg '96, Dnnack, and Soule (Medic.). For the hurdles—Horne, Hadlock, Blake '98, and Wiggin. For the high jump—French, Smith '96, and Borden (Medic.). For the broad jump—McMillan, Horne, and W. H. Smith '99. For the pole vault—Minott '98, McMillan, Fairfield, and Smith '96. For the mile walk—Pettingill and Lavertu. For the shot and hammer—Godfrey, French, W. W. Spear, Stone, and McKeen (Medic.). For the bicycle race—Stearns, Studley, and Came.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 16; Andover, 8.

Thursday, April 29th, Bowdoin played Phillips-Andover at Andover, and won her first victory of the season. It was well earned and very gratifying to the supporters of our team.

Libby pitched the first part of the game and was effective in the first two innings, but in the third, by bunching their hits, Andover scored six runs, so that Bodge went in to finish the game. In this same inning Andover also put in her best pitcher, but for all that, Bowdoin kept right on scoring, while Andover got but three hits and one run off from Bodge.

For Bowdoin, Dane led the batting, and he and Hull did the best fielding. For Andover, Wentworth did the best all-round work. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, l.f.,	6	3	1	1	0	1
Coburn, s.s.,	6	3	1	4	1	1
Bryant, c.f.,	5	1	1	2	0	1
Greenlaw, r.f.,	3	2	0	1	0	0
Hull, c.,	4	4	1	6	1	0
Dane, 2b.,	6	2	3	1	3	2
Soule, 3b.,	3	1	1	1	2	2
Gould, 1b.,	4	0	0	9	0	1
Libby, p.,	1	0	0	0	1	0
Bodge, p.,	3	0	0	2	3	0
Totals,	41	16	8	27	11	8

ANDOVER.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barton, 1b.,	3	0	0	8	0	2
Kinne, c.f.,	5	1	3	3	0	0
French, s.s.,	3	1	0	2	6	1
Wentworth, c.,	5	1	1	6	1	1
Quinby, 2b.,	4	1	1	2	1	0
Barnwell, l.f.,	4	1	2	1	1	1
Hillebrand, 3b., p.,	4	2	2	0	2	3
Holladay, p., 3b.,	4	1	0	1	1	3
Waddell, r.f.,	4	0	2	1	0	0
Totals,	36	8	11	24	12	11

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	5	1	6	0	1	1	1	1	—16
Andover,	0	1	6	1	0	0	0	0	—8

Earned run—Bowdoin. Two-base hits—Hillebrand, Coburn, Dane, Soule. Sacrifice hit—French. Stolen bases—Bowdoin 7, Phillips 5. First base on balls—by Holladay 9, by Libby 1, by Bodge 2. Hit by pitched ball—Barnwell, Soule 2. Passed balls—Wentworth 2. Wild pitch—Hillebrand. Struck out—by Holladay 2, by Hillebrand 4, by Libby 2, by Bodge 2. Umpires—Steele, Brown; Greenaway, Phillips Andover. Time—2h. 40m. Attendance—500.

Tufts, 9; Bowdoin, 8.

The next day after playing Andover, our team met the Tufts nine in a close and well-played game.

Tufts got a big lead in the first inning, when Libby retired in favor of Bodge, who pitched a very good game, although he was inclined to be wild. Tufts's pitcher was also wild, but in spite of that was fairly effective, striking out eight men.

Bowdoin showed the right spirit and played a steady up-hill game, making a hard fight to win, and coming very near it in the last inning.

The battery work and the playing of Bryant were the features of Bowdoin's game.

The following is the score, which shows us that Bowdoin both outfielded and outbatted her opponents:

TUFTS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Corridan, s.s.,	3	3	0	0	2	2	3
Smith, c.f.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	0
Pierce, 2b.,	4	2	0	0	3	2	2
Clayton, r.f.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
Maguire, 1b.,	5	1	1	1	8	0	0
Richardson, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	3	0	1
Ralph, l.f.,	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Meador, c.,	5	0	1	1	7	3	0
Curran, p.,	5	0	0	0	1	3	2
Totals,	36	9	4	4	27	10	8

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, l.f.,	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Bodge, p.,	5	1	1	1	2	3	1
Coburn, s.s.,	5	0	0	0	1	1	1
Bryant, c.f.,	4	1	2	2	2	0	0
Greenlaw, r.f.,	4	2	1	1	2	0	0
Hull, c.,	4	0	0	0	9	1	0
Dane, 2b.,	5	1	1	1	3	1	1
Soule, 3b.,	5	2	1	2	0	3	1
Gould, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	8	0	2
Totals,	38	8	7	8	27	9	6

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Tufts, 6 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0—9

Bowdoin, 2 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 3—8

Earned runs—Tufts 1, Bowdoin 2. Two-base hit—Soule. Stolen bases—Corridan 4, Clayton, Richardson, Haines, Bodge 4, Bryant, Greenlaw, Soule. Sacrifice hits—Smith, Ralph. First base on balls—Corridan 3, Smith 2, Pierce, Clayton, Richardson 2, Ralph, Haines 2, Bryant, Greenlaw, Hull, Gould 2. Struck out—Corridan, Clayton 2, Richardson, Ralph, Curran 2, Hull, Bodge, Soule, Coburn 2, Gould 3. Double play—Pierce, Corridan, and Maguire. Passed ball—Hull. Wild pitches—Curran 2. Hit by pitched ball—Soule. Time—2h. 15m. Umpires—Johnson of Tufts, '93; Fendleton of Bowdoin, '90. Attendance—500.

Bowdoin, 19; Colby, 11.

Bowdoin opened the college league season by defeating Colby to the tune of 19 to 11, on the delta, Saturday, May 2d.

The game was at no time close and was loosely played throughout. Colby was not in the game from the start, and in base running and fielding was plainly inferior to Bowdoin.

Bodge again pitched, this being his third game in four days, and he pitched a fine game, striking out twelve men.

Captain Hull being laid up with an injured finger, Haines took his place and caught a good game, it being his first game behind the bat this year. Coburn seemed to have an off day, for he neither batted nor fielded in his usual form.

Putnam did the best work for Colby, while Patterson, their mainstay, was wild and erratic. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	3	3	1	1	15	0	0
Bodge, p.,	6	2	1	1	0	3	0
Bryant, c.f.,	5	2	2	2	1	0	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	3	2	2	0	0	2
Dane, 2b.,	6	3	2	3	1	1	0
Coburn, s.s.,	5	2	1	1	1	2	3
Soule, 3b.,	5	0	1	1	1	2	0
Libby, r.f.,	6	2	1	1	0	0	0
Gould, 1b.,	2	2	0	0	8	0	0
Totals,	42	19	11	12	27	8	5

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brooks, c., 1b.,	6	2	2	2	7	1	1
Burton, c.f.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Desmond, r.f.,	4	3	2	3	0	0	0
Patterson, p.,	5	1	2	4	0	2	2
Coffin, 1b., c.,	5	0	0	0	11	2	1
Putnam, 2b.,	5	1	4	5	2	5	1
Watkins, l.f.,	3	0	0	0	3	0	1
Austin, s.s.,	5	1	0	0	2	5	2
Hoyt, 3b.,	3	2	0	0	1	1	0
Totals,	41	11	11	15	27	16	8

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bowdoin, 3 6 0 0 4 0 3 0 3—19

Colby, 0 0 3 0 0 7 0 1 0—11

Three-base hit—Patterson. Two-base hits—Dane, Desmond, Putnam. Passed balls—Haines, Brooks 2, Coffin. Struck out—by Bodge 12, by Patterson 6. Double play—Coffin and Brooks. Bases on balls—by Bodge 4, by Patterson 9. Hit by pitched ball—Haines, Coburn, Gould, Watkins, Hoyt. Umpires—J. F. Lezotte of Lewiston, and Dr. Smith of Freeport. Time—2h. 20m. Attendance—450.

Dartmouth, 9; Bowdoin, 5.

Monday, May 4th, the team left Brunswick to play Dartmouth two games at Hanover. The first game was played Tuesday, the 5th, and we were defeated by worthy opponents in a very creditable contest.

Captain Hull was still laid up with an injured hand, and Haines took his place behind the bat and played a good game.

Bodge pitched a good game and deserved to have won.

Tabor, Perkins, and Abbott played best for Dartmouth, and Haines, Soule, and Dane did the best work for Bowdoin.

The following is the score:

DARTMOUTH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCornack, l.f.,	5	1	1	2	1	0	0
Drew, c.,	1	0	1	1	3	1	1
Abbott, 2b., c.,	3	1	1	2	10	1	0
Davis, 3b.,	4	1	1	2	0	2	1
Folsom, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	2	3	2
Rowe, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Adams, r.f.,	2	2	1	1	0	0	0
Watson, lb.,	3	1	1	2	8	0	0
Tabor, p.,	4	1	1	1	0	3	0
Perkins, 2b.,	4	2	1	1	2	2	0
Totals,	34	9	9	14	27	12	4

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Haines, c.,	3	1	1	1	9	0	0		
Bodge, p.,	5	0	0	0	0	2	0		
Bryant, c.f.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	1		
Coburn, s.s.,	5	1	2	2	1	2	1		
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1		
Dane, 2b.,	4	1	2	2	1	5	1		
Soule, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	2	2	0		
Libby, r.f.,	4	1	1	1	1	1	0		
Gould, lb.,	3	0	0	0	8	2	1		
Totals,	36	5	8	8	*23	14	5		
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dartmouth,	0	0	1	1	3	2	0	2	x—9
Bowdoin,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—5

Earned runs—Dartmouth 2. Sacrifice hit—Gould. Stolen bases—Drew, Dane, Adams 3, Perkins 2, Rowe, Folsom, Abbott, Davis, Watson. First base on balls—Haines 2, Soule, Watson, Abbott, Adams 2. Passed balls—Drew, Haines, Abbott. Wild pitches—Bodge 2. Struck out—Bodge, Soule 3, Tabor 2, Bryant, Coburn 2, Greenlaw, McCornack, Watson. Double plays—Bodge, Gould, and Haines. Umpire—Randall, '96. Time—2 hours.

*Tabor out for running out of line.

Bowdoin, 9; Dartmouth, 8.

The second game with Dartmouth, played on Wednesday, the 6th, resulted in a victory for Bowdoin, much to the chagrin and surprise of Dartmouth, who defeated Harvard but a few days ago.

It took eleven innings to decide it and then Libby, who pitched a fine game, won it by batting in the winning run.

Coburn did the best work for Bowdoin, both in the field and at the bat, getting four hits and accepting eleven chances out of twelve.

Watson and Davis did best for Dartmouth.

It is interesting to note that we both out-batted and out-fielded our opponents.

The following is the score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	4	1	2	2	7	3	0
Bodge, r.f.,	6	1	1	1	1	0	0
Bryant, c.f.,	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Coburn, s.s.,	6	2	4	7	6	5	1
Greenlaw, l.f.,	6	1	1	1	2	0	0
Dane, 2b.,	6	1	1	1	3	2	1
Soule, 3b.,	6	2	1	3	1	0	1
Libby, p.,	6	1	3	4	1	4	0
Gould, lb.,	5	0	1	1	11	1	3
Totals,	50	9	14	20	33	15	6

DARTMOUTH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCornack, l.f.,	6	1	0	0	4	0	0
Folsom, s.s.,	4	2	1	1	2	3	5
Abbott, c.,	6	1	2	4	6	4	2
Davis, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	1	4	0
Rowe, c.f.,	5	0	2	2	1	0	0
Adams, r.f.,	6	2	1	3	0	0	1
Watson, lb.,	5	1	3	4	13	0	0
Perkins, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	1
Conway, p.,	5	0	0	0	0	4	1
Drew, 2b.,	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	46	8	10	13	30	18	10

Innings, . . . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

Bowdoin, . . . 0 0 2 1 1 0 2 0 2 0 1—9
Dartmouth, . . . 2 0 0 1 0 4 1 0 0 0 0—8

Earned runs—Dartmouth 3, Bowdoin 3. Sacrifice hits—Greenlaw, Rowe. Stolen bases—Coburn, Adams, Soule, Libby, McCornack 3, Folsom 2, Davis, Watson. First base on balls—by Libby 5, by Conway 3. First base on errors—Bowdoin 7, Dartmouth 6. Hit by pitched ball—Haines. Passed ball—Haines. Struck out—by Libby, McCornack, Folsom, Adams, Watson, Drew; by Conway, Bodge, Soule 2, Gould. Double play—Davis, Abbott, and Conway. Umpire—F. M. Weston, '96. Time—2 hours 30 minutes. Attendance—300.

Bowdoin, 18; Boston College, 5.

The Bowdoin team seems to have struck a winning gait, and in its easy defeat of the Boston College nine Saturday, by a score of 18 to 5, gave its supporters as pretty an exhibition of ball playing as was ever seen on the Brunswick diamond. Its infield work was perfect, and the boasted pitcher of the visiting team was batted unmercifully. The

game was called in the seventh inning to allow the visitors to take the Bath train to catch the boat. Captain Hull, whom a lame hand has prevented from playing in the past three games, played on first in place of Gould. Bodge took it easy, but the visitors could not touch him. Haines caught his fourth successive errorless game. Dane, Coburn, and Soule put up a magnificent game. Stanwood, the foot-ball star, played for the first time on the college nine and made a three-bagger. The Boston boys played hard, but found themselves in too fast company and were outplayed at every point. This week Bowdoin plays Colby Wednesday at Waterville, and Maine State College Saturday at Orono. The score of Saturday's game:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	3	4	2	2	5	0	0
Bodge, p.,	6	5	4	6	0	1	0
Bryant, c.f.,	6	2	2	2	1	0	0
Coburn, s.s.,	4	2	2	2	1	5	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
Dane, 2b.,	6	1	3	4	2	2	0
Soule, 3b.,	4	0	1	2	0	2	0
Libby, r.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Hull, lb.,	3	3	1	1	10	1	0
Stanwood, r.f.,	2	1	1	3	0	0	0
Totals,	41	18	16	22	19	11	3

BOSTON COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McAllister, l.f.,	3	2	1	1	0	2	
Slaterry, lb.,	3	1	0	0	9	0	0
S. Bergin, 3b.,	2	0	1	1	0	2	1
McDermod, c.,	3	0	1	2	5	3	0
Farrel, r.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
O'Connor, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Chapman, s.s.,	3	0	1	1	2	1	1
J. Bergin, c.f.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	1
Griffin, p.,	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Totals,	25	5	5	6	21	7	6

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowdoin,	1	5	2	0	4	2	4—18
Boston College,	2	0	0	0	3	0	0—5

Three-base hits—Bodge, Stanwood. Two-base hits—Dane, Soule, McDermod. Passed ball—McDermod. Base on ball—by Bodge 3, by Griffin 9. Hit by pitched ball—Haines. Struck out—by Bodge 3, by Griffin 5. Double play—Coburn, Hull, and Haines. Time—2 hours. Umpires—Willard and Crowley.

Another university has added a course in Journalism to its curriculum. It is the University of Indiana, and the course consists of English, History, Constitutional and Political Law. The work is in charge of a man who has had practical newspaper experience.

Y. M. C. A.

Professor Robinson conducted the Sunday service on the 26th, and took as his subject the "Power of God in Man." He showed how this power displays itself in a constant and steady tendency toward the accomplishment of what is noble and elevating in the world around us, and how it influences us in every sphere of action, although we may be perfectly unconscious of its presence. This power does not come spasmodically into our lives, but it pervades the very atmosphere which we breathe, and to escape it is an impossibility.

The regular Thursday meeting for April 30th was postponed until Friday, when Mr. Rice, of the School for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., gave a talk on the objects, methods, and needs of that institution, and of the important work being done there in educating young men, many of whom are college graduates, for the ministry, and also for missionary work at home and abroad. This school is doing work of national importance, for the only way to preserve the liberties of this country is to have diligent and devoted workers, who will elevate the masses of foreigners, which crowd upon us, and teach them how to live uprightly and to appreciate the advantages of free institutions. This school at Springfield graduates yearly a body of young men who are prepared to devote their lives to this work, and the school should never lack anything which will increase its usefulness. Mr. Rice, who is a graduate of the Yale Divinity School, was present at the Sunday service, and delivered an interesting and instructive address on "Responsibility," paying special attention to the responsibilities of college men and their calling in life.

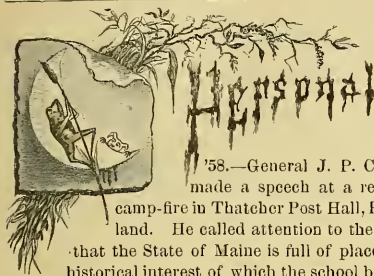
The Hand-Book Committee report that the handbook is soon to appear and promises to be a success in every way.

The *Magnet*, published by the Y. M. C. A. of Bath, which has just been received, is a new departure in the publication line and one which is creditable to its publishers.

There are over five hundred college Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States.

Since 1879 twenty-one College Christian Association buildings have been erected in the United States and Canada at an aggregate cost of \$438,000.

Harper's Magazine for April contains a well-written article on the Christian Association movement in the colleges of the United States. It is entitled "A Phase of Modern College Life." It should receive a wide reading among students.



'58.—General J. P. Cilley made a speech at a recent camp-fire in Thatcher Post Hall, Portland. He called attention to the fact that the State of Maine is full of places of historical interest of which the school books on history make no mention.

'60.—Hon. W. W. Thomas of Portland and Frank L. Dingley, '61, of Lewiston, were chosen as officers of the Maine Society for the Protection of Animals, at the annual meeting of the directors of that society.

'66.—At the session of the American Academy of Medicine, at Atlanta, Ga., a paper was read by F. H. Gerrish of Portland, Professor of Anatomy at the Medical School of Maine.

'75.—Frederick A. Powers was elected alternate from Houlton to the Republican State Convention.

'75.—We clip the following from the *Lewiston Journal*: Friends of Mr. Woodbury Pulsifer of this city, have received invitations to the Commencement exercises of the Medical Department of Columbian University at Washington. Mr. Pulsifer will graduate next year. He has won high honors thus far in the pursuance of his medical studies.

'75.—Dr. W. S. Thompson has been nominated for Prohibitionist Congressman from the Third District. Dr. Thompson has also been elected a delegate to the Prohibitionist National Convention.

Med., '78.—Dr. Oscar W. Stone, who died of pneumonia at Boulder, Col., April 26th, was born in Milford, January 10, 1852. After being graduated from the Medical School, Dr. Stone practiced medicine for a long time at Camden, Me., where he was one of the leading physicians. Owing to ill health he moved to Colorado about four years ago. He was a prominent member of the Maine Medical Association and a member of Amity No. 6, Masonic Order of Camden. He leaves a widow, a niece of the late Hon. Francis W. Hill of Exeter, Me., and a son and daughter aged fourteen and eight years respectively.

'79.—J. W. Achorn spoke on Immigration vs. Migration at a recent meeting of the Bowdoin Club of Boston. Edwin U. Curtis, '82, presided at the meeting.

'79.—Ansel L. Lambert of Houlton has been elected delegate to the Republican State Convention.

Med., '79.—Charles D. Smith, Professor of Physiology and Public Hygiene at the Medical School, read a paper at the recent session of the American Academy of Medicine at Atlanta, Ga.

'82.—Ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis of Boston has been nominated by Lieutenant-Governor Walcott, to be a Metropolitan Park Commissioner.

'87.—E. C. Plummer has an article in the May number of the *New England Magazine* entitled "Running the Gauntlet." It is a true story of the exciting adventures of a Bath ship in the late war.

'90.—Dr. George W. Blanchard has been appointed Pathologist at the New York City Hospital. The appointment was obtained after a competitive examination in which Dr. Blanchard outstripped all others, taking a rank of ninety-one per cent. Dr. Blanchard is also editor of the French Department of the *Medical and Surgical Bulletin*, which has recently been made a weekly, with a circulation next to the largest of any medical publication in this country.

'90.—J. B. Pendleton was one of the umpires in the Bowdoin-Tufts game.

'93.—Charles H. Savage, who died at Millboro, Va., was born at Northfield, Vt., October 11, 1872. He attended the Edward Little High School at Auburn, being salutatorian at graduation. While in college he was a member of the base-ball team. Since graduation he has been engaged in teaching school, first in the Military Department of Norwich University, Northfield, Vt., and since at Charleston, W. Va., in a private fitting school. The climate of West Virginia did not agree with him, but thinking that he would soon become acclimated he remained, concealing the state of his health from his parents. When his father, Judge Savage, learned his condition, he hastened to Charleston and removed him to the sanitarium at Millboro, where he died. He was a young man of much promise, earning \$6 K by his rank in college, and being successful in teaching. The Class of '89, E. L. H. S., attended the funeral services in a body, as did fifteen members of the college fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi, to which he belonged.

'93.—Clarence W. Peabody was admitted to the bar in the Cumberland S. J. Court, Tuesday. He is a graduate of Bowdoin College, studied with his father, Hon. Henry C. Peabody, and is at present a student at the Harvard Law School.

'94.—P. H. Moore is to deliver the Memorial address for the Fred S. Gurney Post, Saco.

'95.—The engagement of Miss Callie Reed, daughter of Captain Elias Reed of Bowdoinham, and Abner A. Badger of Farmington, has been announced.

'95.—Rev. J. L. Quinby of Gardiner attended the Congregational Ministerial Convention of Kennebec and Somerset counties, recently held at Waterville.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES HALE SAVAGE.

BORN OCTOBER 11, 1872. DIED APRIL 23, 1896.

In the death of Brother Charles Hale Savage, '93, the Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi has suffered one of the most severe losses in its history. His death seems like the removal of one of our undergraduate members.

Brother Savage was a young man of strong personality, a leader both in literary and athletic work. It is greatly to be regretted that one so noble and full of promise should so early be taken from our midst. Every one who knew him personally, respected and admired him on account of those qualities which are so essential to true manhood.

The Chapter extends its heart-felt sympathy to his sorrowing family and friends, and as a token of sorrow it is decreed that the members of the Chapter wear the usual badge of mourning for ten days.

EARL CLEMENT DAVIS,
ALFRED BENSON WHITE,
WALLACE HUMPHREY WHITE, JR.,
For the Chapter.

Columbia boasts eighteen college publications.

A dining-hall with a seating capacity of 1,000 is to be built at the University of Pennsylvania.

Out of the two hundred and twenty-seven members of the Yale faculty, fifteen are graduates of no college.

The Faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the college papers to count for English in the regular course.

The Cornell Faculty has determined to improve the quality of English used by the students. A resolution has been passed recommending that every examiner reject any paper containing any bad spelling or faults of expression.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 27, 1896.

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The next or Ivy Number of the ORIENT will be one week late. It will be of great assistance to those in charge to have all Ivy Day parts ready on Saturday, June 13th. All those desiring extra copies of this number can obtain them of the business manager.

BOATING may be dead at Bowdoin at the present time, and perhaps it is just as well, but the undergraduates do not intend to let its memory be forgotten. Our record has been printed too often to be repeated in these pages, but it is a record of which all Bowdoin men are proud. During the recent freshet the old boat-house was somewhat injured, but it has been promptly repaired and now stands as a monument for our aquatic victories. We know our alumni will be pleased to hear of its repairment. The boat-house should be kept up, and if ever again rowing becomes popular here, we shall have a suitable place for the boats. Any good custom or institution should be pointed at with pride and maintained, but all of the old and semi-barbarous ones should be forgotten or only talked of for amusement. They have seen their day, and new and larger things have taken their places. Let honor be placed where it is merited, but let it not be misplaced.

IT falls to the lot of the college paper to criticise or commend the acts of those in charge of college affairs. It is pleasant to be able to commend, and profitable, oftentimes, to criticise. We do not like to say things unkind nor to willfully neglect to mention those that need overhauling. This year seems to be a most successful year. We rejoice together over one victory only to find ourselves congratulating the college over another, and so it goes. Now while we are congratulating and rejoicing together we should not forget to commend our managers for the efficient work performed by them. Our men receive praise that is well merited, but, in a way, their success is due to those in charge. We must not forget this fact. We feel that a healthier tone prevails in college this year. Men are more loyal; they contribute with better grace, and nearly all give moral support. Good, let it go on. Each give his aid, and that we win is assured. We dislike to harp on the same old string, but sometimes it does no harm. Do not condemn our managers when they are unfortunate. Remember their work is done gratuitously and they do their best. Speak a good word when you can—it is appreciated.

THE key-note of Bowdoin's athletics was gloriously sounded by President Hyde in an impromptu speech after our victory over Dartmouth. His words on that occasion have appeared in our columns before, but will certainly bear repetition, especially as there are but few colleges who can live up to their principles. He said, "The victory was won by a team that had trained faithfully and systematically, and not by the aid of imported mercenaries." Bowdoin is constantly in athletic competition with colleges who make a practice of hiring professionals in all branches of athletics, and who do so most unblushingly, yet we, by the strength

of our own "bona fide" students, are able to compete successfully with them. The Faculty and student body of Bowdoin believe as firmly in the purity of athletic sports as in the purity of politics, and refuse in the slightest degree to descend to the degrading and demoralizing practices now in vogue in our sister institutions. What honor can there be for a college or university to win victories with professional aid? Surely every student in such an institution, within his inmost heart can not be as jubilant over a victory thus gained, as over one won by a "straight" college team. At Bowdoin we always have stood for, and always will insist upon, purity in athletics, and let each member of every Bowdoin team and every student in our college remember that our glorious victories of the past and our coming victories of the future have been and will be won by honest teams of Bowdoin men without "the aid of mercenaries." Our motto for athletics, as well as for all other branches of college life, is the old aphorism, "*esse quam videri*."

ANOTHER Worcester meet has come and gone, and we find the track team still higher in its standing. Although one of the smallest teams at the games, ours won fourth place. Our men worked hard and showed that they were willing to make a strong fight. Fortune was against us in some events, but our men took renewed courage. Our reputation in Massachusetts is growing, and our teams are becoming very popular. We have done well at Worcester; now let us go to Waterville and repeat last year's victory. Let all go who can, and let our team have good support. At Worcester the lack of Bowdoin supporters was painfully evident, but where the distance is less great we should have a large delegation. Nothing helps a team, that is properly trained, more

than moral support. We are proud of our standing in track athletics, and we have a right to be. If money is needed next week to go to Waterville, do not be afraid to pay your share; it all goes for a good cause.

WE must not feel discouraged over our Saturday's defeat at base-ball. It was rather hard to lose a game that was practically won, but such is the uncertainty of the game. We have had a good season thus far and we ought to be proud of our team's work. It only remains for the team to go in and fight for the rest of the games. To the team we say, "Do your best;" and to the college, "Attend the games and support the team."

THE meeting of the representatives from the various college publications, in Boston, was one of interest and profit. Various items of importance were fully discussed, and the results of such an association must be mutually helpful. The ORIENT, in joining the organization, feels that much good will be derived, and that whatever schemes for bettering the college papers that come from such meetings will be heartily subscribed to. Sixteen colleges were represented and business sessions were held during the day, the whole affair concluding with a dinner at the Vendome. There is no better way to increase the feeling of progressive unity in college matters of all kinds than by having the editors of the various publications meet annually and talk over the ways and means of improving the college journals. The ORIENT became a member for this purpose, and we hope the college may be benefited thereby.

The following colleges publish daily journals: Cornell, Harvard, University of Michigan, University of Pennsylvania, Leland Stanford, Brown, Wisconsin, and Princeton.

Psi Upsilon Convention.

THE sixty-third annual convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was held with the Phi Chapter at the University of Michigan, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of May. The delegates and alumni were informally and cordially welcomed at the Chapter House of the Phi on Wednesday evening.

Thursday forenoon and afternoon were devoted to business sessions.

The literary exercises in the evening, held in University Hall, were presided over by Hon. M. L. D'Ooge, Phi, '62. Prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel Goodale, Theta, '36, one of the founders of the fraternity.

Then followed a discussion of some of the Phases of University Education, by James B. Angell, LL.D., Sigma, '49; Rt. Rev. William S. Perry, Alpha, '54; Hon. Lawrence Maxwell, Phi, '74; and George Henry Fox, M.D., Upsilon, '67.

The poem was delivered by Richard Hovey, Zeta, '85. A pleasing feature of the evening was the organ voluntary by Professor Stanley, on the great Columbian organ.

After a brief business session on Friday forenoon, every one hastened to lunch and to the special train for Detroit. At the wharf near the Detroit station was a large steamer with over a hundred ladies aboard. An orchestra and a caterer added much to the pleasure of the sail along the beautiful river.

The banquet at the Russell House in the evening was a great success. One hundred and fifty Psi U's were present. Henry P. Field, Gamma, '80, was toast-master, and among the speakers were Rev. Samuel Goodale, Theta, '36; Charles W. Smiley, Xi, '74; Herbert L. Bridgman, Gamma, '66; Henry E. Bodman, Phi, '96; and Henry Vilas, Rho, '96. Mr. Hovey, by request, repeated the poem which he delivered at the '93 convention.

The delegates from the Kappa were Jerre

Hacker Libby, '96, and Stephen Emerson Young, '98.

The next convention is to be held with the Xi Chapter at Wesleyan.

Canoeing Up the Songo.

OUR plan was to start from Sebago Lake station, paddle up the east side of Lake Sebago to Songo River, and up the Songo and Brandy Pond to Long Lake. The canvas canoe which was to carry us on our journey was a very light one. It was sixteen feet long, narrow, and measured only ten inches at the bow.

All our plans were made, and the necessary articles carefully packed away in the small lockers. That we might have an early start the next morning, we took the evening train for Sebago station. We awoke with the first song of the birds; the sky was still gray, and the waves, licking the sandy beach, reflected the sombre tones of breaking day. The morning was cool and the wind was still blowing. We pulled our sweaters up around our necks, buttoned up our coats, and hastened to the canoe. In a few moments we had the "Sylvia" launched, and were off.

The fresh, cool breeze of this early September morning invigorated us. We were glad to stretch our arms, and with every stroke of the paddle we felt our frail little craft leap through the water. After paddling about three miles, we put ashore across from Indian Island and prepared breakfast. Having swung our coffee-pot over a snapping fire, we soon made a good cup of coffee, which, with our rolls and meat, much refreshed us. When we again took up the paddles the sun was just rising over the hills in the east, crowning every ripple with a crest of gold.

We skirted along the eastern shore, crossed Jordan Bay, and in the distance saw the spires of the sleepy old town of Raymond. As the sun rose, the mountains in

the west took on a bluer cast, and the nearer wooded hills looked darker than ever as the shadows deepened with the rising sun. We noiselessly skimmed along, enjoying the scenery on all sides, and about ten o'clock reached the Images.

This is a cliff which rises abruptly from the clear water, and derives its name from the paintings that cover its perpendicular sides. Wherever a bare, smooth place offers a good opportunity, figures of Indians are painted. They are represented as dancing, hunting, and fighting. These figures have been here for ages, and no one knows who first painted them. The old settlers of this region think that the Indians themselves first put them there.

We landed at the Images, and spent about an hour roaming over the ledges, and lunching on the huckleberries which grew very large on the top of the cliff. We went into Hawthorne's cave and drank of the bubbling spring, then climbed up into the Indian pulpit. It was here, in the Indian pulpit, that Hawthorne, when a boy, loved to sit and read. The same things which we now saw before us, the islands here and there dotting the blue lake, the wooded hills and the mountains fading in the distance, furnished material for the early compositions of this great author. Here at Raymond, on the shore of Lake Sebago, Hawthorne lived a short time after his father's death. His uncle, Robert Manning, provided a home for the family, and it was for him that Hawthorne wrote those early compositions, which show the same characteristics as his later works. He was fourteen years old when he came to the woods of Maine, where, he says, he "lived as free as the birds of the air." It was here he acquired that love for solitude which was so noticeable in after years.

Leaving the Images we passed on for two or three miles, till we came to the little creek, which ran the mills at Hawthorne's

old home. Here we beached our canoe, and soon the kettle was singing over the crackling fire of drift-wood, which everywhere lined the shores. After our hunger was satisfied, we followed up an old wood-road, lined on both sides with tall white pines, whose old dried spills, with spicy odor, made a carpet soft and smooth beneath the canopy of boughs. We came first to a little graveyard, where we found the moss-covered stones of the Manning family. A short cut then brought us to the mills. Here we talked with an old man, and gathered some valuable bits of information about the place. After having gone through the Hawthorne house, known as "Manning's Folly," from its ambitious size, we returned to the canoe.

We had no sooner made one of the Dingley Islands, than the wind began to pile high the waves, and the white caps warned us not to venture out too far. About four we pitched camp on the edge of a tall growth of white birches, two miles from the mouth of the Songo. The next morning the wind subsided a little, but the waves were still running high. Our canoe rode the rough water very well; only now and then did we get a lapful of water, when a wave breaking over the bow would strike full force against the combing. About nine we entered the Songo. As we paddled up the stream we found there were twenty-two decided turns up to the lock. The distance, as the bird flies, is only two miles, but we, winding in and out, paddled seven. The banks below the lock are low, and lined with the trunks of huge trees, which had died more than thirty years ago. The grayish-blue trunks, raising their leafless tops to the sky, with long, scrawny limbs stretching out in all directions, give the landscape a lonesome and forsaken look. They are like some ancient ruins, which, from their gigantic remains, make the gazer wonder what they might have been in the days of their grandeur.

The lock is the most interesting part of the trip. It was built years ago, when the canal-boats were running down the lake, through the old canal to Portland. Upper Songo is ten feet higher than the lower part of the river, and the wooded banks make close down to the water's edge. Here and there a tall, graceful birch with trembling leaves, hanging far out over the water, makes a cool and shady spot, where we, resting our paddles, would lazily float. The squirrels, running and scampering along the bank, would pause a moment with tails erect, and their black shining eyes blinking in astonishment, and at the least movement, off they would spring, bounding from stump to stump, and rattling the leaves in their path, till they were at a safe distance.

As you shoot your ever-obedient canoe around a point, the bright scarlet leaves of a rock maple, surrounded by the dark green foliage of the pine, with the reflection in the dark water beneath, make a delightful change in the scenery. This part of the river is beautifully described by Longfellow, when he sings:

"Nowhere such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake,
Links together lake and lake.

"Walled with wood or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself,
Flows this stream so still and slow
That it scarcely seems to flow.

"In the mirror of its tide,
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between,
Floating cloud, or sky serene."

From the Songo we passed through Brandy Pond into Long Lake. Here a few days were spent in fishing, sketching, and canoeing.

On our homeward trip only the necessary stops were made. After two days of steady paddling we reached Sebago station, and arrived home, having been away just a week.

Bowdoin Verse.

A Fact.

How queer it is in college life,
That one or two should always strive,
By dint of ridicule and jeer
To turn a class from duty clear.
But true it is as fact can be,
That these same men can never see,
'Tis not the Prof., who sits so cool,
But they themselves who play the fool.

A Tale of Barberism.

He was a Bowdoin Sophomore;
You might tell it by his stride,
By the way he had his hat on,
And his haughty air of pride.

He entered a Brunswick barber shop,
And in reckless tone and rash
Spoke out to the knight of the razor:
"Please shave off my moustache."

The barber gazed in wonder wild,
As he asked in accents strong:
"If you wanted it shaved off, my child,
Why didn't you bring it along?"

Ich — Dich.

A winter night in 'ninety-five.
Before they at her home arrive
He stopped and slowly to her said:
"I'll tell you something." She bowed her head.

He paused to give her time to speak,
But had he seen her burning cheek
He'd know that she his secret knew,
And hence her words must needs be few.

"I want to make in just three words
A declaration; I, two-thirds
Of these will say, and you, I trust,
Will guess the missing word. You must.

"The first, a common word is, 'Ich,'
The next is —, the third is 'Dich.'
Now surely 'tis an easy task
From off that word to take the mask."

(But ah! these maids, full well they know
When to say "Yes," or answer "No.")

But give them more to say and then—
Well, they know how to manage men.)

He spoke again: "You must have guessed
My meaning from the words expressed.
You know the word. Come, say it, do!
One little word between my two.

"What's this? You still refuse to speak?
I wait a year? No, not a week!
I'm not at all that kind of man;
If you won't speak, I guess I can.

"I know I'm acting rashly, still
That space 'twixt 'Ich' and 'Dich' to fill
Falls to my lot, and I must do
What really should be done by you.

"'Tis useless thus for me to try
From out your lips that word to pry.
I'll try no more, my dear, Lass mich
Nur wörts drei—Ich liebe dich!"

A Day in May.

The day is cool, the sky is fair,
A thousand perfumes flood the air
Which all the passing breezes bear;
While all the greenness everywhere
Proclaims a day in May.

To-day the fragrant silence sings
Of all the loveliness May brings,
Of every beauty rare that clings,
Of every sweetest charm that springs
From hidden depths of May.

While all of Nature's mystery
Doth rise and fall in unity,
Doth ebb and flow in harmony,
With the mystic soul that throbs in me
On such a day in May.

The authorities of Chicago University vetoed the request of the students to invite Debs to address them. He is regarded by the Faculty as belonging to a dangerous element.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University is the only college in the United States that publishes a daily paper of more than four pages. Their *Daily Palo Alto* was recently enlarged to six pages.

Eight thousand women in this country have graduated from reputable colleges and universities, co-educational or otherwise.



COMING EVENTS.

- May 30—Memorial Day. Holiday.
 May 30—Bowdoin vs. Exeter, at Exeter.
 June 2, 3, 4—Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament, at Portland.
 June 3—Bowdoin vs. Bates, at Lewiston.
 June 5—Maine Intercollegiate Field Meet, at Waterville.
 June 6—Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., at Brunswick.
 June 9—Bowdoin vs. W. P. I., at Brunswick.
 June 12—Ivy Day.
 June 15-19—Examinations.
 June 21—Baccalaureate Sermon.
 June 22—Junior Prize Declamations.
 June 23—Class Day.
 June 24—Graduation Exercises of Medical School.
 June 24—Meeting of $\Phi B K$.
 June 25—Commencement Day.
 June 25—Alumni Dinner.

What a pretty girl "Bennie" makes!

Parker, '95, visited the college last week.

Briggs, '94, was on the campus last week.

Dunnack, '97, preached at Poland Sunday.

Ellsworth, '97, is preaching at Pittston, Me.

Blair, '95, was seen on the campus last week.

The '96 Commencement parts will be due June 1st.

Moulton, '98, has gone to Bar Harbor for the summer.

O. D. Smith has been with us for two weeks straight.

Hatch, '97, has been absent from college for a few days.

Quite a crowd of students attended the circus last week.

Hunt, '98, has returned from a successful term of teaching.

It looked quite natural to see Ross, '94, on the campus.

Articles for the English Composition Prize are due June 1st.

Hon. J. W. Phillips, '58, was on the campus one day recently.

Blake, '97, has returned to college, after a week's absence.

The Seniors and Juniors are marching nearly every day now.

The local jokes in the Mascot were well appreciated by the audience.

Phillips, '99, has been confined to his room by sickness for some time.

Lord, '95, was here to witness the Bates-Bowdoin game of Saturday.

The Seniors will hold their banquet in Lewiston, probably at the Atwood.

President Hyde will have an article in June *Scribner's* on his college life.

Williamson, '98, has gone to take up his summer's work at Gorham, N. H.

Horne, '97, has been coaching the Gould Academy track-athletic team at Bethel.

Albee, '99, who has been at home nursing a lame ankle, is once more in college.

The Freshmen are getting some excellent practice at dodging bags of water.

Extensive changes and repairs were made in the Brunswick post-office last week.

The '97 *Bugle* is in the hands of the printers. It will be out in about two weeks.

Doherty and Quimby, both of the Class of '95, recently paid a visit to the college.

Captain Chase of Dartmouth took thirty-five men to Worcester for the athletic meet.

Topliff, '99, left college early, and is spending his vacation at his home in Evanston, Ill.

Laycock, '98, will leave college soon to take up his summer's work in the South and West.

Small, '96, entertained the '68 Prize Speakers in a very enjoyable spread at Given's last week.

The Columbian Orchestra of Lawrence, Mass., will furnish music for Ivy Day and the Ivy Hop.

The delegates to the New England Intercollegiate Press Association report a very enjoyable trip.

The tennis tournament was very lively. Several surprises surprised the last year players in the finals.

The wind storm of last Friday broke a large branch from one of the maple trees in front of the chapel.

Among the new apparatus at the Science Building is a fluoroscope, by means of which the beating of the heart can be seen.

The picture of "Our Girls," in the Mascot, attracted quite an amount of attention in the store windows about town.

The former excitement in the class boat race at about this time of the year is missed by the upper-classmen and the returning alumni.

Mr. Garcelon met the candidates for the track and field team for the last time last week. His work here has been highly satisfactory.

The Maine Intercollegiate Field Day will be held Friday, June 5th, at Waterville. It rather looks as though Bowdoin would be represented.

The Senior base-ball game, contrary to custom, will be played at 4 P.M., June 4th. The captains of the two nines are Newbegin and Leighton.

About a score went up from Bowdoin to attend the Bates-Maine State College game last week. They were all friends and cheerers of Maine State.

The boys are taking the old Sunday walk to Gurnet for a shore supper. It is indeed a pleasant Sunday afternoon stroll, and is also as beneficial as pleasant.

The speakers in the Junior Prize Declamation will be: Haines, Hagar, White, Varrell, Coggan, Dunnaek, Condon, Bean, Cook, Pratt, MacMillan, Harriman.

The Exeter boys stopped over night after last Wednesday's game. They all seemed very much pleased with the manner in which they were treated by the students.

Hagar, '97, Baxter, '98, and Marston, '99, represented the BOWDOIN ORIENT at the New England Intercollegiate Press Association Convention in Boston, May 22d.

Captain Horne, '97, and Kendall, '98, were competitors at the Harvard Games in Cambridge. Horne won first place in the high hurdles and third in the low hurdles.

Professor Chapman attended the Commencement exercises of the Bangor Theological Seminary. He was re-elected president of the board of trustees of the institution.

A stranger, looking at the "Mascot" photographs in one of the store windows, was heard to remark that there was nothing slow at all about Bowdoin's "co-eds."

The number of books taken from the library in April was 815, a daily average of 27. This is a very large number for April, as compared with the month in other years. The greatest number taken out on any one day was 92 on the 15th.

Considering the track and the weather, wonderfully good time was made at the college field day. Of course the competition was especially active

from the fact that the make-up of the Worcester team was to be influenced almost entirely by the individual records of the day.

The Sophomores have a novelty in theme requirements posted on the bulletin-board. Each one is required to write a memorial address to the citizens of his native town, on one of the following subjects, due May 27th:

A Defense of War.
A Plea for Arbitration.
Need of Patriotism in Time of Peace.
Good Citizenship.
Grand Army of the Republic.
Dangers of Prosperity.

Mr. Rich has accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Stockbridge, Mass. The church was the first pastorate of Dr. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Rich will assume his new duties in the fall.

Two teams from the Junior Class played a noisy and exciting game of base-ball (?) on the delta last week. The "Free-Traders," Captain Andros, defeated the "Protectionists," Captain White, 18-17. The nmpiring of Bodge and Ward was very satisfactory (?).

The third of the Four Song Recitals was given in Memorial Hall a week ago Thursday night. Although Miss Vannah and Mr. Turner were obliged to give several encores, still Miss Bartlett was plainly the favorite of the evening. Memorial Hall was well filled. The following is the programme of the recital:

PART I.

Intermezzo.—Meyer-Helmund.	Miss Vannah.
Iufelise (Ernani).—Verdi.	Mr. Turner.
a. How Can I Sing ? } Bartlett-Vannah.	
b. Somewhere.	
Golden Argosy.—Hope Temple.	Miss Bartlett.
Biondina.—Gounod.	Mr. Turner.
	Miss Bartlett.

PART II.

Poeme Erotique.—Grieg.	Miss Vannah.
Good Bye, Summer.—Tosti.	Miss Bartlett.
Er, der Herlichste von Allen.—Schumann.	Mr. Turner.
Recitation.	Miss Bartlett.
Venetian Boat Song.—Blumenthal.	
	Miss Bartlett and Mr. Turner.

Hon. Mellen Chamberlain of Chelsea, Mass., has recently presented to the library several old invitations to Commencement Balls and other college events in the early part of the century. They are very interesting in other respects, but chiefly in that they show the scarcity of thick paper in those days, some of the invitations being printed on the back

of playing cards. They have been placed in the case in the library among the curiosities.

The geraniums placed in the windows of the different halls under the direction of Professor Johnson add a great deal to the appearance of the buildings. The idea is a very pretty one, and the students thoroughly appreciate the more civilized atmosphere of the window gardens.

At a time when two members of our Faculty have, by their discoveries in connection with the X-rays, been attracting the universal attention of scientists, it is pleasing to be reminded of the attainments of another of our professors in another field of science. Professor L. A. Lee has been invited to join an expedition which will visit Northern Labrador the coming summer. This expedition is being organized under the leadership of Professor Charles E. Hite of Philadelphia. The party will make the voyage in the steamer "Kite," which conveyed Lieutenant Peary to Greenland on his first expedition. The purpose of the expedition is to make a study of the Zoölogy, Archeology, and Botany of that little-known region. Professor Lee was offered the position of Zoölogist, but finds it impossible to accept the appointment.

Athletics.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

During the past two weeks the annual tennis tournament has been played. The number of players has been much larger than usual, but the pleasant weather has permitted the matches to be played off rapidly. W. W. Fogg, '96, won the singles tournament, but was defeated by Philip Dana, '96, the holder of the championship. These two men will represent the college in singles at the Maine Intercollegiate Tournament in Portland next week. The tournament in doubles has been won by J. F. Dana, '98, and H. R. Ives, '98, who play the present champions, P. Dana, '96, and W. W. Fogg, '96. These two pairs will probably be the ones to play in Portland. Wright & Ditson generously presented a Sears Special racquet as a prize, and Dame, Stoddard & Kendall likewise kindly furnished a Quincy Expert racquet through Lynch & Pettengill.

SINGLES.

PRELIMINARY ROUND.

C. Eastman, '96, vs. S. Ackley, '97, . . . 6-0, 6-2
H. M. Varell, '97, vs. A. P. Fairfield, '99, . . . 6-3, 6-2

E. M. Nelson, '99, vs. P. W. Davis, '97, . . . 6-0, 6-2
W. H. White, Jr., '99, vs. C. H. Holmes, '97, . . . 6-1, 6-2
F. E. Drake, '98, vs. F. B. Marsh, '99, . . . 6-0, 9-7
H. F. Dana, '99, vs. W. T. Veazie, '99, . . . 6-2, 0-6, 6-1
H. W. Coburn, '96, vs. H. Oakes, '96, . . . 6-4, 1-6, 6-4
H. R. Ives, '98, vs. W. P. McKown, '98, . . . 6-0, 6-2
P. Keyes, '96, vs. W. H. Smith, '99, . . . 6-3, 6-2
E. G. Pratt, '97, vs. P. C. Haskell, '99, . . . 6-3, 7-5
H. E. Dunnack, '97, vs. E. T. Minott, '98, . . . 7-5, 6-8, 6-1
F. W. Briggs, '99, vs. F. B. Smith, '96, default.
R. E. Randall, '99, vs. B. J. Fitz, '97, . . . 6-3, 6-2
M. Warren, '96, vs. W. L. Came, '99, . . . 6-4, 3-6, 6-3
A. P. Cook, '97, vs. C. Sturgis, '99, . . . 6-0, 6-2
B. Webster, Jr., '98, vs. J. W. Hewitt, '97, . . . 6-2, 6-2
W. B. Moulton, '99, vs. W. W. Robinson, '96, default.

FIRST ROUND.

R. H. Clark, '87, vs. G. T. Ordway, '96, . . . 3-6, 6-2, 6-1
J. F. Dana, '98, vs. W. S. M. Kelley, '99, default.
G. E. Carmichael, '97, vs. T. D. Bailey, '96, . . . 6-9, 6-0
W. S. A. Kimball, M., vs. J. E. Frost, '96, . . . 6-0, 6-0
C. Eastman, '96, vs. H. M. Varell, '97, . . . 6-4, 3-6, 6-4
W. H. White, Jr., '99, vs. E. M. Nelson, '99, . . . 6-4, 6-4
H. F. Dana, '99, vs. F. E. Drake, '98, . . . 6-0, 6-3
H. R. Ives, '98, vs. H. W. Coburn, '96, default.
E. G. Pratt, '97, vs. P. Keyes, '96, . . . 6-1, 6-1
H. E. Dunnack, '97, vs. F. W. Briggs, '99, . . . 6-0, 6-1
R. E. Randall, '99, vs. M. Warren, '96, . . . 6-4, 7-5
B. Webster, Jr., '98, vs. A. P. Cook, '97, . . . 6-1, 6-2
W. B. Moulton, '99, vs. H. H. Webster, '99, . . . 7-5, 8-6
W. W. Spear, '98, vs. S. O. Andros, '97, default.
W. W. Fogg, '96, vs. W. T. Merrill, '99, . . . 6-1, 6-0
C. Pulsifer, '97, vs. W. S. Mitchell, '96, . . . 6-0, 9-7

SECOND ROUND.

J. F. Dana, '98, vs. R. H. Clark, '97, . . . 6-1, 6-4
W. S. A. Kimball, M., vs. G. E. Carmichael, '97, . . . 6-1, 6-2
C. Eastman, '96, vs. W. H. White, Jr., '99, . . . 6-3, 11-9
H. F. Dana, '99, vs. H. R. Ives, '98, . . . 6-2, 6-3
E. G. Pratt, '97, vs. H. E. Dunnack, '97, . . . 6-2, 10-8
B. Webster, Jr., '98, vs. R. E. Randall, '99, . . . 6-1, 7-5
W. W. Spear, '98, vs. W. B. Moulton, '99, . . . 6-1, 6-2
W. W. Fogg, '96, vs. C. Pulsifer, '97, . . . 4-6, 6-0, 7-5

THIRD ROUND.

J. F. Dana, '98, vs. W. S. A. Kimball, M., . . . 6-4, 6-4
H. F. Dana, '99, vs. C. Eastman, '96, . . . 6-4, 6-1
B. Webster, Jr., '98, vs. E. G. Pratt, '97, . . . 6-3, 6-2
W. W. Fogg, '96, vs. W. W. Spear, '98, . . . 3-6, 7-5, 7-5

FOURTH ROUND.

H. F. Dana, '99, vs. J. F. Dana, '98, . . . 6-2, 6-4
W. W. Fogg, '96, vs. B. Webster, Jr., '98, . . . 9-7, 6-3

FINALS.

W. W. Fogg, '96, vs. H. F. Dana, '99, . . . 6-2, 6-4, 6-2

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

P. Dana, '96, Champion, vs. W. W. Fogg, '96, . . . 6-4, 7-5, 6-2

DOUBLES.

PRELIMINARY ROUND.

J. F. Dana, '98, and H. R. Ives, '98, } . . . 6-0, 6-0
J. E. Frost, '96, and W. S. Mitchell, '96, }
H. F. Dana, '99, and W. H. White, Jr., '99, } . . . 6-3, 6-1
W. H. Smith, '99, and P. C. Haskell, '99, }
E. G. Pratt, '97, and C. Pulsifer, '97, }
W. T. Merrill, '99, and L. L. Cleaves, '99, } . . . 3-6, 6-4, 6-4

M. Warren, '96, and F. B. Smith, '96, }	6-1, 2-6, 6-4
P. Keyes, '96, and C. Eastman, '96, }	
A. P. Cook, '97, and W. W. Spear, '98, }	
H. W. Coburn, '96, and W. S. A. Kimball, M., }	default.
W. L. Came, '99, and E. M. Nelson, '99, }	
J. H. Libby, '96, and G. T. Ordway, '96, }	6-0, 6-1

FIRST ROUND.

R. E. Randall, '99, and H. B. Moulton, '99, }	7-5, 9-7
B. J. Fitz, '97, and E. L. Hall, '98, }	
J. F. Dana, '98, and H. R. Ives, '98, }	8-6, 6-0
H. F. Dana, '99, and W. H. White, Jr., '99, }	
E. G. Pratt, '97, and C. Pulsifer, '97, }	6-2, 6-2
M. Warren, '96, and F. B. Smith, '96, }	
A. P. Cook, '97, and W. W. Spear, '98, }	6-2, 7-5
W. L. Came, '99, and E. M. Nelson, '99, }	

SECOND ROUND.

J. F. Dana, '98, and H. R. Ives, '98, }	6-1, 6-1
R. E. Randall, '99, and W. B. Moulton, '99, }	
A. P. Cook, '97, and W. W. Spear, '98, }	6-2, 7-5
E. G. Pratt, '97, and C. Pulsifer, '97, }	

FINALS.

J. F. Dana, '98, and H. R. Ives, '98, }	6-4, 6-0, 3-6, 6-1
A. P. Cook, '97, and W. W. Spear, '98, }	

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 18; Colby, 8.

In the second game of the league, Wednesday, the 13th, Colby was again clearly outclassed, Bowdoin winning as she pleased in a loose and uninteresting game. In the third, fourth, and fifth inning Colby made a brace and played good ball, shutting out our team, but after that, went to pieces, and we scored at will.

Haines made his first error of the season, behind the bat, while Bryant, Bodge, and Greenlaw did some hard hitting.

Again, Putnam at second was Colby's star.

Libby pitched an excellent game, and had his support been better, Colby's score would have been much smaller, for most of their runs were made on errors. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	4	3	1	7	0	1	
Bodge, r.f.,	6	3	4	1	0	0	
Bryant, c.f.,	6	3	5	3	0	1	
Coburn, s.s.,	4	3	2	2	6	2	
Dane, 2b.,	6	1	2	2	0	0	
Hull, 1b.,	3	2	1	7	0	0	
Greenlaw, l.f.,	6	1	3	2	1	0	
Libby, p.,	5	2	2	0	3	1	
Soule, 3b.,	5	0	0	1	0	3	
Totals,	43	18	20	27	10	8	

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burton, c.f.,	5	0	2	1	1	2	
Desmond, r.f.,	3	0	0	1	0	0	
Patterson, p.,	5	1	1	0	6	0	
Coffin, c.,	4	1	0	4	2	1	
V. Putnam, 2b.,	5	1	1	7	1	1	
Watkins, l.f.,	3	2	1	1	0	0	
H. Putnam, 1b.,	5	2	1	11	0	1	
Austin, s.s.,	5	1	1	0	4	0	
Tooker, 3b.,	5	0	2	2	3	3	
Totals,	40	8	9	27	17	6	

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,		2	6	0	0	0	3	4	3	0-18
Colby,		0	0	0	3	0	0	2	3	-8

Three-base hits—Bryant, Coburn. Two-base hits—Libby, Patterson, Greenlaw. Stolen bases—Bowdoin 7, Colby 4. Double play—Burton, Patterson, and H. Putnam. Bases on called balls—Bowdoin 8, Colby 4. Hit by pitched ball—Desmond, Coffin. Struck out—by Libby 6, by Patterson 5. Passed balls—Colby 6, Bowdoin 1. Wild pitches—Patterson 2. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Folsom of Dartmouth.

Bowdoin, 15; M. S. C., 7.

Saturday, the 16th, Bowdoin played Maine State College for the first time this season, at Orono, and won in a loose and uninteresting game.

M. S. C. started in with a rush, but was unable to keep it up, while Bowdoin spurred in the fourth and kept on scoring throughout the rest of the game.

Both Coburn and Dane had an off day, neither one getting a hit and both making numerous errors. Bodge pitched a steady game and was finely supported by Haines. Bass also pitched well, but was poorly supported. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	6	2	1	1	6	2	0
Bodge, p.,	2	4	1	3	0	0	0
Bryant, c.f.,	4	2	2	2	3	0	1
Coburn, s.s.,	5	1	0	0	2	5	4
Dane, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	6	3	3
Hull, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	6	0	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	5	2	2	2	2	0	0
Libby, r.f.,	5	2	2	5	0	0	0
Soule, 3b.,	3	2	2	3	2	1	1
Totals,	37	15	11	17	27	11	9

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bass, p.,	5	0	0	0	0	3	0
Libby, 1b.,	5	2	2	3	7	0	2
Farrell, 3b.,	1	2	0	0	2	1	0
P. Palmer, c.,	4	1	1	1	5	1	2
Welch, s.s.,	5	1	1	1	2	3	2
Crockett, r.f.,	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
E. Palmer, l.f.,	4	0	1	1	2	1	2
Dolley, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	3	3	2
Brann, c.f.,	2	1	0	0	3	0	0
Totals,	36	7	6	7	24	12	10

	Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,		1	0	2	6	2	1	0	1	2-15
M. S. C.,		4	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	-7

Struck out—by Bodge 3, by Bass 4. Two-base hits—Soule, Libby, and Libby. Three-base hit—Bodge. Stolen bases—Farrell, Palmer 2, Brann 1, Bodge 1, Hull 1, Soule 1. Wild pitch—Bodge. Time—2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire—Folsom, Dartmouth, '95.

Bowdoin, 22; Exeter, 5.

Wednesday, May 20th, Bowdoin won her fifth consecutive victory by defeating Exeter. The game was played on the delta and was long and uninteresting.

Exeter was severely handicapped by the loss of her regular catcher. Williams, who caught, is a

new man at that position, and showed it plainly, being responsible for several of Bowdoin's runs.

Libby pitched an excellent game, and his home-run drive was the feature of the game.

For Exeter, Little did the best work, both at the bat and in the field, making a star catch of a liver in the seventh. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	E.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	6	5	4	8	14	0	0
Bodge, r.f.,	5	2	3	3	1	1	0
Bryant, c.f.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Coburn, s.s.,	6	3	3	6	3	4	2
Dane, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	2	2	0
Hull, 1b.,	4	2	2	3	3	1	1
Greenlaw, l.f.,	6	2	1	1	1	0	1
Libby, p.,	6	5	4	9	1	0	0
Soule, 3b.,	5	2	2	3	1	0	1
Totals,	47	22	19	33	27	8	6

EXETER.

	A.B.	R.	E.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smith, 2b.,	4	2	0	0	2	2	0
Lydecker, s.s.,	4	1	1	1	2	4	0
W. J. Gibbons, c.f.,	5	1	0	0	3	0	1
Williams, c.,	5	0	0	0	3	6	4
Little, 3b.,	3	1	3	3	2	2	1
Beach, r.f.,	5	0	2	2	0	0	2
Plunkett, l.f.,	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Haas, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	13	0	2
Robertson, p.,	4	0	1	1	1	3	2
Totals,	38	5	7	7	27	17	12
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowdoin,	1	5	2	1	3	0	5
Exeter,	1	0	0	0	1	2	1

Base on balls—by Libby 3, by Robertson 3. Hit by pitched ball—by Libby 3. Struck out—by Libby 13, by Robertson 6. Passed balls—Haines, Williams. Wild pitch—Libby. Two-base hits—Haines 2, Coburn 2, Hull, Soule, and Libby 2. Home run—Libby. Stolen bases—Bowdoin 12, Exeter 2. Umpire—Willard, '95.

Bates, 16; Bowdoin, 15.

Saturday, May 23d, Bowdoin's winning career in base-ball was stopped by Bates in a loose but exciting game. The game was played on the delta and the largest crowd of the season was present. Both pitchers were hit hard and loose playing was indulged in by both teams. Bowdoin had the game won until the ninth inning, when, after a chance to retire Bates without a run, our team weakened and lost the game through inability to hit at critical points. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	E.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Douglass, 2b.,	6	4	4	4	2	4	3
Pulsifer, s.s.,	7	1	2	3	2	5	4
Burrill, l.f., p.,	7	3	1	2	3	0	1
Gerrish, c.,	6	1	1	1	14	1	1
Quinn, 3b.,	5	1	2	3	0	0	1
Penley, 1b.,	6	2	2	6	8	0	1
Slattery, p., l.f.,	6	0	1	1	1	3	1
Bennett, c.f.,	6	2	2	5	2	0	1
Hinckley, r.f.,	5	2	1	2	1	0	0
Totals,	54	16	16	27	33	13	13

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	E.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	7	3	3	3	10	0	1
Bodge, p.,	6	1	2	3	0	3	1
Bryant, c.f.,	7	2	2	2	1	0	2
Coburn, s.s.,	6	4	3	7	1	11	3
Dane, 2b.,	7	2	3	3	3	2	2
Hull, 1b.,	5	1	0	0	12	1	1
Libby, r.f.,	7	0	0	0	0	0	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	7	2	2	3	2	2	2
Soule, 3b.,	5	0	0	0	2	1	3

Totals, 57 15 15 21 *31 20 15
* Winning run made with one out.

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Bates, 3 1 0 3 0 0 3 0 5 0 1—16
Bowdoin, 6 1 1 1 0 0 4 2 0 0 0—15

Two-base hits—Pulsifer, Burrill, Penley, Hinckley. Three-base hits—Coburn, Penley. Home run—Bennett. Bases on balls—by Slattery 13, Bodge 10. Stolen bases—Bates 2, Bowdoin 2. Passed balls—Haines, Gerrish. Hit by pitched ball—Coburn, Quinn. Umpire—S. J. Kelley of Lewiston. Attendance—700.

The standing of the league is as follows:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Bates,	3	3	0	1.000
Bowdoin,	4	3	1	.750
M. S. C.,	3	1	2	.333
Colby,	4	0	4	.000

THE WORCESTER MEET.

The tenth annual field day of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held on Worcester oval, Saturday, May 23d. This is the fourth year that Bowdoin has been represented, and this time represented by eleven men we won fourth place, against sixth for the last two years, with sixteen points to our credit. Horne won second in both the high and low hurdles and second in the broad jump; Kendall was third in the two hundred twenty; Sinkinson was third in the two-mile run; and Godfrey won first in putting the shot. It is to be regretted that Soule was not in his old-time form, as the two-mile run was conceded to him by all.

All the rest of the team did very creditable work and were close to the winners.

Chase, Dartmouth's star hurdler and jumper, won 15 points this year, as last.

New records were made for the Association in the hammer throw and putting the shot.

The *Boston Herald* makes the following remarks:

There were two genuine surprises, in the poor showing of Technology and the remarkably good scoring of Bowdoin. The down-easters have stuck to these games for three or four years, learning but not winning at first, then picking up an odd second or third, later finding a good long distance runner in Soule, who captured a first for his college two years ago. To-day Soule was considered at the outset one of the surest things of the day when the two-mile run was started. Although he failed to win a place, and was even passed by a college mate,

Bowdoin captured sixteen points, making a very good fourth.

Bowdoin uncovered a shotputting sleeper of the drowsiest tinge in Godfrey, showed a runner in Kendall worthy of excellent company, while J. H. Horne, who was not altogether unknown heretofore, was a contending factor in at least three events.

The hurdles might be as briefly dismissed, but for the necessity of mentioning Horne of Bowdoin. S. Chase got both with little trouble, but Horne actually made the world's champion hustle in the low hurdles. Of course, Chase does not pretend to be much of a low hurdler, but he is a good one, and Horne showed the makings of a winner in another year.

One of the funny incidents came up in the discomfiture of F. E. Smith of Brown, in the shot. He has been a crackjack for a long time now, but Godfrey of Bowdoin dared to put the shot five inches more than he did and got a first. There was a prompt protest, based on several things, such as charges of throwing the shot and that he stepped "on" the ring. This developed the fact that the required seven feet diameter took in the boundary marks, and the athlete could step on them if he liked. The protest was not allowed.

Appended is the summary of the performances and of the points won by each college. In the latter table five points are given for a first, three for a second, and one for a third.

One-hundred-yards run—First trial heat, won by H. H. Christopher, D.; second, C. D. Blake, W.; time, 10 3-5s. Second trial, won by D. F. O'Brien, Br.; second, a tie between O. H. Gray, M. I. T., and E. W. Shead, Br.; time, 10 3-5s. Third trial, won by H. W. Ostby, Br.; second, A. A. Pugh, M. I. T.; time, 10 4-5s. Fourth trial, won by H. T. Sears, D.; second, D. B. McMillan, Bow.; time, 10 4-5s. Heat for second men, won by O. H. Gray, M. I. T.; time, 10 4-5s. Final, won by D. F. O'Brien, Br.; second, H. H. Sears, D.; third, H. H. Christopher, D.; time, 10 2-5s.

One hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race (hurdles 3ft. 6in.)—First trial heat, won by S. Chase, D.; second, W. B. Gates, A.; time, 17 1-5s. Second trial, won by J. H. Horne, Bow.; second, A. Mossman, A.; time, 16 3-5s. Third trial, won by O. W. Lundgren, W. P. I.; second, E. A. Sumner, M. I. T.; time, 16 3-5s. Heat for second men, won by A. Mossman, A.; time, 17s. Final, won by S. Chase, D.; second, J. H. Horne, Bow.; third, A. Mossman, A.; time, 16 1-5s.

Eight hundred and eighty-yard run—Won by C. E. Bolser, D.; second, H. P. Kendall, A.; third, A. W. Boston, D.; time, 2m. 3s.

Two-mile bicycle race—First trial heat, won by G. L. Gary, D.; second, H. B. Farnum, M. I. T.; time, 5m. 36 2-5s. Second trial, won by C. F. Schipper, Br.; second, C. M. Donahue, Tufts; time, 6m. 33 3-5s. Third trial, won by B. F. Andrews, Wes.; second, A. Cole, Tr.; time, 6m. 53 3-5s. Final, won by G. L. Gary, D.; second, C. M. Donahue, Tufts; third, H. B. Farnum, M. I. T.; time, 6m. 28 1-5s.

Four hundred and forty-yard run—First trial heat, won by G. B. Stebbins, M. I. T.; second, C. F. Kendall, Bow.; third, Alfred Boston, D.; time, 52 1-5s. Second trial, won

by R. T. Elliott, A.; second, W. J. Gunn, Br.; third, E. F. Hull, Br.; time, 53 1-5s. Third trial, won by C. L. Vaughn, W. P. I.; second, W. H. Ham, D.; third, F. K. Taft, Br.; time, 53 2-5s. Final, won by G. B. Stebbins, M. I. T.; second, R. T. Elliott, A.; third, W. H. Ham, D.; time, 52 3-5s.

One-mile run—Won by J. N. Pringle, D.; second, F. A. Tower, Wes.; third, S. B. Furbish, A.; time, 4m. 42 4-5s.

Two hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race (hurdles 2ft. 6in.)—First trial heat won by H. H. Moore, W. P. I.; second, A. S. North, Wes.; time, 28 1-5s. Second trial, won by S. Chase, D.; second, A. Mossman, A.; time, 27s. Third trial, won by J. H. Horne, Bow.; second, W. A. Sparks, Tr.; time, 27 4-5s. Heat for second men, won by A. Mossman, A.; time, 28 3-5s. Final, won by S. Chase, D.; second, J. H. Horne, Bow.; third, A. Mossman, A.; time, 26 1-5s.

Pole vault—Won by N. A. Wyatt, Wes., 10ft. 8 3-4in.; second, R. P. Wilder, D., 10ft. 6in.; third, E. L. Morgan, A., 10ft. 3in.

Putting the 16-pound shot—Won by E. R. Godfrey, Bow., 35ft. 6 1-2in.; second, F. E. Smith, Br., 35ft. 1 1-2in.; third, M. H. Tyler, A., 35ft. 8in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by F. E. Smith, Br., 123ft. 8 1-2in.; second, J. P. Coombs, Br., 108ft. 2in.; third, R. E. Healey, Tufts, 103ft.

Two hundred and twenty-yard run—Winners in trials, C. F. Kendall, Bow., 24s.; C. D. Blake, W., 24 1-5s.; C. F. Vaughn, W. P. I., 24s.; D. F. O'Brien, Br., 24s.; A. H. Pugh, M. I. T., 23 3-5s.; G. W. Rowbotham, Tufts, 24s. R. T. Elliott, A., 23 4-5s.; H. H. Sears, D., 24s. Second round, first heat, won by O'Brien; second, Kendall; time, 23 2-5s.; second heat, won by R. T. Elliott, A.; second, H. H. Sears, D.; time, 24s. Final, won by D. F. O'Brien, Br.; second, R. T. Elliott, A.; third, C. F. Kendall, Bow.; time, 23 1-5s.

Running broad jump—Won by S. Chase, D., 20ft. 5in.; second, J. H. Horne, Bow., 20ft. 1-2in.; third, T. W. Chase, D., 19ft. 5 1-2in.

One-mile walk—Won by H. F. Houghton, A.; second, E. E. Tyzzer, Br.; third, W. J. Bartlett, Br.; time, 7m. 16 4-5s.

Running high jump—Won by I. K. Baxter, Tr., 5ft. 9 3-4in.; second, E. G. Littell, Tr., 5ft. 6in.; third, M. H. Tyler, A., 5ft. 6in. Littell and Tyler were tied, and Littell won the jumping off, with 5ft. 7in.

Two-mile run—Won by F. A. Tower, Wes.; second, O. N. Bean, Br.; third, J. G. Sinkuson, Bow.; time, 10m. 27 4-5s.

EVENTS.

	Dartmouth.	Brown.	Amherst.	Bowdoin.	Wesleyan.	Yale.	M. I. T.	Tufts.	Williams.	W. P. I.
100-yards dash.	4	5								
Half-mile run.	6	3								
120-yard hurdle.	5	1	3							
440-yard dash.	1	3				5				
1-mile run.	5	1	3							
Two-mile bicycle.	5		1	3			1	3		
220-yard hurdle.	5		1	3						
220-yard dash.		5	3	1						
1-mile walk.		4	5							
Two-mile run.	3	5	1	5						
Pole vault.	5	3	1	5						
Putting 16-pound shot.	5	3	1	5						
Running high jump.	5	3	1	5						
Throwing 16-pound hammer.	5	3	1	5						
Running broad jump.	6		3							
Totals.	40	28	20	16	13	8	6	4	0	0

Y. M. C. A.

Marsh, '99, was the leader of the meeting on Thursday, the 7th.

Professor Chapman conducted the Sunday meeting, which will be the last of the Sunday afternoon meetings of the term, owing to the approach of Commencement. He gave a most helpful talk on the faith which all should have in God's interest in mankind. God watches every action of His children with far keener interest than any earthly parent, and the good deeds cause him far greater joy and the evil ones far greater sorrow, than is possible for man to experience. The great need of all is faith in God and His works, for as St. Paul said, "Now abideth these three, faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity."

Poore, '99, led the meeting on the 14th. At a special meeting on Friday, the Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. was fortunate in having present Robert E. Lewis of Boston, the secretary of the Y. M. C. Association of New England Colleges. Mr. Lewis is on a tour to the various colleges in New England, and is doing a noble work in stirring up the college associations to more activity. His work is in the revival line, and it is sorely needed, for the Y. M. C. A.'s are too often only such in name, being without any definite ends to accomplish. Mr. Lewis is being received with considerable enthusiasm on his journey, and his efforts will surely be productive of much good fruit.

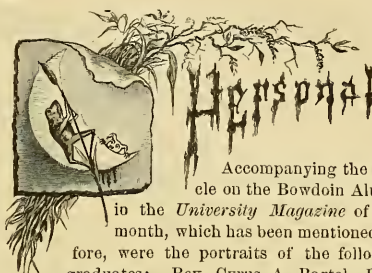
A business meeting was held on Thursday, the 21st, after the regular meeting, and the past year's work was discussed. The subject of delegates to the Northfield convention was brought up, and they will be chosen soon.

The trustees of Cornell University have decided to establish a College of Architecture, and will grant the degree of Bachelor of Architecture at the end of a four years' course, a degree hitherto not conferred in America.

Twenty-one young men, all belonging to the Sophomore Class, have been expelled from Oattawa University for having defied the faculty by giving a banquet to the young women members of the class at a down-town restaurant at 10.30 o'clock.

Women are to be eligible to positions on the faculty at Ann Arbor.

The college authorities at Oberlin prohibit the students attending the theatres.



Accompanying the article on the Bowdoin Alumni in the *University Magazine* of last month, which has been mentioned before, were the portraits of the following graduates: Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D.D., '32; Rev. Henry T. Cheever, D.D., '34; Rev. Mark Gould, '37; Rev. Stephen H. Hayes, '38; Hon. William D. Northend, '43; Rev. George M. Adams, '44; George O. Robinson, '49; Joseph E. Merrill, '54; John G. Stetson, '54; Hon. William L. Putnam, L.L.D., '55; Rev. I. Perley Smith, '58; Augustine Jones, '60; Edward Stanwood, '61; Frank A. Hill, '62; Rev. Daniel W. Waldron, '62; Hon. Joseph Bennett, '64; Rev. Webster Woodbury, '64; Geo. L. Chandler, '68; Thomas J. Emery, '68; William E. Spear, '70; Marcellus Coggan, '72; Daniel O. S. Lowell, '74; William E. Hatch, '75; Walter A. Robinson, '76; Oliver C. Stevens, '76; Phineas M. Ingalls, M.D., '77; J. Warren Achorn, M.D., '79; Edgar O. Achorn, '81; William W. Towle, '81; Hon. Edwin U. Curtis, '82; William G. Reed, '82; Charles F. Moulton, M.D., '87; Edward N. Goding, '91.

'44.—Memorial services were recently held by the Oxford Bar Association in memory of David R. Hastings, who died last January. Hon. A. E. Herrick, '73, and Hon. A. H. Walker, ex-'56, spoke, paying high tributes to the strong character and great ability of Major Hastings.

'48.—Rev. Jotham B. Sewall, for nineteen years head master of Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass., has sent in his resignation to the trustees, to take effect at the close of the present school year. After Professor Sewall's graduation from Bowdoin he taught in the Lewiston Falls Academy for two years, graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1854, and was pastor of the Lynn Central Congregational Church for ten years. In 1864 he became Professor of Greek at Bowdoin, remaining here thirteen years, resigning to go to Thayer Academy in 1877.

'60.—The Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., is receiving prominent mention as a possible candidate for the next Governor of Maine.

'60.—At a recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Masons in Portland the following Bowdoin

men were elected to prominent offices: Horace H. Burbank, '60; Joseph A. Locke, '65; and Henry S. Webster, '67.

'66.—The following are some of the officers of Bangor Seminary elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry L. Chapman, '66; vice-president, Galen C. Moses, '56; treasurer, John L. Crosby, '53. Towards building the gymnasium, besides the \$105 collected by Prof. J. S. Sewall, '50, there was a gift of \$500 made by Galen C. Moses.

'73.—At the annual meeting of the Brunswick Public Library Association on May 8th, Prof. F. C. Robinson was chosen President, and as members of the Library Committee there were elected Prof. H. L. Chapman, '66, and Prof. L. A. Lee.

'79.—Hon. C. F. Johnson of Waterville will preside over the coming Democratic State convention at Portland. It is said that Mr. Johnson was selected for the position in order that by conferring this honor upon him the party leaders might convey some idea of the appreciation in which he is held by them.

'84.—In a letter recently received from Dr. C. E. Adams, who is traveling in Europe in company with another Bowdoin man, Austin Cary, '87, a very interesting account is given of their visit to Vesuvius. Most travelers who visit Vesuvius ascend on horseback to the cones and thence go by inclined railway; but under the lead of a professional guide Dr. Adams and Mr. Cary made the whole distance on foot. It only occupied about seven hours from Pompeii to go and return. The first point of interest is the so-called "new crater," a place at the foot of the cone where the lava burst out in the eruption of last year. At that point there is now no active eruption, but the whole extent of the newly-formed crater is hot, and there are many glowing places where the red-hot rock is slowly oozing out and taking new forms. Thence they climbed the cone to the old crater, the ascent of which was much harder. At the sides of the crater were many jets of steam pouring out, each jet showing a deposit of pure sulphur which had accumulated about it. The crater itself was filled with a dense mass of steam. The most unearthly rumblings which came up from below added another feature to the "grewsomeness" of the place.

'88.—At the meeting of the Order of Foresters recently held in Portland, James L. Doolittle was re-elected Chief Ranger of the Court of Foresters.

'88.—Richard William Goding, the first member '88 has lost since graduation, died of general tuberculosis in Denver, Col., May 5, 1896. He was born

in Acton, Me., November 8, 1867, and removed thence to Alfred in 1869. He fitted for college at the Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, 1883-84, and entered Bowdoin in the fall of 1884. Even before this time his tastes inclined him toward the profession of law, and throughout his college course the studies bearing upon that subject claimed his especial attention. He was thoroughly conversant with all political questions, being an earnest and consistent Republican. Though his own convictions were strong, he was companionable, liberal, and considerate of the opinions of others, his good humor, wit, and unselfishness making him a favorite with all. The esteem in which his classmates held him is shown by the fact that he was President of his class Freshman year, Managing Editor of the *Bugle*, and popular man, Junior year, an honor that was probably never more appropriately bestowed. He was a ready and forcible debater and writer; and, though never ambitious for college honors, during his Senior year easily won the Class of '68 Prize, and the first English Extemporaneous Composition Prize; was a Commencement speaker, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. After his graduation in June, 1888, he taught the fall term of the Alfred High School. In November, 1888, he entered the Boston University Law School, from which he graduated in June, 1890. In the words of a college classmate and fellow-student there, "he was easily regarded the best scholar in the law school." Though admitted to the York County bar at the September term, 1890, he did not at once begin to practice, but was for some months in the office of the Northern Banking Company, at Portland, Me. In December of that year he went West to fill a position with the Maricopa Loan and Trust Company, of Phoenix, Arizona, and remained there until June, 1892. At the latter date he returned to Boston, and was shortly after admitted to the Suffolk bar. In the summer of 1892 he entered the office of Hon. Boardman Hall, and was associated with him in the practice of law for nearly three years. From the first he met with marked success, and an honorable and brilliant career seemed open to him. Too close application to business, however, undermined a physical constitution never overstrong, and in May, 1895, at the advice of his physician, he stopped work, and went to Kearsarge village, Conway, N. H. Six weeks later (July 5th) he started for Denver, Col. The change seemed at first to be beneficial, but his illness gradually grew worse, and he died May 5, 1896. His death is a loss, not only to his classmates and friends, but to the general

body of Bowdoin alumni; for he would surely have reflected honor upon his college in the career that was opening to him. He was a member of the Masons, having joined the Alfred lodge in 1890.

'89.—E. A. Merrill is the author of a book which has recently appeared, entitled "Electric Lighting Specifications." It is written for the use of engineers and architects. The book is admirably gotten up and arranged, and cannot fail to be of great use. Mr. Merrill is one of the youngest Bowdoin alumni to write a book.

'89.—Merwyn A. Rice of Rockland was lately elected second lieutenant of Co. H, Tillson Light Infantry.

'89.—A disastrous blaze gutted the house of Rev. C. F. Hersey of New Bedford, Mass., on May 5th. The family was awakened in the night by the crackling of the flames. After some delay, which was greater on account of a defective fire-alarm box, the firemen arrived and the flames were extinguished, both Mr. and Mrs. Hersey escaping safely. The origin of the fire was mysterious.

'89.—The engagement has been announced of F. L. Staples of Augusta and Miss Annie L. Roberts of Bath. The happy couple are receiving the congratulations of a large circle of friends.

'91.—Weston M. Hilton was admitted to the Lincoln County Bar recently.

'91.—Henry C. Jackson, instructor in physical culture at Colby for the last two years, has just received from the Dartmouth Medical College the appointment of House Officer at the Mary Hitchcock Hospital, which is connected with the medical college. The position is gained from general standing and not from competitive examination. It is a very desirable place and there were many applicants for it. The acceptance of it will prevent Mr. Jackson from returning to his work at Colby next fall.

'92.—Rev. Charles S. Rich, who has been supplying the place of Mr. Mitchell the past year as instructor of Rhetoric, has received a call to become pastor of the Stockbridge, Mass., Congregational Church, to commence in June. This is an historic church, being the one in which Jonathan Edwards used to preach, and in a fine old town.

'94.—Cards are out for the marriage of Rupert H. Baxter of Brunswick and Miss Katherine Muscenden of Bath.

'94.—Howard A. Ross, who recently visited college, is now the director of the Exeter Academy gymnasium. He is very successful in this position, being much liked by all.

The following Bowdoin men deliver addresses

on Memorial Day at the places named: Tascus Atwood, '76, Auburn; Geo. M. Seiders, '72, Dover; Prof. A. E. Rogers, '76, Garland; Gen. J. P. Cilley, '53, Norway; Hon. Herbert M. Heath, '72, Pittsfield; Rev. P. H. Moore, '94, Saco; Levi Turner, '86, New Gloucester; P. D. Smith, '95, Derry, N. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the death of Richard William Goding the Class of '88 loses one of its brightest and ablest members, a loyal comrade, an unselfish friend, a frank, sincere, honorable man. To the truth of these words all who knew him will testify.

His memory will always be cherished by his classmates, who would here express their sorrow at his early death.

H. S. CARD,
W. H. BRADFORD,
L. H. CHAPMAN,
J. WILLIAMSON, JR.,
A. W. TOLMAN,

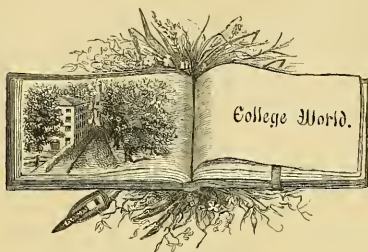
Committee for Class.

Book Reviews.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, are just about to issue in "Heath's Modern Language Series" *Aus Herz und Welt*, two little stories; one, *Hundert Schimmel*, by Nathaly von Eschstruth; the other, *Alle Fuenf*, by Helene Stökl, with full notes by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt, Director of German Instruction in the High Schools of Washington, D.C.

These stories by two of the most popular novelists of Germany, have been selected because they are rich in modern colloquial German, as well as interesting to readers in themselves. It is important that pupils should devote a portion of their time to such reading, in order to have a fair understanding and appreciation of the conversational language.

On its recent Vermont and New Hampshire tour the Bates College ball nine was accompanied by the old league player, McManus, who played under the name of Burrill, while Burrill himself remained at Lewiston.



THE DIVIDED SKIRT.

"United we stand and divided we fall"
 May be a good motto for all beside,
 But the bloomer girl's costume reverses it all,
 "United we fall and divided we ride."

—*The Sequoia.*

According to a law recently enacted in Pennsylvania, new institutions must have an endowment of \$500,000 before they may be called colleges or confer degrees.

The students of the University of California have voted that each able-bodied student shall give a week's work with pick and shovel to grade the college grounds. Tools will be furnished by the commissioner, but the college men will perform the work.

Cornell has organized a class in Russian.

MUSIC-ALE.

"What's the brand of your fine ale?"
 His friend politely said;
 "De Capo," he at once replied,
 Because it goes à-head.

—*The Brunonian.*

Columbia College is hereafter to be known as Columbia University. This was decided recently by the Board of Trustees. The School of Arts alone will be known as Columbia College.

The young lady students of Colby are soon to present a Greek play.

Any student at Cornell who receives eighty-five per cent. for a term mark is exempt from examination.

From her seven entries in the Olympic games Princeton won two first places, three seconds, and one tie for second.

The attendance at Yale has increased 50 per cent. during the last six years.

The Seniors at Princeton wear caps and gowns throughout the year.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

IVY NUMBER.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 401, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1149, Brunswick, Me.

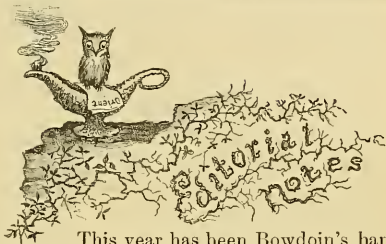
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This year has been Bowdoin's banner year in athletics. After winning in tennis, foot-ball, and on the track, we have capped the climax by winning the base-ball pennant, after a most exciting season. We won it fairly and with a team of which the college and community are justly proud. It is easy to find the secret of our success. We have had a team that trained faithfully; a team that has obeyed its captain; a team of gentlemanly ball players, not one of whom has received either inducement to come or aid after getting here. In fact, mercenaries are not wanted. Our men have played together, and to win ten out of fourteen games is a record which will go down in our base-ball history. The town and college have given grand support, and to them the members of the team are indebted. We are glad to have the town take our victory to themselves, and here we take occasion to thank them for the manner in which they have aided our association. May their interest never grow less, but let them feel that Bowdoin is a part and a vital part of the community. Our team has been a good batting and an excellent fielding team; they have shown snap and enthusiasm in play, and by their conduct on field and off have

reflected credit upon themselves and the college.

Financially the season has been a success, and when all subscriptions are paid the manager will report a surplus of receipts over expenditures.

The prospect for next year is very bright; a good captain has been chosen and there is plenty of good material now in college for the team. We hope that practice will be started early in the fall and that with a united team, a united town and college to back it up, we will repeat the glorious victory of this season. We must aim high in athletics as well as in scholarship and in character, and then the results will be worthy of ourselves and of our college. Truly this has been a banner year for Bowdoin.

IT is hardly necessary to speak at length on our showing at Waterville the 5th inst. It was a Bowdoin day from the start and our athletes simply strove among themselves for the places. To win four times as many points as the other three competing colleges was certainly a Waterloo of a later day, and Bowdoin proved beyond doubt that she was worthy of a new track of the latest pattern. To pay out money just now to meet the other Maine colleges in field and track events seems to be unfortunate, as it is needed to improve our showing at Worcester, where greater honors await us. We caution our track men not to get too confident, and to continue their work, while we ask our alumni to show their appreciation of our excellent showing by a hearty response to the calls from the new Athletic Field management.

“ONE thing thou lackest.” If we take this familiar phrase and apply it to our college, we find that although we are in need of many things, there is one pre-eminent need; the need of a library building suit-

able for our magnificent collection of books. There is no college of our class in New England whose library, as far as the books themselves go, can compare with Bowdoin's, but in regard to our accommodations for books we are far behind our sister institutions. Bowdoin began in the proper way and has accomplished the more difficult portion of the task, that of collecting the books first, while she has left the more superficial, yet necessary portion, the building to contain them, until the last. We now are cramped for room in which to place our reference library, which is a very important branch of our institution, and which should be carefully arranged to secure the best results. In modern library buildings, as for example the Boston Public Library, the reference department occupies commodious apartments, and everything is systematized so that the student of average ability has easy access to all the various collections of that institution. We are now at a period when decisive action should be taken to improve our narrow quarters, and to furnish a suitable home for the ever-increasing collections of books and manuscripts, so that their usefulness shall not be severely crippled. Bowdoin appeals to its patriotic body of alumni to relieve its present distress, and at the coming Commencement when they flock back to the old campus to review their college days, may they see some practical means of realizing the vision of a library building, which may complete our noble quadrangle and be a fitting companion to our magnificent Science and Art Buildings.

THE results of the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament in Portland should be eminently satisfactory to Bowdoin men. We have again proved our ability to cope successfully with our sister institutions in this popular game. To win all three of the cups was more than the most sanguine admirer of our team had hoped for. It is to be regretted

that our champions graduate with the present Senior Class, but it cannot fail to impress on the minds of those players left here the responsibility they have to bear. There is no reason why we should not keep the cups on our trophy case, but to do it we must peg away at the game. This branch of athletics is somewhat overshadowed by the more noisy games, but that does not signify that it attracts less attention to our superior training and that it does not have a high place in our list of successes.

THE College Annual is now on sale and is a very creditable piece of work for the board of editors under whose charge it appeared. In the *Bugle* of this year, '97 has done several things for which it should be proud; not only is the book a fine piece of work typographically, but it has attractive cuts and many witty literary articles. Everything in the volume was done by members of the Junior Class, even to the pen and ink sketches, which are nearly all of a unique design. The other thing that deserves commendation is the financial management; this year the *Bugle* was issued at the lowest possible cost and is entirely paid for by one subscription. We feel that the scheme for restricting the board of editors to a certain sum is a good one and worthy of imitation by future classes.

'97's Ivy Day.

FRIDAY, June 12th, the day appointed for the Ivy exercises of the Class of '97, dawned fair and cool, and so continued until the Juniors with their numerous friends had celebrated one of the gala days of their course. No exercises were held during the forenoon, but the many visitors were given an opportunity to examine the various buildings on the campus. The exercises began

promptly at three o'clock in Memorial Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. As the clock struck three, the Juniors, sixty in number, clad in cap and gown and led by the marshal, F. A. Stearns, marched two abreast to their seats on the stage. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Columbia Orchestra of Lawrence and was of a high order, both in the afternoon and evening. When all were in place the following programme was carried out:

MUSIC.

Prayer. Fred K. Ellsworth, Brockton, Mass.

MUSIC.

Oration. A. S. Harriman, Brunswick.

MUSIC.

Poem. H. M. Varrell, Wells.

MUSIC.

Address by President. George S. Bean, Biddeford.

PRESENTATIONS.

Statesman—Gavel. W. F. White, Lewiston.
Class Tough—Demijohn.

J. G. Haines, Paterson, N. J.
Pious Man—Class Bible. S. O. Andros, Rockland.
Singer—Tuning-fork.

B. J. Fitz, North Bridgton.
Jockey—Whip. M. S. Coggan, Malden, Mass.
Carpet Knight—Fan. N. C. Shordon, Buxton.
Prophet—Dream book.

J. E. Rhodes, 2d, Rockland.
Popular Man—Wooden spoon.

J. H. Horne, Berlin, N. H.

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IVY-DAY ORATION.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY A. S. HARRIMAN.

In the beginning of human existence, God breathed into man the breath of life. That life has never left him. In man still remains the aspiration for something higher and nobler than he has yet attained. Under its influence, men resist impulses to idleness and pleasure, and, though heavily burdened, struggle ever higher and higher still. To the labor of climbing is added the consideration

that for every gain in height is a corresponding increase in the weight to be carried. This weight, common to all, yet much more burdensome to some than to others, is obligation. But though obligation is burdensome, and rests upon all, there is a force strong enough to drive man on to ever-renewed effort for mastery. This force is Ambition.

Ambition! The guide that leads man on to new knowledge, to larger power, yea, even to a greater appreciation of the divine love and beneficence—the force that, next to love, avails most to uplift and elevate fallen man. Had man never fallen, ambition would have had only pure and lofty aims. But, alas! ambition, like all other God-given qualities, has been strangely perverted. Many objects, low and debasing, have been made goals for ambition.

To ambition for personal power and fame were due all the bloody and devastating wars of Napoleon. To misdirected ambition were due the traitorous plans of Burr. To unworthy ambition, far more frequently than to lack of ability, are due both the failure to put into execution good laws which have for years graced the statute book and the necessity of executing bad laws which from year to year disgrace it.

Is ambition, then, a bad quality? No. Is ambition for distinction in office, for personal influence, for lofty station, to be deplored? No. Such aims are laudable, provided the object for which high position is desired be praiseworthy and the means employed in its attainment be lawful. Excellence is to be desired, to be striven for, to be attained at any cost save that of honor. Whenever we see a man striving legitimately to excel in his trade or profession we exclaim: "There is a smart man; he will make his mark in the world." We approve his ambition. Shakespeare divides great men into three classes according to the sources from which they derive their position. The greatest of these are those who *achieve* greatness.

With greatness, however, with lofty station, comes obligation. It cannot be escaped. It is as inevitable as fate itself. Its measure is ability plus opportunity. Every rise in official or social position, every increase of influence, *every* quality in which a man excels his fellows, puts him under so much the greater obligation. The highly educated man is under greater obligation than one who is not educated. To the educated man the people turn for enlightenment upon all political questions. To the educated man are the affairs of the nation entrusted. The utter inability of demagogues, such

as Coxey and Debs, to get the confidence of the people has been proved again and again. To the educated man nations are looking more and more to settle international difficulties. Who can estimate the opportunity of the educated man in all these directions? Who can measure his obligation?

Upon the man in high official position, upon the man in high social position, upon the man who is liberally educated, rests obligation—obligation, however, which is not clearly perceived by all. With reference to this perception people may be divided into three classes.

First, those who do not perceive any obligation whatever devolving upon them by consequence of superior position. This class is, I think, undoubtedly the smallest. But such people do exist. How they reached their high position matters not. That they are unworthy the confidence reposed in them is certain. But they are not willfully unworthy. If they do the best they can in the light of their understanding, they may be acquitted of guilt.

Not so the second class,—those who, in the full recognition of their obligation, calmly ignore it. Large—woefully large—is this class. Everywhere are its members met, secretly conspiring for their own advancement. But their downfall is assured. Outraged justice shall triumph. Retribution may not, in all cases, be speedy; it may be long delayed; it may not come till this life is ended; but sooner or later it comes, and the man who has been found wanting takes his true place in history.

The third class consists of those who perceive their obligation and try to meet it. This class is ever increasing, for in it is no failure. Men who honestly fulfill their obligations are the men who are in demand to-day. And this demand is caused by the confidence they inspire. Men trust them because they have proved themselves trustworthy.

George Washington was made commander-in-chief of the American armies not because he had superior ability so much as because he had shown himself trustworthy, willing to execute to the letter the orders given him, recognizing and accepting the obligations resting upon him and faithfully discharging them. Because his fellow-patriots knew he would do his best under all circumstances they made him the leader of their armies. Abraham Lincoln was made standard-bearer of the Republican party in its hour of need because he was known to be a conscientious and faithful man, not because of superior statesmanship.

These men with high official position found obligation—found it and successfully met it; obli-

gation not only to the performance of their official duties, but also to the discharge of their moral duties. Washington was under moral obligation not to accept a crown, and he refused it. At a time in the war of the Rebellion when men were fighting not for freedom of the slaves but for the preservation of the Union, Lincoln perceived his obligation to deliver the black man from bondage, and he performed it. Washington's refusal of the crown and Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation were the supreme acts of their public lives.

Turning for just an instant to those who will not recognize obligation in lofty station, let us see whether they succeed or fail. Napoleon's failure need not be mentioned. The fate of Arnold is a sad lesson of the certainty of retribution for neglected duty.

These historical instances would be of little use to us did they not bring home to our minds important truths. Before every young person about to embark on the ocean of life these truths ought to be displayed. Obligation ignored means failure. Obligation honored insures success.

I think I shall be speaking within bounds when I say that to almost every man, at some time in his life, there comes a desire to escape obligation. To many of us the desire comes not once but many times. To be free as the winds of heaven, to be as careless as the butterfly that flits from flower to flower, from meadow to meadow, as the fancy seizes him—this to the weary mind seems very Elysium. But is it wise for us to seek to escape obligation? May we refuse position in order to avoid the duties resulting from it? Let our own poet answer:

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!"

Obligation is not to be avoided. The man who tries to escape doing his part in the world's battle is a coward, no better than the ox that works only when goaded to it.

People have about given up regarding this world as a desert where weary pilgrims are doomed to wander with pitiful lamentations for a season. This world is a place where human beings are expected to work. Even if without them the world would be a desert, while they inhabit it the desert is to blossom as the rose.

Each man has his own special part in this work. And no man can do any part of his neighbor's work. My work must be done by me or remain forever undone. We often hear the phrase, "to shift responsibility." Attempts to do so, there are many; successes apparent, not a few. But responsibility cannot be shifted. Upon the shoulders of the man with power it rests like a yoke, which, if he strive to avoid its weight, will drag him down to utter incapacity; but which, if he struggle manfully under it, will prove the very means by which he accomplishes his victory. For, like all other phases of physical, mental, or moral nature, this principle of obligation to be met or to be renounced is subject to the law of development. Every failure to fulfill obligation decreases the power to meet it, while every fulfillment of obligation increases ability to meet higher obligations.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

We may not, then, refuse positions of honor merely to escape obligation. One may doubt his ability to perform successfully the required duties. One may doubt his fitness for high position. And these doubts should have weight in his decision. But the discretion and discernment of the public can generally be trusted. When one has passed the criterion of public opinion and been adjudged worthy of honor, he is reasonably sure of being right in accepting the position with all its responsibilities. And having done so he should strive with all his might to perform his obligations in the full expectation of success.

Is there one here who is ambitious? I trust there are many. Ambitious not in the sense of merely wishing and longing for advancement and success, but rather in the sense of striving with all your might for the achievement of success. But when that success is achieved and the coveted position is yours, forget not, on pain of ultimate disgrace and failure, this maxim—"Noblesse oblige;" lofty station brings obligation.

IVY-DAY POEM.

BY H. M. VARRELL.

For many years the poet's voice has sung his gentle lay
On this occasion; nothing new remains for me to say.

I fain would follow in the steps of many gone before,
And sing in verse romantic deeds and tales of ancient lore;

But here, alas! I find a check: my Greek it would not pass.

What! be a "horse" on Grecian myths? I'd make myself an ass.

Our Freshman year we all knew Greek; in fact we knew it all;

When Juniors, why, our social cares have given Greek a fall.

And Latin; What is Cæsar's fall or Cicero's orations
To us who boast ourselves to be the pride of modern nations?

Proud Greece and Rome both had their day and fell,
so I am told.

Not so unlike our modern times, I fancy, though so old.

Fine legends from them have come down through
Time's encrusting maze,

Which almost makes us wish that we had seen "those
good old days."

They never say what Cæsar thought, or may perchance
have said,

When stumbling through the darkness to his crying
infant's crib.

The Gauls he may have punished for the insolence
they'd done,

But did he dare say aught to Mrs. Cæsar's scolding
tongue?

And Cicero, a college chap, I ween, such as they had,
Who tells about the letters home his parents may
have had?

Although his oratory bold to every nation reaches,
He probably looked glum before his after-dinner
speeches.

And Plato, Aristotle, all philosophy's admirers,
Of better times, of fairer days, so hopeful and
desirous,

Did they forget the dinner call so dear to other
mortals,

Or fail with reverence to cross the pantry's sacred
portals?

I fancy not, and yet we never read about such things.
Where find the wicked burial? Their epitaph ne'er
sings

But goodness. Visit ye who will, man's final resting
places,

For every fault that's written there, a thousand goodly
graces

Will counter-weigh. Yet when they wound through
Life's sore-tempted ways,

Not few foresaw a welcome warm for them in after
days.

But after Death has interposed his pale and dreaded
hand

Compassion conquers idle talk and pity sweeps the
land.

The good they did, if e'er so small, stands out in
bas-relief,

Keen-carved by Sorrow's sable hand and poignant
thrusts of grief;

Arrests the transient, fleeting gaze a moment on its
way,

And throws in darkest shade its base in fear lest
Thought should stay

A moment there, which painful contrast to the figures
throws,

So cold, expressionless, and dark beside the pleasing
rows.

Old deeds die, too, and leave behind their fairest tint
and hue.

Through all pervades what's pleasantest that Time
can thence accrue.

The dark and gloomy fades away, and drugs the
commonplace

Along Oblivion's ominous path, and leaves but
touching grace.

When centuries have rolled around upon their labored
course,

Our present to those future minds will surely seem
no worse;

But through the dim and shadowed aisles of Ages'
long abode,

Will seem as does the past to those who tread the
present road.

I need not seek the misty past in search for aught
that's good;

'Tis well to cling to this belief: I could not if I
would;

When Fate declares with truth so keen, "I could not
if I would,"

I'll fittingly oppose and say, "I would not if I could."

The future furnishes a field, ambition well might
seek;

When smote on one side by the past, I turn the other
cheek

And on it let the fickle future cast its fun and leer,
And cease my aspirations of e'er being seen a seer.

Romance and fiction stand apart to heed my beek
and will;

'Twould be a strange result I'd make them, truth the
stranger still.

"Then sing some new didactic," comes a prompting
to my mind;

I answer with a query, "Ought the blind to lead the
blind?"

I cannot sing a moral story in reproachful tones;
I know that glass-house owners should refrain from
throwing stones.

Thus hampered in beginning, dreary stands the out-
look now.

To fate which Adam suffered after Eden I must bow.
No longer flowery beds of ease to cheer the lagging
hand,

But toil and wasting labor in my Fancy's fruitless
sand.

I seek no inspiration, for to seek would be in vain.
I sing with spirit labor-humbled, this my poor refrain:

Grow, little ivy, planted to-day,
Here in the ground
So dark and cold,

Tender and bold
Throw slowly, creeping, thy arms around
The mossy grey,
And grow.

Low is thy station, ivy, to-day.
Sunless thy head.
The lowliest life e'er has blessed,
Scarce being smaller, yet in thy bed
So lowly, may
Thou grow.

Small the beginning noble deeds take,
Slow is their growth
But firm and sure;
Toil and endure
Adversity's envy, fainting and loth
Their life forsake
And lose.

So with thy future, now hidden vine,
Onward and high thy course ascend,
Earthy grey blend
Fast with the cloudless, lucid blue sky,
In union fine
And fair.

Creeping and reaching endlessly on,
Fresh in thy age,
Eternal spring
Shoots of thine fling,
Pictured so sweet, on Memory's page,
In contrast born
To stone.

Weaving and twining, bending along,
Grasping the stone
With tiny hand,

Solemn and grand,
Shadowing Might so stately and lone,
With hints of song
And life.

Standing together, age with fresh youth,
Life yoked with Death
In firm embrace,
Sweetness and grace
Mingled with Majesty's all-thrilling breath;
The mystic truth
Of life.

Each of thy branches, sometime to come,
Each of thy leaves
Of sombre green,
Sometime will mean
Stories and lives of old which thou weav'st,
In mind of some
Old friend.

Crown of the living, wreath of the dead,
Double thy life
And part to play:
Smiling by day.
Sombre and dark with night-shadows rife,
In union wed
To change.

Memory's token may thou remain,
Future time through
As thou hast been;
Praise may thou win,
Well hast thou done, nothing to rue,
Then not in vain
Thou'st been.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT, MR. GEORGE S. BEAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of '97:

In behalf of the class I extend to you all a cordial and hearty welcome. This is one of our festal occasions. It is a day free from griefs and is marked by no jealousies or strifes. We meet as becomes those who have life to enjoy and know how to enjoy it.

We rejoice at seeing so many here and we ask you to enter freely and heartily with us into all the exercises which shall constitute the present joyous occasion, the observance of our Ivy Day.

This event marks the end of an important epoch of our college life and reminds us only too clearly and distinctly that three of the four precious years allotted to us here at Old Bowdoin have passed away. They have been pleasant, care-

less, and fleeting. Our Freshman life seems as yesterday, yet at the present moment we are knocking gently and quietly at the Senior portals.

When we attempt a brief review of these years we at once throw open the flood-gate of pleasant memories, thronging our field of vision with holidays, delights, and good-fellowship.

When we entered Bowdoin in the fall of 'ninety-three we were men, boys, and kids to the number of sixty-six, an unusually large class. Since then various causes have rendered necessary the departure of fifteen of our number, while there have been seven enlistments, making the present membership fifty-eight.

As tender shoots of the Freshman year we were well watered and remarkable was our growth with one exception, that of the Pigmy member of the class, the "Kid." Day after day during the greater part of his first term he deliberately reduced his avoirdupois struggling to conceal himself below the backs of the seats away from the wary eye of our Latin professor, and holding his breath in mortal fear of being called upon.

Many and varied were the lessons taught us by those terrible creatures, the Sophomores. Who of us will forget the foot-ball game or the rope-pull of that year? Cock and bull fights, ballet dancing, solo work and the deciphering of tomb-stones at midnight were all a part of the required work of that year's curriculum. Truly those were days of inexperience and innocence, but we owe much to our instructors for their over-guiding and watchful care over us, in that they fitted us most admirably for the discharge of the duties which in turn devolved on us upon our return in the fall.

We began our second year with pronounced activity. Upon the very opening day of the college we met and organized a fully equipped evening school for the higher instruction of Freshmen. Great were the surprises which now lay in store for us. Contrary to the usual and customary turn of affairs it was not the hidden and dormant talents of the "wee freshies" that were the most developed, but our own.

Condon, Smith, and others, to the number of ten, showed such an aptitude for the brush and such an adroitness in its use as to at once command the attention of all, and without delay, our worthy president and the jury in secret conclave assembled, voted a due acknowledgment of their services, but released them from all further obligations along such lines of industry. In foot-ball, base-ball, and the track events of this year our athletes easily

bore off the palm. And while speaking of athletes, did it ever occur to you that the best athlete that ever graced the halls of Old Bowdoin is a member of this beloved class? He has not only been the winner and holder of individual record of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association for the past two years, but this spring he has also been a winner successively in the B. A. A. Indoor meet, the Harvard Invitation games, and the New England Intercollegiate games at Worcester.

The most important positions on the 'Varsity base-ball team to-day are filled by members of this class. Some of the stars of the foot-ball team who twinkle the brightest are likewise from the good old Class of '97. Time glides swiftly on and now we find ourselves Juniors. During the full term two of our best known and most active members saw fit to forsake us. Henry Warren espoused another cause, while our modest and demure Sawyer by the advice of the president sought broader fields for the development of his talents.

Now as we come to the close of our Junior year we suspend the active duties of college life to plant our Ivy and hereby to symbolize our friendship and plight anew our devotion for each other and our loyalty to the college. We have long since learned to love our *Alma Mater*, and through all and in all "97" has so guided her course that the utmost enjoyment and benefit have resulted.

Before closing I shall, according to custom, bestow a few appropriate gifts upon several of the specialists of the class.

We have, among our number, one who is pre-eminently a statesman. He easily holds first place among his numerous but unsuccessful rivals. Did he not harangue and counsel the first class meeting that "97" ever held, and has he not harangued and counseled about everyone since? With him constitutions, statutes, and decisions, compromises, plat-forms, and resolutions are but playthings.

Mr. White, in behalf of the class I present you with this gavel, which is symbolic of your qualities as the man among men. May it serve you well in your future congressional career.

RESPONSE OF STATESMAN.

Mr. White (rapping on desk) said:

The House will please come to order! Class-mates, do you note the effect? Do you see the House sit spell-bound, and all at a word from me? You must now perceive that you have made no mistake in designating me as your statesman. For three years I have striven hard to bring you to the

realization of my vast store of statesmanlike qualities. As our President has very modestly hinted, it was I who first stepped forward as the organizer and counselor of this great class in its first meeting. It has been I who have allowed but few meetings to go by without lending my wisdom to its councils. How wise my counsels have been you may ascertain by reading the class annals, in which you may recognize the severity and profundity of my advice.

But during all these three years I have gone unrewarded, except by slugs and slurs on my fair name. Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," points out very clearly that it is a peculiarity of American public life that the great—intellectually great he means, of course—rarely receive their just reward at the hands of the people. He further points out that the great man who seeks only for the good of his fellows is sure to make many enemies, and accordingly is a less reliable candidate for office than an obscure and less competent man. I feel that this has been the attitude of my class toward me. Some perhaps have allowed their jealousy and envy to run riot with their more sober instincts, and they have opposed me when I have run for office. But to-day, when I see myself surrounded by an admiring class and a wondering populace, I see the application of the old adage which says that "all things come to the man who waits." I have waited with patience, but not in the least with anxiety, for a recognition by you of my superior powers in directing men and affairs. I say with no anxiety, for I have felt all along that true merit would never be allowed to go unrewarded by a class so prudent and far-seeing as mine.

Now, classmates, it may amuse some, interest others of you to hear of the use I intend to make of this gavel and of my powers. When I graduate and get my professional career planned out, I shall take a seat in the House of Representatives. In fact I have already engaged this seat, under the shadow of a great name, as my contemporaries have said. In that body I shall rise by means of a judicious use of my intellect to the speakership. Then, classmates, for a short time only those of you who care to follow in my deep footsteps may see me mounted on the lofty dais, clad "*in purpuro et auro*," and with this gavel presented me by the Class of '97 in my hand.

But I shall not remain in the House long. The Senate shall next engage my attentions. There I shall increase my already world-heralded reputation by marvelous bills, resolutions, and speeches,

until at last with one great cry the people shall demand me as its head. Throughout all this glory I shall keep this gavel beside me as my mascot.

Such, Mr. President, is the course in life that has been thrown open to me by the presentation of this gavel with the epithet statesman beside it.

Mr. President, I thank you heartily for this token of your appreciation of my boundless services to my class, and to myself.

The House may now have the floor.

Mr. Bean:

Tough! Who, you ask, among a class of such saint-like and heaven-born bodies can covet such a title? I wonder little at your question, yet we have such a one among us. He has labored unceasingly for the appellation, and to-day he justly receives it.

In the early days of Freshman year his shortcomings were noticeable to the more observing, and before the year had passed they were open secrets with us all. When in the first few weeks of Sophomore year we were busied with the Horn Concert, the Evening School, and the "97 All Out," did he not improve all his opportunities for flagrant work? Does not the *Bugle* record how, one evening in your sacred chapel, he attempted to ruin some of his most unsophisticated and unerring classmates, among them our Pious Man and our Prophet? Did he not then and there urge them to quaff from his "long-necker," and had not our missionaries, Pratt and Davis, been near by, would he not have succeeded in accomplishing his nefarious work?

George is a good ball player, a brilliant scholar, and an active member of the Y. M. C. A., and had it not been for that eternal thirst of his, he would to-day undoubtedly have served us as chaplain.

Mr. Haines, standing as you do to-day on the verge of downfall and ruin, it gives me naught but grief and pain to make you such a presentation, yet after holding council with the class wise men it was decided that this overt act would possibly cause you to sense the error of your ways and once more you would become a model classmate. Kindly accept the gift in this light, and henceforth conform your acts to those of the righteous and the good.

RESPONSE OF CLASS TOUGH.

Mr. Haines said:

Mr. President:

Never before have I experienced such supreme satisfaction and unbounded delight as at this moment. I am proud, my classmates, of the coveted distinction which you have, with commendable dis-

crimination, conferred upon me; and indeed well may I be proud, for now I realize that my efforts have not been altogether in vain. The long, weary nights spent in self-examination, in "plugging" "Chinnie Fadden" and books of a kindred nature in order to acquire that ease and elegance which characterized the tough, have been rewarded. The acme of my ambition has been reached, and to-day I stand before you flushed with success, conscious at last of my prowess, the admired of the admired, the toughest of the tough.

My right to this honor has never, I believe, been seriously questioned by either Faculty or students. I recall with considerable pleasure the first time I struck Brunswick; the expressions of awe and admiration which greeted me from every side; the deference shown me by the populace as I made my way through the crowded streets. All were charmed by my gaudy attire; and no wonder, for my suit was of the most pronounced check, my cravat of the brightest red, and my shirt with its broad red stripe of the very latest pattern. My trousers were turned up as usual, not that I cared for mud or water, but simply for effect. From under a soft light hat my eyes peered out with a steadiness and vehemence that would have well become Svengali himself. I turned into the campus and walked toward the chapel with my customary swagger and independent air. The "Sophs" eyed me fiercely, but I leveled one of my all-subduing scowls at them and they were dismayed; the "Profs" passed by on the other side, shaking their heads in a most reproachful manner; and as I reached the chapel, Adam Job himself stood in the doorway and surveyed me from head to foot with his keen grey eye, then in a tone of unutterable woe muttered to himself as I passed along, "Another tank and more rum for South Appleton."

These expressive words, Mr. President, first revealed to me the path to honor and glory; and now after an unexampled career of viciousness I am truly famous. I possess in rich measure all those sterling qualities which go to make up the character of the ideal tough—an unsullied independence of mind, supreme self-esteem, and a surplus of gall. For three years I have been, as you all know, a confirmed drunkard. On more than one occasion I have made the night bideous and disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the good towns-people with my heart-rending cries and bacchanalian cadenzas. My favorite drink is Frank Jones's ale; Bacehus and I prefer it to all others.

Like all inebriates I am much addicted to the

princely sport of gambling. I invariably place my money, when I am fortunate enough to have any, on Triangle, and have always had great success with the exception of Freshman year, when I lost heavily because I failed to get a "straight tip" from my sporty friend on the Faculty.

Among my other accomplishments I have the reputation of being a great "scrapper." Indeed I take as kindly to a "rush" or "scrimmage" as Blake does to laughter. I have figured in every "scrap" for the last three years. You all remember, my classmates, with what reluctance I signed the document to abolish hazing Freshman year, and also with what regret I heard of '98's intention to do away with that glorious old custom familiarly known as Horn Concert. Recall again the active interest I took in our own Horn Concert Sophomore year—how gallantly I led you through the thickest of the missiles, and *mirabile dictu!* how impervious we proved to hydrant water that night. I boast also of being the prime mover of our "Evening School" for disciplining Freshmen; and I am a firm believer in the virtue of water as a cure and preventative of false pride. Every morning between the hours of nine and eleven you can see me administering this splendid remedy in generous quantities to all Freshmen in need of it in front of North Winthrop.

One of my favorite pastimes is "swiping" signs. Some time ago I came into possession of a very appropriate sign which I framed and hung up in my room. A newspaper correspondent presently came along and by my permission had several views of the room taken. Imagine my surprise, Mr. President, a few days later when I picked up a Boston paper and saw plainly pictured in a cut this very same sign with those suggestive words glaring out in full round characters, "Buck's Ticket Office." Mr. Buck saw his free advertisement in the *Herald*, and speedily demanded his missing property; but of course I knew nothing about it and soon convinced him of my absolute innocence, at the same time assuring him of my heart-felt sympathy in his great bereavement.

Many things have tended to make me tough, particularly Brunswick beefsteak. The vigorous exercise derived from the mastication of this exceptional brand of meat has developed in my physiognomy that exquisite rigidity and hardness of expression so becoming to a person of my character.

It would take a volume to record my exploits. They have been as harmless as they have been numerous. At one time you will remember I nar-

rowly escaped arrest for decorating the officers of the law with the "Ancient Order of the Egg" for their efficient services on the campus and elsewhere.

Like "Peewee," I never attend chapel; it is against my principles. My conduct in recitation, however, is much to be commended. I never worry a professor with needless questions, as Lamb and others do; on the other hand, I sit half-reclining in a back seat, with my feet well elevated, leisurely puffing away at a cigarette, and when anything bright is said I signify my appreciation by stepping on a few parlor matches or some other explosive. In this way I keep the good-will of the Faculty and at the same time win the acclamations of my fellows.

Several attempts have been made by "Steve" and those other two meek members of our fold, "Kid" and "Ram," to reform me, but to no avail; on the contrary, their sanctimonious airs were unendurable, and only goaded me on to harder drink and more desperate deeds. Such, then, has been my career.

And now, Mr. President, it is with a heart overflowing with gratitude that I accept from you this formidable-looking piece of glass, otherwise known as a "long-necker." Ah! what a fitting reminder of my college life! Would that I could, my classmates, with befitting language recall to your minds the hallowed memories which cluster around it and its departed ancestors calmly reposing in yonder ash-heap! Would, too, that I could recall its departed spirit; then would we all quaff of it this festal day in loving remembrance of the constant and ever-increasing loyalty which we bear to Old Bowdoin and our glorious Class of '97.

Mr. Bean:

Our Pious Man, by his pompous and ostentatious display of his religious opinions, reminds me of the self-flattering Boston young lady who mistook the first mile-stone out of Boston for a tombstone, and reading its inscription, "I M. from Boston," said, after a few moments of thought, "O, yes, I see, that means I'm from Boston." With all his apparent showiness, however, he is nevertheless sincere, for who among his classmates (and classmates know him best) can stand up and accuse him of being irreverent and insincere after listening to that eloquent and fervent prayer which he made at our Freshman class banquet? Since that time he has been the light of every mind.

With courage, with enthusiasm, with a devotion never excelled, with an exaltation and purity of purpose never equalled, he has labored among us,

and to-day we bestow upon him this slight mark of our esteem.

Mr. Andros, accept this, our class Bible, as your future guiding star, and may its counsels ever aid you on the rough and devious path of life.

RESPONSE OF PIOUS MAN.

Mr. Andros said:

Mr. President and Members of the Class:

I thank you for this Class Bible, and with my thanks is mingled a due admiration for your discernment in selecting me to represent all that is good and most virtuous in this class.

Some unjust persons in criticising me as your representative pious man, may say that "in the kingdom of the blind, a one-eyed man is king," thus inferring that ours is a godless and unrighteous class. Mr. President, as you well know, a class more famed for its sanctity has never entered this college. With the exception of Haines, Ellsworth, and perhaps two other profligate men, we are all shining lights of righteousness, and I am proud to stand acknowledged as your criterion in piety. While I have the opportunity I wish to administer a well-deserved rebuke to Haines and Ellsworth. Sunday after Sunday while on my way to church I have met these men starting for the Gurnet House, where they have wasted their substance in riotous living, and on their return they have interrupted my midnight devotions by their mandlin yells. I hope that from this time forward they will see the error of their ways, and following my example, turn their thoughts to higher things.

Our own class is perfect as regarded from a religious standpoint; but the other members of this college are unregenerate. I have labored long and vigorously with many of them, especially with the Freshmen during my Sophomore year. My friend Pratt and myself earnestly have begged them to change their evil course, and with the Freshmen our efforts were not wholly in vain, for we had the great pleasure of baptizing quite a number of them.

It is needless for me to tell you of my many pious acts. They are well known to you already. It is enough to say that my room in South Maine is the gathering place of the best element in the college. Even pastors of the town churches have listened to my inspired addresses and have obtained much valuable information from me on certain subjects.

Perhaps it may interest you to learn in what

way I hope to benefit the world by my saintliness. I have discovered after many experiments on such men as Kid Lord and Coggan, that wickedness is not inherent in man. It is acquired just as one acquires a taste for olives or for Green Seal. This discovery alone would be useless, but I have also discovered a way by which wickedness can be cured. The process I shall not disclose, for fear that some unscrupulous man might use it for a bad purpose. After my graduation from college I shall establish an institution for the cure of wickedness. I shall locate my hospital at Cathance, so that I may be near to the professors of this college who are greatly in need of some such establishment. My friend Bodge from curiosity and the deep love that he has for me has consented to be the first to undergo this treatment, but on the condition that I will give him an antidote as soon as I have proved the success of my discovery. He prefers to return to his present condition of wickedness rather than remain through life a pious man. The cure of wickedness will be my life work, and I am sure that the members of the class will pray that I may be successful in it.

You have done wisely in choosing me for your "Pious Man," for none can excel me in that line. There can be but one superlative and there can be but one most pious man in a class. In this class the most pious man is myself.

I thank you again, Mr. President, for this gift, and I assure you that it will be the guide of all my future actions. Perhaps all of you may not be able to attain my perfection, but remember that there is nothing which helps a man so much as a wife or true religion.

Mr. Bean:

Our songster is a very quiet and unassuming young man. To look at him one would little think him a nightingale, yet he long ago established a reputation as such. Thanks for the finding of this talent are due to some of the more active members of "96." Under the direction and management of the Sophomores, he gave recitals to large, but very select audiences every night during the first week of Freshman year, and Benny's experience in this line differs little from that of Lord Byron's upon the publication of his "Childe Harold." He awoke one morning and found himself famous. Of late he has favored us with very few selections, but we all have sufficient proof that his voice is sweet, of full tone and wide range.

Mr. Fitz, accept this tuning-fork as an apprecia-

tive gift for the never-to-be-forgotten song recitals of Freshman year.

RESPONSE OF SINGER.

Mr. Fitz said:

Mr. President and Classmates:

I can hardly express the gratification which I feel on this occasion. To be publicly proclaimed chief and predominant singer in a class which points with pride to the sweet, seraphic voice of Reuel Smith; in a class which can boast of the musical and poetical genius of Tomasso Keohan, is to reach the consummation of my fondest hopes and wildest aspirations.

That my singing has always been, to use the words of the immortal Chimmie Fadden, "up to the limit," no one can doubt; nevertheless in the struggle for first place I have had some powerful competitors. Freddie Dole, the Windham nightingale, has in days past given me much anxiety, while Daniel Linscott's pretty ways and charming manner of expression has given his music an interest which its intrinsic merit did not deserve. But to-day I can look back into the past and say with Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici."

My musical career is known to most of you, but I trust you will not consider me egotistical if I briefly recall my triumphant debut as a soloist in Bowdoin College. My fame must have preceded me to the halls of Bowdoin, for on the very first evening of my Freshman year I received a flattering invitation to sing before a gathering of the students in the Reading-Room. The invitation was put so strongly and the desire to hear my melodious voice seemed so genuine, that I had not the heart to refuse. Those of you who were present at that memorable occasion will recall my tender and pathetic rendering of that touching old song, "Home, Sweet Home." For a moment my audience were spell-bound, then a burst of applause followed. My next selection was that beautiful song which never grows old, "Down Went McGinty." Encore followed encore, and from that day my musical fame has been established.

Many of my friends have wondered why I never consented to ornament the chapel choir or Glee Club with my ideal voice and figure. In reply I can only plead the excessive modesty and diffidence which characterize all my actions, and an unwillingness to detract from the musical reputation of others by putting my voice in comparison with theirs.

I will not weary you with an extended account

of my song recitals of Freshman year, of how I sustained the honor of my class as a Sophomore by conscientiously singing "Phi Chi" on all occasions, and of how I ended my public career as a soloist in my Junior year, only to receive to-day this crowning mark of honor and distinction. When it was intimated to me a few days ago that I was to be the recipient of this honor, it occurred to me that a solo would be very appropriate on this occasion, inasmuch as many in the audience have never had the pleasure of hearing my exquisite music. After subduing those feelings of diffidence which have so handicapped my musical career, I offered to give a solo in place of one of the orchestra selections. But alas! From a conservative unwillingness to depart from the established customs of the day, my generous offer was refused.

Mr. President, your choice of me for this honor is but another proof of your estimable good judgment. As I take my seat I am overwhelmed with feelings of joy at the triumph which I have achieved, mingled with feelings of pity for those in the audience who may never have an opportunity of hearing the rich and sonorous music which I am so capable of producing.

Mr. Bean:

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" says Richard; and our jockey chimes in with "Them is my sentiments, too." Early in his course did this member of the class book himself a jockey by attempting, after the entries had been closed ten days, to bribe the Topsham Fair magnates to allow him the privilege of trotting his famous Old Ace in the same class with "Buck" Moody's mathematical "Triangle."

Although thrown down in his initial attempt at racing in this State, he did not waver. In his ever-reserved and retiring way, he has stuck by the old horse and the old horse by him. Numberless are the heats they have trotted together, and many are the races they have won. Other horses has he in his stable, many of them from the great Arthur L. Hinds breeding and racing establishment of pocket editions, yet Old Ace always has been and still is his favorite.

"Jock" is an adept in song, in oratory, in athletics, and, in fact, almost anything. His powers as an actor are such that in the twinkling of an eye he changes from the light tones and sprightly actions of the comedian to the heavy, guttural voice and stealthy steps of the villain, yet it is in none of these that his true excellence lies. He will

claim the attention of posterity not by his success as a soloist, not by his struggles with the dying miser, not by his foot-ball playing with Mackie and Waters, but by his great, glorious, and never-to-be-equalled magnanimity as the champion of "Old Ace."

Mr. Coggan, it gives me great pleasure to dub you our jockey, and may this token from the class ever keep afresh in mind your victories upon the race course.

RESPONSE OF JOCKEY.

Mr. Coggan said:

Mr. President and Members of the Class of '97:

It gives me untold pleasure to receive this well-deserved token of your esteem, which is the culmination of all my early ambitions and desire; never has the adage that virtue has its own reward proved a greater fallacy. That I am a jockey no one will deny; that I am a jockey *par excellence* every one will attest.

True, when I first came among you I was a little too heavy to do good work on the track, but by constant work in the gymnasium (at least two hours a day) I have worked myself down to the mere skeleton which you see before you. So thin am I that on several occasions I have been taken for Artie Ward, who is otherwise known as Sara Bernhardt.

My professional duties have not been on the whole unattended by difficulties and embarrassments, which to a nature as retiring and reserved as my own, caused the blush to tinge my damask cheek and to encroach on my alabaster neck.

The doors of society have ever been open to me, with the one exception (the thought of which even now brings tears to my eyes—excuse me while I weep!) of Bill White's Aristocracy Club. That I have not been able to join this has been a bitter blow, which has only been alleviated to a slight degree by the fact that "Hutch" has been known at least twice to have stopped and spoken to me within hearing of the brick sidewalk on Main Street.

You, Mr. President, have in your touching eulogy on my past experience, brought to my mind many exploits "of the turf" and otherwise which I had long thought buried in oblivion, or if not in oblivion, in the secret recesses of Prexie's mind or my conscience.

Some of my accomplishments, however, will adorn the pages of history. Even now I can see myself alone and unattended save by the cruel and

penetrating wind, stopping in true jockey attire the Sobomere wheels of 'ninety-eight which were tending toward a turkey supper. On that occasion I was taken for Deacon Thompson in his renowned tights with which he graced the athletic exhibition of three years ago.

Although my mounts are some of them slow and some fast (my favorite being Old Aee), yet you have alluded to those as especially worthy of notice which are raised at Hinds's stable and which are to be had with long pedigrees at Lynchbeimer and Pettenburg's sale stable in North Maine. They are not on the whole fast horses, but if one is not careful they will carry one too far. Once do I remember Freshman year, I think it was, I lent one to one of my classmates and he was carried too far and made the fatal mistake of translating a passage which did not appear in the text, and came near being ruled off the track for a year at least.

My jockey propensities were early seen by the Faculty and immediately appreciated by "Buck," another famous jockey, with whom I spent whole days talking about Triangles, etc.,—it being far into the spring term of my Freshman year before he pronounced my condition, which was critical on my entrance (being three books of Geometry) safe to enter the Sophomore race.

Once more thanking you, Mr. President and the class, for your attention, I am your true and immortal "Cog."

Mr. Bean:

Among us is one who has sought continuously to imitate the poet's model of "A soft carpet-knight, all scenting musk and amber." He verges a trifle towards the gallant swain or suitor and is ever to be found delving among the love-lyrics of "Bobbie" Burns or the passionate writings of Byron.

In the trivial and light conversation of the drawing-room, he exhibits a tact altogether prudent and delicate. His world is dominated by the "eternal feminine." About his person there is a subtlety, a magic, a charm of imagination which rivets the attention and fascinates the fancy of every woman.

Mr. Shordon, as champion of the ladies, accept this most appropriate gift, a fan, and may it ever be a commanding triumph in your never-ending game of hearts.

RESPONSE OF CARPET KNIGHT.

Mr. Shordon said:

Mr. President and Fellow-Classmates:

I must confess that I am unable to see why I have been chosen to fill a position as honorable as

this, and I think before I am done you will all agree that there is some mistake or I should not now be occupying the place of a better man than myself. But have patience and I promise not to keep you long in misery. Knowing that you would be expecting something humorous for this occasion I have been trying to think of sharp things to say ever since I had the remotest idea that I should be called upon to serve the interests of my class on this great and glorious day. As a result of all this, I am now as full of funny thoughts as an egg is of food. But, as in the case of the egg, you will have to break my shell—or perhaps better say crust in my case—before you can get it out of me. However, you must see something ludicrous in my position even if I am unable to express it to you. For here I have been for a month racking my brain, thinking of everything comical I ever heard of and even buying a new clasp-knife—which certain members of our history division will admit is in good condition enough to sharpen pencils—just to accustom myself to sharp and pointed things.

Notwithstanding my popularity among the ladies, I have always rated myself a quiet, sober man, content with a moderate share of this world's goods and glory, possessing only a few talents and these but poorly improved upon. I think our president, realizing my constant need of fluent language, has chosen this article with which he to-day presents me, believing that with it I shall be able to supply myself with that necessary attribute, wind, which so many possess—especially certain of our departed friends—and which none need more than I. I shall accept his implied advice and always carry this with me, fully confident that it will be of greatest aid to me in future contact with the gentler sex.

But who is able to tell what Fate has in store for him even for a moment! Two months ago I was an unknown man, plodding along in my slow way and never dreaming of fame. To-day, what a change! I now stand before you bearing the gaze of countless hopeful eyes—countless, perhaps, because there is no one to count them, but hopeful because they see that I am about to resume my seat—and receiving the undue honor which you, my classmates, have forced upon me. Whatever my success in the future, I shall always look back to our Ivy Day as the greatest day of my life.

Mr. Bean:

Our Prophet is a genius "all by his lonesome." His forebodings of the future are obtained not by trances, not by long periods of sleep, not by the aid of falling trees, not by consultation with the oracles,

but by dreams pure and simple. Yet Jim dreams a great deal. One day, not long since, Jim told me confidentially that in the preparation of the class prophecy given at the Freshman banquet he was obliged to dream nearly all the spring term. He informed me that his brains and dreams were severely taxed by some of the class, but that there was only one member for whom they absolutely refused to work, and that was Sawyer.

For a long time he was despaired of Tommy Keohan's case, but finally one night he had a vision, and in the background of the presented picture there sat a handsome cherub-like individual, who was busy writing and correcting sheet after sheet of MS. with rhythmic regularity. Our Prophet at once recognized the features as those of his old classmate, and forthwith began plying him with questions as regards his profession and why that awful tired look, whereupon Tom replied that although long out of college, he was still poetry editor of the ORIENT and at present was rushed almost to death with spring poems.

Mr. Rhoades, kindly accept this book of dreams as an aid and guide in your future work as Class Prophet.

RESPONSE OF THE PROPHET.

Mr. Rhoades said:

Mr. President and Classmates:

I thank you, one and all, for this great honor which you have bestowed upon me. To be sure my life has been a dreamy one, but, strange to say, it has not been a sleepy one. I have dreamed of many strange things since I have been among you, but I never dared to dream that you would bestow this great honor upon me, and recognize my talents in this most touching way. My only rival for this place was Condon; but as all of his dreaming has been done in the English Literature class, some of his best dreams have been interrupted by his being called upon to recite; so now he is out of it, and I have reaped the reward.

We are all familiar with the old saying which tells us that "the proof of the pudding is the eating;" in like manner the proof of the dreamer is the dreaming, and perhaps you would like to hear some of my recent dreams which relate to the futures of several members of the Class of '97. One evening recently I retired about 11 o'clock, being much fatigued by the preparation of the next morning's Political Economy lesson. Scarcely had my head touched the pillow before I was asleep and dreaming; I seemed to be a middle-aged man, walking along a crowded thoroughfare in a large

city. In front of a certain window I noticed that quite a crowd had collected, and, curious to learn the cause of it, I crossed the street and joined the crowd. They were all looking at a recent number of the *Standard* which contained some fine illustrations. I purchased a copy of the paper, and looking in the corner of one of the illustrations I saw that the name of the artist was Lamb. This name sounded familiar to me. On investigation I found out that the artist was our old friend Charles who, after preaching for some time after leaving college, had turned his attention to literature and art. In addition to his work on the *Standard*, he carried on the Prize Fighting Department of the *Police Gazette*.

A short time ago I had another very curious dream of which I will tell you. I seemed to be on a large ocean steamer crowded with "all sorts and conditions of men." In the steerage were a number of organ-grinders who were making their way to this country in order to pick up the pennies of the children; one of them had a very cunning little monkey with him and the passengers often got him to come up on the upper deck and show the monkey off. During one of these performances I was in the crowd, the monkey happened to look up at me, and he immediately jumped on my shoulder. I was somewhat alarmed at this, but the animal whispered in my ear, "Don't you know me, Jim?" I recognized the voice immediately; it was that of Dimmick Lord. We have all thought that Dimmick was the "missing link," but this revelation of mine completely proves the theory of evolution. Later Dimmick told me that the organ-grinder was no other person than William Fye White in disguise.

And so I could go on telling you many things which I have dreamed, that would be great surprises and revelations to you all. But I do not want to tire you by telling you any more of them. I trust that I have told you enough to convince you that I am worthy of this honor. Mr. President and classmates: Allow me to thank you again for this remembrance, and recognition of my talents.

Mr. Bean:

Symptoms of fun and good-natured raillery there may have been in the preceding presentations, but in this one they are entirely eliminated, and I now speak with good truth and no nonsense.

To be allowed to respond to the toast of Popular Man is the greatest honor that a class can bestow upon any of its members. The Popular Man must not only be the all-hail and well-met fellow, but he must also combine with these qualities those of the scholar and of the athlete.

Never was there one better fitted to receive the much-coveted wooden spoon and in whom there has been a better blending of the qualities of good fellow, scholar, and athlete than the present recipient. His scholarly attainments, his athletic abilities, and above all, his sunny disposition and generous nature have long since endeared him to the hearts of us all.

Mr. Horne, kindly accept this token from the class, together with its best wishes.

RESPONSE OF POPULAR MAN.

Mr. Horne said :

Mr. President and Fellow-Classmates :

To-day, in asking me to become the recipient of this wooden spoon, you have conferred upon me an honor for which no simple words of mine can express my gratitude. To be chosen as the custodian of that which is representative of the common friendship and popularity which characterizes our relations towards each other, is a pleasure and an honor which I earnestly appreciate and which I little merit.

Our college course has been pleasant and our friendships warm and lasting. We have now reached that point in our course where we realize the worth of college life and college associations, where nothing is dearer to us than our class and our college, and no friendships dearer than those of our own classmates.

The olive wreath of the Grecian, symbolic as it was of common interests, the unity and the love which they have for each other, was prized among the greatest of treasures and regarded with an affection dearer than life itself. So this wooden spoon of ours symbolizes the affections of a band of college men gathered together from different places and brought into close contact for a term of years.

It is said that the friendship of man for man in the old Roman days was far deeper than the relations of men in modern times. If we do not in these days reach that standard; if our institutions and customs are at variance with so close an intimacy, we at least approach very near to it here in our college home. It is the universal testimony of alumni that the four years of under-graduate life was the happiest period of their existence.

Classmates, let us appreciate these days while here; let us realize to the full our opportunities and advantages, and give to the college and the class our best efforts.

I accept this gift from your hands, but in doing so I feel that I am unworthy to join the ranks of those who have guarded this class treasure in previous years. It shall always be my greatest

treasure, while the class and the college may always be assured of my deepest interest and regard.

After the presentations, the Class marched out and planted the ivy by the eastern wall of Memorial, singing the following ode, the words of which are by Mr. Hewitt :

IVY ODE.

AIR—Lauriger Horatius."

Lo, the festal day is come,
All its joys before us;
Summer fair, with leaf and bloom,
Spreads her mantle o'er us.
Yet the happy Ivy Day,
Joy and pleasure bringing,
Tells us that our college days
Fast their ways are winging.

Here's to Ninety-seven, my boys,
Ninety-seven forever!
Oh, the happy college ties,
May they perish never!
And classmates, here's to Bowdoin, too,
Joy and fame await her,
Praised by sons both brave and true,
Bowdoin, *Alma Mater!*

This closed the Junior exercises. They were followed by the impressive ceremony of Senior's Last Chapel, which was witnessed by a large crowd. In the evening the Ivy Hop occurred in Town Hall, and was one of the most successful ever held. The patronesses were Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Hutchins, and Mrs. Files. The following order was danced through after the concert :

Waltz—Danube Waves. . . .	Svanovici.
Two-Step—Handicap. . . .	Rosey.
Schottische—I want yer ma Honey. . .	Irwin.
Two-Step—King Cotton. . . .	Sousa.
Lancers—Little Christopher. . . .	Kerker.
Waltz—Irish Artist. . . .	Walcott.
Two-Step—Excelsior, Jr. . . .	Tracey.
Schottische—Darkie's Frolic. . . .	Toone.
Waltz—Columbian Medley. . . .	Quimby.
Waltz—Blue Danube. . . .	Strauss.
Two-Step—Oh! Mr. Austin. . . .	DeWitt.
Portland Fancy—Up to Date. . . .	Meyer.

Waltz—Don't be Cross. Zeller.
Two-Step—Directorate. Sousa.
Schottische—Flirting on the Beach. Christie.
Waltz—Popular Medley. Beyer.
Two-Step—2d Connecticut. Reeves.
Waltz—Espanita. Rosey.

The floor was ably managed by D. W. Elliot with S. O. Andros, R. S. Hagar, C. H. Holmes, and J. S. Stetson as aids. The music was excellent and every one enjoyed the day and evening to the fullest extent.



The kindly feeling existing between Colby and Bowdoin was never better shown than in the victory of last Saturday. The Bowdoin fellows attending the inter-scholastic games at Waterville report the great joy of all the Colby students, and the celebration there that rivaled our celebration of the Colby victory. Several telegrams of congratulations were received from Colby men.

Cram, '99, has returned to college.

Plaisted, '94, recently paid a visit to the campus.

Hatch, '97, has come back to make us another visit.

Elias Thomas, Jr., '94, was on the campus the other day.

French, '97, took his examinations and left college two weeks ago.

A party of Seniors are spending their vacation at Weld Pond, fishing.

R. O. Small, '96, delivered the Memorial Day address at Bowdoinham.

Senior supper at the Atwood in Lewiston, June 10th. All report a good time.

Sturgis, '99, was ill at his home in Augusta for a week. He returned last week.

Where were "Bowdoin's co-eds" the night following the Waterville field-meet?

A. S. Haggert, '93, has won the Greek Scholarship at Johns Hopkins University.

Williamson, '98, who has been in Gorham, N. H., has returned to take his examinations.

The *Brunswick Telegraph* recently contained a poem entitled "Lilacs," by J. W. Crawford, '95.

A. W. Tolman, '88, an old ORIENT editor-in-chief, stopped off at the college on the way to Togus.

The efficient work of "Lish" and "Joe" is plainly manifest upon the college lawns this spring.

Coggan, '97, was coaching the speakers of the graduating class of Gardiner High School last week.

The Bates (and Lewiston) base-ball players received a warm reception in Brunswick not long since.

The Portland students had a double victory to celebrate, our own and Portland High School, at Waterville.

Captain Horne coached the Bangor High School Athletic Team for the Inter-Scholastic Meet at Waterville.

Professor Chapman attended the graduating exercises of the Castine Normal School, of which he is a trustee.

A number of students attended the reception and ball of the graduating class of the Brunswick High School.

Professors Hutchins and Robinson gave a lecture on the X rays before the Maine Medical Association June 4th, in Portland.

Quite a crowd of students watched (?) the midnight train go through the depot on the evening of the Colby-Bates game.

O. D. Smith, '98, has left college for his summer's vacation, and will work on the New York and Portland steamship line.

Minot, '96, had a very interesting article on Bowdoin's work with the X rays in a recent number of the *Lewiston Journal*.

The college quartette went to Boothbay Harbor last Thursday night to sing at the graduation exercises of the High School there.

A child of one of the Faculty remarked the day of the second Bates-Bowdoin game that he thought "God must be a Bates man!"

The La Mascot manager had flattering offers from Portland and Bangor to bring the "Bowdoin co-eds" to play in those towns.

The ORIENT board gave a banquet to the retiring Seniors of the board at the City Hotel two weeks ago. Hagar, '97, was toast-master.

Miss Rheder, the handsome sleight-of-hand performer, who recently held forth at Pennell's clothing store, was an attraction to students.

C. J. Fogg is receiving the congratulations of his classmates and friends on his engagement to Miss Nellie Burnham of Boston, Mass.

Manager Taylor of the Colby ball team gave each of the Bowdoin men at Waterville, a ticket to the Colby Minstrels the evening of the second game with Colby.

About a hundred students went to Waterville with the field and track team. Bowdoin men were very much in evidence in the city during the evening, 'tis said.

Professors Hutchins and Robinson received mention in *Scientific American* for their excellent work with the X ray. They have also been recognized by the *American Journal of Sciences*.

The Seniors held their banquet after the final exams., at the Atwood in Lewiston last Wednesday night. Chase Eastman was toast-master. The toasts were responded to as follows:

Our College,	Peaks.
'96,	Hebb.
The Ladies,	Fessenden.
Athletics,	Coburn.
The Faculty,	Clough.
The Past,	Ward.
The Future,	C. G. Fogg.
Other Ladies,	{ Minot, Libby, Bailey.

Minot, '96, Horne, '97, Pettingill, '98, and Minott, '98, were officials at the Maine Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association Meet at Waterville, Friday. Quite a number of students interested in the result went up.

Dr. Whittier was one of the officials in the field day of the Triangular League, which is composed of Dartmouth, Amherst, and Williams. In the near future the league will be compelled to admit Bowdoin.

Dr. Dike made some very interesting remarks at a recent Junior German recitation. He has traveled in many foreign countries, and is full of information regarding them, Greece being his favorite.

Next year it is to be hoped that the Field and Track Association will not be obliged to stand the expense of holding its field day out of town. The

teams from the other colleges are smaller, and so could travel cheaper than Bowdoin.

Never before in Bowdoin's history did the old chapel bell ring more merrily over the victory of a sister college than last Wednesday, when the Colby manager wired Bowdoin that Colby had beaten Bates 7 to 6. A crowd marched about the campus and settled on the Art Gallery steps to sing and cheer Colby.

Minot, '96, Bowdoin's correspondent to the *Lewiston Journal*, enjoyed a rather novel situation last week when he was directed by the *Journal* to select the prettiest of the Brunswick High School graduating class for the article "Maine's Fair Graduates." Several seasons at Old Orchard made this Paris in disguise a very competent man for that trying undertaking.

Probably Brunswick never celebrated before as she celebrated Saturday night. Of course all the students were celebrating; but the student celebration was only half, for every merchant on the street had either a bonfire or fire-works, and many of the houses were illuminated. The procession, four hundred strong several estimated it, marched through all the principal streets of the town, headed by the town band in all its glory and finery. Each professor was cheered and called upon for a speech. The coach containing the victorious ball team stopped in front of each professor's house for the short and spicy speech. President Hyde's remarks were very bright. Professor Houghton, who was too ill to come out on the veranda of his house to speak, made one of the happiest speeches of the march from a window. Professor Emery, when called upon to speak, was found in the procession, the happiest plodder of all. Such was the enthusiasm. Every member of the Faculty was young again, and delighted to honor the victorious champions. Mammoth dynamite bombs were exploded by electricity every few moments on the delta. At Lewiston, too, the team was hauled all over town in a large large by the Bowdoin crowd at the game. All in all, Billy Fields says that it was the largest athletic celebration ever held at Bowdoin, and Billy knows.

Lieut. Peary recently delivered a lecture before the students of Princeton, describing his last journey to the north, together with an illustrated description of Greenland.

The first base-ball game between Yale and Princeton was played May 4, 1867. Princeton won by a score of 58 to 52.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 36; M. S. C., 16.

Wednesday, May 27th, Bowdoin played her second game with Maine State College, on the delta, and won in a loose and prolonged game by a score of 36 to 16.

The game was at no time interesting and was characterized throughout by heavy batting by Bowdoin, and careless playing by the M. S. C. team.

Bass was batted out of the box in the fourth, while Crockett, his successor, did much better work. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	7	4	1	3	8	2	1
Bodge, p.,	8	5	2	5	0	0	0
Bryant, m.,	8	5	3	4	1	0	1
Coburn, s.s.,	7	5	6	15	3	7	3
Dane, 2b.,	8	5	4	4	5	4	3
Greenlaw, l.f.,	8	4	4	7	0	0	1
Hull, lb.,	7	3	3	3	8	0	1
Stanwood, r.f., s.s.,	5	2	2	2	1	0	1
Soule, 3b.,	7	3	0	0	1	2	1
Libby, r.f.,	1	0	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	66	36	26	44	27	15	12

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bass, p., r.f.,	5	1	1	2	1	1	0
Libby, lb.,	5	1	1	1	6	0	3
Parrell, 3b.,	4	3	1	1	3	0	3
P. Palmer, c.,	6	2	2	2	7	2	0
Welch, s.s.,	6	2	3	5	1	5	3
Crockett, r.f., p.,	6	2	0	0	0	0	1
E. Palmer, l.f.,	2	3	1	4	3	0	1
Dolley, 2b.,	4	2	1	2	4	1	2
Brann, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	2	1	4
Totals,	42	16	11	18	27	10	19

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Bowdoin, 4 4 8 14 1 2 2 0 1—36
M. S. C., 2 2 2 0 2 0 4 0 4—16

Home runs—Coburn 2, Bodge, E. Palmer. Three-base hits—Haines, Greenlaw. Two-base hits—Bryant, Coburn 3, Greenlaw, Welch 2, Dolley. Struck out—by Bodge 7, by Bass 2, by Crockett 4. Stolen bases—Bowdoin 4, M.S.C. 2. Passed balls—Palmer, Haines. Wild pitches—Bodge 1, Bass 1. Double play—Welch, Dolley, and Libby.

Bowdoin, 13; Exeter, 11.

At Exeter, Saturday, May 30th, Bowdoin played her second game with Exeter, and won in a close and well-played game. Exeter was much stronger than when she played at Brunswick, and put up a much better game.

Bodge had an off day, and retired from the game in the sixth; Libby took his place and pitched magnificent ball, Exeter making but one hit and

one run off his delivery in the remaining four innings. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	4	3	10	2	0	
Bodge, p.,	5	1	2	1	1	
Bryant, c.f.,	5	2	1	0	0	
Coburn, s.s.,	5	2	2	2	4	
Dane, r.f.,	4	0	1	0	0	
Soule, 3b.,	1	0	1	0	0	
Greenlaw, l.f.,	5	0	0	0	0	
Hull, lb.,	5	2	3	0	0	
Libby, p., 3b.,	3	1	0	2	0	
Stanwood, 2b.,	4	0	2	2	2	
Totals,	41	11	27	9	7	

EXETER.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lydecker, s.s.,	1	0	3	3	3	
Little, 3b.,	5	2	1	2	1	
N. Gibbons, c.f.,	5	1	3	0	0	
Smith, 2b.,	4	0	1	3	0	
J. Gibbons, c.,	5	0	6	1	2	
Haas, lb.,	3	0	12	0	0	
Beach, l.f.,	6	1	0	0	0	
Robertson, p.,	4	1	1	6	0	
Williams, r.f.,	4	2	0	0	0	
Totals,	37	7	25	15	6	

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Bowdoin, 3 0 2 5 1 1 0 1 0—13
Exeter, 2 0 2 0 6 1 0 0 0—11

Two-base hits—Haines 2, Coburn. Sacrifice hits—N. J. Gibbons, Bodge 2. First base on balls—by Bodge, Lydecker 4, Haas 3, J. B. Gibbons, Williams, Smith, Robertson; by Libby, Robertson, Little, Lydecker, Smith; by Robertson, Haines, Libby. Hit by pitched ball—by Bodge, N. J. Gibbons. Struck out—by Bodge, Beach, Williams, Smith, Haas; by Libby, Beach 2, N. J. Gibbons, Williams, Smith, Haas; by Robertson, Dane 2, Stanwood 2, Hull. Double plays—Lydecker, Smith and Haas; Stanwood and Hull. Umpires—Dr. Charles and Scannel. Attendance 800.

Bates, 14; Bowdoin, 12.

Again we were defeated by Bates. This time at Lewiston, Wednesday, June 3d, before a crowd of 2,000 people.

Libby was hit so hard in the second that Bodge was sent in to finish out the game, and he pitched excellent ball and deserved to have won, but Bates had unusual luck and managed to keep ahead.

Bowdoin tied the score in the sixth, and made a hard fight to win, but couldn't do it. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Douglass, 2b.,	4	4	3	1	1	
Pulsifer, s.s.,	6	1	3	1	0	
Burill, l.f., p.,	6	2	2	3	1	
Gerrish, c.,	4	2	2	11	1	
Quinn, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	2	
Penley, lb.,	4	1	3	8	0	
Slatery, p., l.f.,	5	2	1	0	0	
Bennett, c.,	4	0	1	2	1	
Hinkley, r.f.,	5	1	1	0	0	
Totals,	42	14	17	27	6	

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	5	1	2	9	2	2
Bodge, r.f., p.,	5	1	1	0	0	0
Bryant, c.f.,	5	3	3	4	0	2
Coburn, s.s.,	5	3	3	0	4	2
Hull, 1b.,	4	2	2	6	0	1
Dane, 2b.,	3	1	1	4	0	1
Stanwood, r.f.,	3	0	2	0	0	0
Libby, p., r.f.,	1	0	0	0	1	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0
Soule, 3b.,	5	1	1	0	1	0
Totals,	40	12	15	24	8	8

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bates,	4	6	0	0	1	0	1	2	x—14
Bowdoin,	2	0	2	0	3	4	0	0	1—12

Earned runs—Bates 7, Bowdoin 4. Two-base hits—Pulsifer, Burrill, Bryant, Coburn, Hull, Dane. Three-base hits—Burrill, Slattery. Sacrifice hit—Bodge. Stolen bases—Douglass 2, Pulsifer 2, Gerrish 2, Quinn, Penley 2, Slattery. Double play—Bennett and Penley. Bases on balls—by Burrill, Haines, Libby; by Slattery, Greenlaw; by Libby, Gerrish; by Bodge, Douglass 2, Quinn, Penley, Bennett. Hit by pitched ball—by Slattery, Dane; by Burrill, Dane. Struck out—by Burrill, Dane, Libby, Greenlaw 2, Soule; by Slattery, Coburn, Dane, Stanwood, Greenlaw; by Libby, Slattery, Bennett; by Bodge, Burrill, Bennett, Gerrish, Hinkley 2. Passed balls—Gerrish 1, Haines 1. Wild pitches—Libby 1, Bodge 2. Time—2h., 55m. Umpire—S. J. Kelley.

Bowdoin, 11; Bates, 6.

The Bates team had the pennant won, to all appearances, and had been tendered a reception and banquet by the students and Faculty. But both M. S. C. and Colby, by hard work and honest playing, defeated them, and thus tied them with Bowdoin for the championship and pennant.

The decisive game was played at Lewiston, on the league grounds, Saturday forenoon, June 13th, and Bowdoin won; not, as some prejudiced ones say, by luck and errors by Bates, but by superior all-round playing.

Bowdoin went to the bat first, but did not score. Bates, by a couple of hits and errors, scored two runs. Both pitchers then got settled to work and no more runs were made until the fifth, when Bowdoin, by a couple of errors, a base on balls and some terrific batting, scored four runs and took the lead. Again in the sixth by timely batting and another error Bowdoin scored, this time seven runs. Burrill then came in to pitch and Bowdoin stopped scoring, although the team found no trouble in batting him.

Bates made a hard fight in the eighth, and by a base on balls, a couple of hits, and an error by Coburn, scored four runs. This ended the scoring on both sides, although both teams got men on bases in the ninth. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	3	2	2	4	2	0
Bodge, p.,	6	2	3	0	2	0
Bryant, c.f.,	5	1	0	2	0	2
Coburn, s.s.,	3	2	0	2	3	1
Hull, 1b.,	4	1	1	4	2	0
Dane, 2b.,	5	1	1	4	2	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	0	4	0	1
Libby, r.f.,	5	1	1	0	0	0
Soule, 3b.,	3	1	0	3	0	0
Totals,	38	11	8	27	10	4

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Douglass, 2b.,	5	1	3	3	2	0
Pulsifer, s.s.,	4	2	0	0	2	2
Burrill, l.f., p.,	4	2	2	3	0	0
Gerrish, c.,	2	1	1	11	1	1
Quinn, 3b.,	3	0	0	2	0	2
Penley, 1b.,	4	0	0	3	0	0
Slattery, p., l.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0
Bennett, c.f.,	4	0	1	4	0	0
Hinkley, r.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	1
Totals,	33	6	8	27	6	6

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	4	7	0	0	0	—11
Bates,	2	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	—6

Earned runs—Bates 1. Three-base hits—Haines, Dane. Two-base hits—Douglass. Sacrifice hits—Quinn. Stolen bases—Coburn, Hull, Burrill, Gerrish 2. First base on errors—Bowdoin 11, Bates 6. Hit by pitched ball—by Bodge, Bennett; Slattery, Bryant. Passed balls—Gerrish 1. Wild pitches—Bodge 1, Slattery 1, Burrill 1. Struck out—by Bodge, Pulsifer, Hinkley; by Slattery, Bodge, Hill 2, Dane 2, Soule; by Burrill, Coburn, Hull, Libby. Double plays—Coburn and Soule. Umpire—Brady. Time, 2 hours, 35 minutes.

The following tables give the batting and fielding records of the season. The tables take into account not only the fourteen regular games, but also the three early practice games with New England League teams. Coburn won the silver ball given by Mr. Madden to the best batter on the team.

BATTING RECORD.

	A.B.	HITS.	T.B.	RUNS.	AVER.
Coburn,	81	36	70	36	429
Haines,	75	27	42	40	360
Stanwood,	14	5	7	3	357
Bryant,	85	29	34	27	341
Bodge,	81	26	35	31	321
Dane,	80	25	32	19	313
Hull,	54	15	18	21	278
Libby,	62	16	30	16	258
Greenlaw,	79	18	25	21	228
Soule,	57	10	17	14	175

FIELDING RECORD.

	Chances.	Accept-ed.	Errors.	Aver.
Haines, 3b., c.,	123	111	12	976
Hull, c., 1b.,	115	107	8	930
Bodge, p., r.f.,	25	23	2	920
Dane, 2b.,	111	100	11	901
Libby, p., r.f.,	19	16	3	843
Coburn, s.s.,	129	97	32	752
Bryant, c.f.,	46	34	12	739
Greenlaw, l.f.,	33	28	10	737
Stanwood, r.f., 2b.,	7	5	2	714
Soule, 3b.,	50	34	16	680

STANDING OF THE LEAGUE.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Bowdoin,	7	.5	.2	.714
Bates,	7	.4	.3	.571
M. S. C.,	6	.3	.3	.500
Colby,	6	.1	.5	.166

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The second annual championship contests of the M. I. C. A. A. were held at Waterville, on the Colby track, Friday, June 5th, and a second time Bowdoin proved her superiority over the other Maine colleges in field and track athletics.

The games as a whole were too one-sided to be exciting, Bowdoin taking 103 out of a possible 135 points, and had a larger team been taken to Waterville, would have won still more, without doubt.

Records were smashed right and left, Kendall lowering the half-mile record by nearly seven seconds. Horne broke the college record in the 100-yards dash and also reduced the State record to ten and two-fifths seconds. Foss of Bates broke the record for the mile run; Pratt of Colby reduced the record for the bicycle race by 38 seconds, and Pettengill broke the record for the mile walk; Horne, the 220 hurdle; Minot, the pole vault; and Godfrey, the shot put.

Horne, Bowdoin '97, won the greatest number of points of any one individual, getting 23 to his credit.

The most exciting event of the meet was the two-mile bicycle race. It was ridden in fast time and was hard fought all the way, being won by about six inches. The winners of the trial heats were as follows:

100-YARDS DASH.

1st heat—Horne, 10 2-5; 2d heat—McMillan, 10 3-5; 3d heat—Tukey (Bates), 11; 4th heat—Brann (M. S. C.), 11; 5th heat—Andrews, 10 4-5.

120-YARDS HURDLE.

1st heat—Horne, 18; 2d heat—Holmes (Colby), 19.

440-YARDS DASH.

1st heat—Kendall, 53 4-5; 2d heat—Keyes, 55 1-5; 3d heat—Stetson, 54 3-5.

TWO-MILE BICYCLE RACE.

1st heat—Pratt (Colby); 2d heat—Stearns.

220-YARDS HURDLE.

1st heat—Horne, 28 4-5; 2d heat—McMillan, 29; 3d heat—Spencer (Colby), 29 1-5; 4th heat—Hadlock.

220-YARDS DASH.

1st heat—Horne, 24 1-5; 2d heat—Kendall, 23 3-5; 3d heat—Brann (M. S. C.); 4th heat—Tukey (Bates), 25 3-5; 5th heat—Andrews.

The results of the finals were as follows:

100-yards dash—1st, Horne; 2d, Andrews; 3d, McMillan. 10 2-5.

Half-mile run—1st, Kendall; 2d, Foss (Bates); 3d, Clement (Colby). 2-6 3-5.

120-yards hurdle—1st, Horne; 2d, Hadlock; 3d, Holmes (Colby). 17.

440-yards dash—1st, Kendall; 2d, Andrews; 3d, Stetson. 54 3-5.

Mile run—1st, Foss (Bates); 2d, Sinkinson; 3d, Bass. 4.50.

Two-mile bicycle race—1st, Pratt (Colby); 2d, Stearns; 3d, Pulsifer (Bates). 5.04.

220-yards hurdle—1st, Horne; 2d, Hadlock; 3d, McMillan. 28 sec.

220-yards dash—1st, Kendall; 2d, Horne; 3d, Tukey (Bates). 23 3-5.

Mile walk—1st, Pettengill; 2d, Merrill (M. S. C.); 3d, Wellman (Colby). 8 14.

Two-mile run—1st, Bass; 2d, Foss (Bates); 3d, Sinkinson. 10 51 1-5.

Pole vault—1st, Minott; 3d, Bates; 3d, Smith. 10 2.

Putting shot—1st, Godfrey; 2d, Bates; 3d, Grover (M. S. C.). 37 8 3-4.

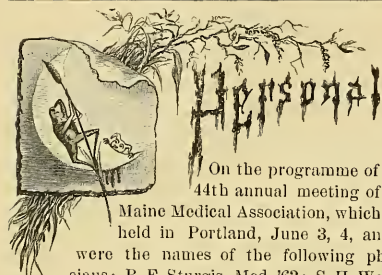
Running high jump—1st, Smith; 2d, French; 3d, Stevens and Robinson tied. 5 3.

Throwing hammer—1st, Bates; 2d, French; 3d, Godfrey. 105 ft.

Running broad jump—1st, Horne; 2d, Stearns; 3d, Hansson (Colby). 19 feet, 4 3-4 inches.

Summary.	Bowdoin.	Bates.	Colby.	M. S. C.
100-yards dash,	9	0	0	0
Half-mile run,	5	3	1	0
120-yards hurdle,	8	0	1	0
440-yards dash,	9	0	0	0
Mile run,	4	5	0	0
2-mile bicycle,	3	1	5	0
220-yards hurdle,	8	0	0	0
220-yards dash,	8	1	0	0
Mile walk,	5	0	1	3
2-mile run,	6	3	0	0
Pole vault,	9	0	0	0
Putting shot,	8	0	0	1
Running high jump,	8	0	1	0
Throwing hammer,	9	0	0	0
Running broad jump,	8	0	1	0
Totals,	108	13	10	4

A collection of fac-simile bronze Roman coins, consigned to Columbia College, has been detained in the custom house, pending an investigation. The authorities claim that the coins are counterfeit, the penalty for importing which is \$100,000.



On the programme of the 44th annual meeting of the Maine Medical Association, which was held in Portland, June 3, 4, and 5, were the names of the following physicians: B. F. Sturgis, Med. '63; S. H. Weeks, Hon. '89; J. F. Manning, Med. '79; S. C. Gordon, Med. '55; F. C. Thayer, Med. '67; Alfred Mitchell, '59; I. E. Kimball, Med. '76; E. E. Holt, Med. '74; W. J. Maybury, Med. '36; W. B. Moulton, Med. '83; F. E. Varney, Med. '86; F. H. Gerrish, '66; J. L. M. Willis, Med. '77; E. M. Fuller, Med. '73; John F. Thompson, Med. '86; Charles D. Smith, Med. '79.

'40.—Rev. Dr. Edward Robie is one of a party of prominent divines who are making a tour in Europe.

Med. '70.—Dr. Elisba Skinner Coan, one of the leading physicians of Auburn, died at his home on High Street, May 30th, after a long illness of consumption. He was born in Exeter, Me., January 26, 1843. He studied medicine in the office of Dr. David Evans of Garland and at the Maine Medical College at Brunswick, graduating in 1870. He practiced his profession in Bradford and Garland, and came to Auburn in 1887. He was an ex-president of the Androscoggin County Medical Society and a member of the Maine society. He served through the war in the 20th Maine and was a member of Barnside Post and of Plymouth Lodge of Odd Fellows of Dexter. He leaves a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

'76.—Professor Charles H. Clark, A.M., has resigned the principalship of Sanborn Seminary at East Kingston, N. H., and will open in the fall at Waban, Mass., a fitting school for Wellesley and Radcliffe colleges.

'76.—Arthur T. Parker, class secretary, furnishes the following list of names and addresses of the Class of '76. Those having changed their addresses recently are marked in the list: *Alden, physician, Virginia, Minn.; Atwood, lawyer, Auburn, Me.; *Bates, professor, M. I. T., Boston, Mass.; Brookhouse, manufacturer, Fitzroy, Victoria, Australia; Burnham, minister, Chicopee, Mass.; *Clark, teacher, Waban, Mass.; *Evans, superintendent of schools, Belfast, Me.; Hall, lawyer, Damariscotta, Me.;

Hawes, insurance, Bangor, Me.; Hemmenway; Hill, teacher, Hyde Park, Mass.; *Jamieson, civil engineer, Tientsin, China; Kimball, E. H., business, Bath, Me.; Kimball, F. R., Salem, Mass.; Leavitt, business, Gorham, Me.; Libby, business, Auburn-dale, Mass.; Marrett, editor, Boston, Mass.; McNulty; Merrill, mechanical engineer, Cleveland, O.; Millay, lawyer, Phoenix, Arizona; Morrill, lawyer, Auburn, Me.; *Newcomb, general manager electric light and power company, Westbrook, Me.; Parker, business, Bath, Me.; Parsons, business, Cairo, Ill.; Payne, physician, Boston, Mass.; Payson, lawyer, Portland, Me.; Perry, minister, Hyde Park, Mass.; Pratt, minister, Berlin, Mass.; *Prince, engineer American Water Works Co., Omaha, Neb.; Robinson, teacher, Boston, Mass.; Rogers, professor Maine State College, Orono, Me.; Rowe, business, Boston, Mass.; Sabin, chemist, Long Island City, N. Y.; Sanford, lawyer, Boston, Mass.; Sargent, business, Portland, Me.; Sewall, J. E., mariner, Bath, Me.; Souther, business, Lusk, Wyo.; Stevens, lawyer, Boston, Mass.; Stimson, business, Cincinnati, O.; Sturgis, business, Augusta, Me.; *Taylor, teacher, Chicago, Ill.; Waitt, lawyer, Boston, Mass.; Wheeler, business, Winchendon, Mass.; Whitcomb, Massachusetts state fire marshal, Boston, Mass.; White, teacher, Essex, Mass.; Whittemore, business, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Wilson, national bank examiner, Portland, Me.; Wright, lawyer, Salem, Mass.; *Yates, teacher, Old Orchard, Me.

'77.—Lieut. R. E. Peary is making arrangements for another expedition to Greenland, and will probably sail about July 8th. A number of scientific men and students, who desire to visit Greenland, will take advantage of this opportunity to sail on Mr. Peary's steamer. Cornell University will be represented by four or five young men, headed by Professor Ralph S. Tarr, the geologist. Another party of four or five men, under the leadership of Professor A. E. Burton, professor of civil engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will also sail with Mr. Peary.

'87.—Austin Cary, in a recent letter from abroad, mentions recognizing in the Offizzi Gallery at Florence a duplicate of the Van Dyke in the Walker Art Building. While in Athens, Rome, and Florence he said that he thought of the Walker Art Building, which he calls a "gem," and of how well it is fitted for the needs of the college.

'90.—Albert S. Ridley of New York has recently been promoted in the big house of Cromwell & Sullivan of that city. Mr. Ridley was formerly president of the Lewiston Common Council.

'92.—Charles S. Rich, instructor at Bowdoin College, delivered the baccalaureate address before the Class of 1896, Fryeburg Academy. It was a fine address and received the closest attention of a large audience.

'94.—The wedding of Miss Kate D. Mussenden, daughter of William D. Mussenden, cashier of the First National Bank of Bath, and Robert H., son of Mayor James P. Baxter of Portland, took place at Bath, June 3d.

'95.—The *Derry News* (N. H.) contains the following: "The Memorial Day address was delivered by Perley D. Smith of the Harvard Law School. It was a fine, scholarly address, outside of the regular speeches on that day. He paid the veterans due compliments, and launched out into the broad educational and practical elements that go to build up a nation."

'95.—The engagement of Gorham H. Wood, '95, to Miss Grace M. Chapman of Bangor has been announced.

College World.

PECULIARITIES OF POKER.

I didn't do a single thing
Except to bet and lose;
At last I hadn't a single red—
I had the blues.

But soon I made a fortune, for
I worked a little ruse;
I had no more a single red—
I had the blues. —*Yale Record.*

The *Harvard Lampoon* is the oldest humorous paper in the country. It was started before either *Puck* or *Judge* were thought of, and is the father of *Life*, which was founded by a former *Lampoon* editor.

A chess club, to consist of members of the Faculty, as well as of students, is being formed at the University of Pennsylvania.

The University of Michigan has a fully equipped bindery in connection with its library, and binds all its own books.

Seventy-five millions of American money has been given to the cause of education within the last twenty-five years.

The financial responsibility of the athletics at the Indiana University is borne by the university.

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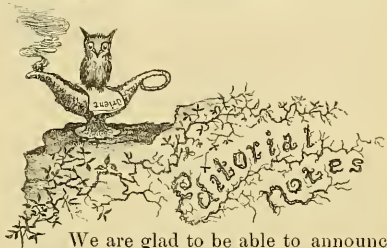
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We are glad to be able to announce to the student body and to all those who are interested in the welfare of the ORIENT, that the Boards of the college have seen fit to give the college paper a room in which the work can be properly done. The ORIENT is no longer without a home, but is now prepared to take a new lease of life; is ready to demand the hearty co-operation of all undergraduates to make it a representative sheet. It is too early to tell what plans will be followed out in regard to the room, but the exchanges of the paper will be open to all, and the room will be a place where the meetings of the board can be held, and regular work done. We hope that during the coming year the number of contributors will be largely increased, and that a greater amount of competition will take place. We feel that the paper should be the connecting link between the college and its alumni. The column devoted to the interests of the graduates will be kept up this year, and we take this occasion to appeal for more contributions from them and also more subscriptions. We trust this appeal will not fall on deaf ears, but will be a word to the wise. With a good office, more contributions and a larger subscription list, the ORIENT will do

more efficient work, and a larger field for journalism will be opened here at Bowdoin. Let all unite to make this the ORIENT's banner year. *In union there is strength.*

THE price of this number of the ORIENT is twenty-five cents. It will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price. All those who desire extra copies can obtain them by sending to Byron Stevens, Brunswick, during the summer.

ANOTHER Commencement week, with its varied festivities, has come and gone. Another class of young men has left the care of their fostering mother to fight their way in the world. Whatever be their acquirements, they are a class of young men of whom any college might be proud. As a class '96 had an abnormally high standing, not only as scholars but also as college men. The class took a prominent part in athletics and identified themselves with every branch of college work. If they go ahead in life with the same spirit of faithfulness and enthusiasm as they have shown in college, their success is assured, and the class will reflect credit upon their good old *Alma Mater*. The ORIENT congratulates them upon their excellent appearance during the past week, and wishes them the success they so richly deserve.

THERE is something we wish to speak of while it is fresh in the minds of our readers. Why not have bulletin-boards for the posters that are so thick during some parts of the year? This Commencement nearly every tree on the campus was disfigured by one or more posters. It is a shame that the beauty of the place should be so marred. It would cost little to have at each entrance bulletin-boards suitable for all the bills and posters that are now tacked on the

trees. Here they would attract the required attention, and it would become a habit to stop and read as it now is at the chapel board. We hope that next year something may be done in regard to this matter, and that the beauty of the campus may not be marred by unsightly posters. We believe all are in sympathy with us in this matter.

WE regret exceedingly that we are to lose for a year one of our most popular professors, Mr. Henry C. Emery, who has filled the Chair of Political Economy and Sociology for two years past. Mr. Emery came back to the college when two classes were still here who had been undergraduates with him, and although a very young man he has successfully performed the required duties. As a scholar he has the admiration of all who come in contact with him; as a teacher he commands the heartiest respect of the student body; and as a man, Professor Emery has the sincere regard of all. He is an enthusiastic worker for his *Alma Mater*, and will, we know, prove a worthy graduate. The ORIENT wishes him a pleasant and profitable year abroad, and looks forward to the time when he rejoins the teaching force of the college. Mr. Leonard W. Hatch, of Columbia University, will occupy the Chair of Political Economy during the absence of Mr. Emery, and he comes highly recommended. He will be gladly welcomed by his classes.

The prize winners announced from the commencement stage were as follows: Goodwin prize of \$57, J. Clair Minot, Belgrade; English Composition prizes, \$20, Howard Gilpatric, Biddeford, and J. C. Minot, Belgrade; second \$10, Willard S. Bass, Wilton, and H. H. Pierce of Portland; Brown prizes for extemporaneous English composition, first prize, \$30, J. Clair Minot, Belgrade; second prize, \$20, Henry Hill Pierce, Portland; Goodwin French prize, \$25, divided between Drew Hall of Brunswick and Francis Lewis Laverton of Berlin, N. H.

Commencement Exercises.

Baccalaureate Sermon

BY REV. WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE, D.D., PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CLASS OF '96, AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BRUNSWICK, ME.

PATRIOTISM AND PSEUDO-PATRIOTISM.

But the people refused to hearken unto the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us; that we may also be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles.—I. Samuel viii.: 19-20.

True patriotism is one of the highest and holiest qualities possible to man. To be a patriot is the next best thing to being a Christian; and if one is a Christian, patriotism is one of the chief forms in which his Christianity will manifest itself. For Christianity, as we have seen so often, is essentially the life of unselfish devotion to objective and universal ends; and among the ends which this universal life includes, one's country must ever take the first and foremost place. One may be a patriot without quite becoming a Christian; though he will not be far from the kingdom. A man cannot be a Christian without at the same time being a patriot. The whole includes the parts. You cannot love God and your fellow-men as Christ bids you do, without having a deep and genuine devotion to that most comprehensive of social institutions in which the divine thought of man's well-being finds its chief embodiment.

We all love our country. We all have patriotic impulses. Because patriotism is such a high and holy thing, because in some form or other it is common to us all, there is nothing more important than that we should have clear conceptions of what patriotism is, and know how to distinguish the genuine reality from its ignoble counterfeits; for one of the most insidious dangers of the present day is that specious demagogues and intolerant fanatics shall set up false and foolish counterfeits of patriotism, and by their perversity and blasphemy bring reproach upon the sacred name.

False patriotism is a feeble imitation of some other nation; or else it is a faint echo of by-gone conditions. Both kinds of this imitative, second-hand pseudo-patriotism are rife and rampant to-day. The Jingo is the pseudo-patriot who wants to imitate other nations. The A. P. A. is a pseudo-

patriotic order that seeks to revive an outworn animosity. Let us consider these counterfeits in order. First: Jingoism.

Substitute for the ancient word "king" the modern term "vigorous foreign policy," and the words of our text become an accurate description of the latest and wildest craze that has carried away a portion of the American people. The only difference is that in Israel the leader of the people was sane and sober, and the people themselves were raising the foolish clamor for a king; while in America to-day the people, if left to themselves, would be sensible enough; but the leaders of the people are the instigators of the clamor.

The alleged motive is in both cases the same. The discontented Jews wanted to have a king in order to be "like all the nations." The agitated American politicians want a vigorous foreign policy, with impregnable fortifications and extravagant armaments, because the other nations have such things. To be sure there is nothing in our geographical situation or our present or reasonably to be expected political complications which makes such armaments a necessity to us as they are to them. A kind providence has given us a wealth, a location, and a policy handed down from the Father of his Country, which makes the very idea of a foreign war with a great European power preposterous. Nevertheless the other nations have these things, and we want to be like them. Besides, if we go far enough out of our way to pick a quarrel with a European power we may be able to get one, in spite of our isolation, in spite of the tradition left us by Washington, in spite of the fact that there is not a nation on the earth that could have the slightest desire to go to war with us. Hence it has come to pass that not the people but some of their leaders repeat the words of foolish Israel: "Nay; but we will have a king over us; that we also may be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles."

Now in the first place this desire to be like all the other nations is a base and ignoble aim. The man or the nation that looks around to see what other men and nations are doing, and then feebly wishes to be like them, is false to the very idea of manhood or nationality. The most serious crisis in a young man's life is that which Matthew Arnold describes in the lines—

"And I, I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield, and be
Like all the other men I see."

Soon or late there will come to each one of you

a vision of just the man that you, with your individual endowments, with your individual interests, with your individual heredity, with your individual environment, with your individual opportunity,—a vision of just the man you can and ought to be. That vision of your own true best individual self will not be just like any other man you ever saw. That vision of yourself will not be composed of exactly the business methods of your father, and the emotional experiences of your mother, and the political principles of your neighbor, and the religious views of your minister, and the average morality of your community. These will all enter as influences and elements; but the grouping and proportion and relation of the parts, and the clear, strong, unifying principle that binds and holds these elements together will be individual, unique, peculiar to yourself. Be true to that unique vision of your individual self, and you become original, forceful, real; and in proportion to your ability and opportunity you become a sharer in that great and glorious humanity, which, shining with clear, pure flame, produces a Jeremiah in an idolatrous Jerusalem, a Demosthenes in a degenerating Athens, a Cæsar in a crumbling Rome, a Cromwell in a corrupt England, a Washington in our oppressed and disunited colonies, a Lincoln to confront a slaveholding and seceding South. In a word, you become a man.

On the other hand, be false to your own proper individuality; do business in the same way your father did it; feel just as your mother felt; think after the precise pattern of the church creed, and vote according to the exact letter of your party platform, and your name may be enrolled on the family register, or the firm sign, or the caucus check list, or the church records; but no true word will proceed out of your mouth; no bold scheme emanate from your brain; no generous impulse spring forth from your heart; no grand achievement center in your will. You will be, not a man, but a copy, an imitation, a semblance, a counterfeit of what a man should be.

Just such a crisis as comes in the life of every young man confronts the nation now. Shall we be what Providence in giving us this broad land with the ocean on either side and conditions of climate to the north and south which refuse to support a formidable rival, manifestly intended us to be—a solver of the social problems of an industrial age; an example to all the nations of the dignity and splendor and prosperity and power of peace? Or shall we squander our resources and debauch our

minds and harden our hearts in order to gratify the empty pride of being reckoned a formidable fighter, and to indulge the childish fondness for passing blustering resolutions?

There are two ideals which an American may cherish for his country. I will bring these two ideals before your minds in turn, and ask you which of the two you cherish and honor as your own. And this is no mere question of idle speculation. For as are the ideals of our country which are cherished to-day, so will be the real country a generation hence.

First: There is the ideal of a gigantic brute force. From this point of view it matters little whether our foreign affairs are conducted in a dignified, courteous, and diplomatic manner or not. It matters little whether our ministers and consuls are men of intelligence and training, or mere politicians taking a vacation abroad at the public expense. It matters little whether the claims we make are just and true or not. The main thing is to have enough gunboats to enforce whatever claims we see fit to make; to state our claims in sufficiently aggressive and offensive form; and then to stand off and see other nations disregard them if they dare. That is one ideal of national greatness. Is that yours?

Second: There is the ideal of intellectual and moral influence. From this point of view it is of prime importance that whatever position we take shall be fair and true and just, and that the truth and fairness and justness of our position shall be presented with all the persuasiveness and authority that learning and training can command. But you ask, how can we be sure that truth and justice thus presented will prevail? The acceptance of an impartial tribunal, the establishment of a court of arbitration, is all that is necessary. If we want essential justice we can get it in that way.

The question before the American people to-day is whether to follow after the other nations in a frantic attempt to catch up with them in the development of the greatness of brute force; or whether to take the lead in introducing the intellectual and moral greatness which is able and willing to submit its differences with other Christian nations to a competent and impartial court. Shall we appeal to force, or to reason? Shall we follow, or shall we lead? Shall we fulfill the mission which our providential situation marks out for us, or shall we become a mere imitation of the less fortunate European states?

The important thing is to keep the issue clear,

and not permit it to be confounded with other more doubtful questions. Notice, please, that the real question is not the abstract discussion of the relative desirableness of war or peace. Neither war nor peace are ends in themselves. Both are valuable only as means to the great ends of justice and human well-being. There are better things than peace. Liberty is better than peace in servitude. Nationality is better than the poor peace of contiguous fragments of a nation perpetually jealous of each other. Law is better than the precarious peace of permitted license. So there are worse things than war. Taxation without representation is worse than war. The extension of slavery into the free soil of a Christian country is worse than war. The dismemberment of the parts of a great nation which God had joined together by ties of history and language and geography and race is worse than war.

In dealing with barbarous races, in dealing with the lawless elements within civilized states, war is a stern necessity. The world is hardly ready for arbitration with the Turk. But between Christian nations with established traditions and stable institutions, between such nations as the United States and England, no conceivable question can arise in this enlightened age which cannot be settled more justly, more fairly, more economically, and more consistently with the dignity and honor of both parties, by arbitration than by war. Do not then confound this issue with that of the relative merits of peace and war. It is not war as such; it is not peace as such; it is justice and well-being that we want, or ought to want; and the real question is whether we shall seek the ends of justice and well-being by means of war, or by means of peaceful and rational arbitration.

Common traditions, common language, common institutions, point to England and the United States as the two great powers to take the lead in inaugurating the reign of international arbitration. And yet right here we are confronted by a wide-spread and irrational prejudice. England, to be sure, was not particularly considerate of our rights in colonial days; and aristocratic England had strong sympathies with the aristocratic South during our civil war.

Still the England of George III. is not the England of to-day; and however we feel toward some of the ruling class in England at the time of our civil war, we must never forget the heroic devotion of the Lancashire weavers to our cause. The Lancashire operatives, whose very subsistence de-

pended on a supply of cotton from the Southern States, were counted on by the Confederate government and by their sympathizers in England, to demand the recognition of the Confederacy and the raising of the blockade by the English government. And yet, when 250,000 of those Lancashire operatives, representing with their families half a million souls, were thrown out of employment and compelled to be idle for months; when their hard-earned savings had been spent; when their homes had been dismantled, their furniture sold, their garments and blankets pawned, shivering and starving as they were amid their fireless grates and empty cupboards, at a time when "a few stirring meetings in Lancashire towns would have broken the blockade," be it remembered to their everlasting honor that these Lancashire operatives steadfastly and sternly refused to allow any word of impatience or complaint to pass their lips which could be construed as indicating a lack of sympathy for the free labor of the North, or a disposition to save themselves from starvation by the slave-cursed, blood-stained cotton of the South. The honest working-men of England and America are brothers. The great, sound heart of the English-speaking race beats as one.

Let us not be deceived by this senseless clamor of the modern demagogue for fortresses and fleets to fight battles which nothing short of the most wantonly blustering belligerency can bring upon us. Let not the Jingo impose his miserable counterfeit upon us in the name of patriotism. Let us recognize him under all his high-flown rhetoric and blustering resolutions as the pseudo-patriot that he is.

An instance of the pseudo-patriotism which rakes up the dying embers of burnt-out animosities and fans them into the flickering semblance of a flame, is the A. P. A.

Now I am a Protestant of the Protestants. I am ready to carry the essential Protestant principle of liberty of thought and conscience to its extreme limits. And that is the reason why I repudiate as un-Protestant, un-American, and un-Christian, the ungenerous, unfair, unfree methods of the A. P. A. It attacks Catholicism in the spirit of Jesuitism. It proposes to protect American institutions by employing tyranny's worst engine of oppression, the secret political conclave. It proposes to purify American politics by infusing into them the worse than machiavelian poison of the secret proscription of candidates for political office on grounds of religious opinion. It is needless for me to dwell longer on this wide-spread popular

fanaticism. There is no danger that any one of you will fall a victim to this delusion. The scholar loves the light, and has no affinity with schemes conceived in secrecy, and deeds devised in darkness. I simply cite the movement as constituting, together with Jingoism, one of the two most conspicuous types of current pseudo-patriotism.

There is, however, abundant room for patriotism, outside of the particular fields which pseudo-patriotism has appropriated to itself. There are enemies enough to conquer, even if we do not get up a war with England, or join the crusade against the Catholics. The enemies of the modern state are within; its foes are they of its own household. The chief danger of the modern democratic state is that certain classes, instead of supporting the state in a loyal and disinterested devotion, will use their political power to make the state serve their private interests, and true patriotism at the present time manifests itself chiefly in resistance to these special classes, so far as they seek to manipulate the government in their private interest. True patriotism is the strenuous, vigilant, and intelligent devotion to the common good of all, as against the attempts of private parties and classes to secure for themselves special favors at the general expense. Let us consider, in order, some of these special points at which the true patriot must be on his guard, against the unjust encroachments of interested parties, seeking private gains at the public expense.

First, the currency. A stable and reliable and universally acceptable medium of exchange is a matter of prime importance to the welfare of the nation. A currency liable to serious fluctuation in its intrinsic, or sudden alteration in its conventional value, cuts the nerve of legitimate business, and leads to panic and disaster. Not merely the fact, but the expectation of such fluctuations and alterations is a national calamity of the first magnitude. Yet it is for the interest of the creditor class as such to contract the volume and appreciate the value of the currency. It is likewise for the interest of the debtor class, and of the owners of silver mines as a class, to expand the volume and depreciate the value of the currency. To vote on either side from these merely private and class considerations is to be a traitor to one's country in one of the chief ways in which treason is possible in a peaceful modern republic. True patriotism at this point demands that a man shall study the currency question fairly, fully, and impartially, and then vote not as a creditor or bond-holder, not as a debtor or a

mine owner, but as a citizen intent on securing that stability and acceptableness in the currency on which the economic prosperity of the whole community depends.

Another point on which the true patriot must be watchful against the encroachments of private interests is taxation. Taxation is one of the most fundamental and sacred powers entrusted to government. It allows the state to step in and take from the laborer such portion of the product of his day's work as it sees fit. From the wheat of the farmer, from the web of the weaver, from the house of the carpenter, from the rent of the landlord, from the profits of the merchant, from the salary of the clerk, from the fees of the lawyer, from the earnings of the corporation, taxation takes its inexorable toll. Such being the omnipresent and almost omnipotent social power of taxation, it is obvious that so sacred and important a function should be exercised scrupulously and exclusively for the public good. No individual and no class of individuals, no private corporation, or combination of corporations, should be allowed to use this sacred government function for the promotion of their personal and private profits. And yet it is for the interest of the importers as a class to have duties removed from the commodities in which they deal. It is for the interest of manufacturers as a class to force the duties up on the commodities which they produce. Here comes in a second great opportunity for treason against the state. The man who votes one way or the other on the tariff, simply with a view to the effect that tariff will have on his private business, or the profits of the class to which he belongs, is as false and black a traitor as the conditions of a peaceful industrial republic make it possible for him to be. He is the kind of a man who in warlike times would have been a Benedict Arnold. He is willing to put his private interest above the general good; and that is the essence of treason in all times, the world over. The true patriot at this point is the man who studies the enormously dry and detailed subject of the tariff patiently, thoroughly, and impartially, and casts his vote, not in the interest of his business, nor according to the prejudice of his locality, nor according to the creed of his party, but in the interest of that justice and equality which is the foundation on which republican institutions rest.

A third point where true patriotism is in demand is that of pensions. The roll of pensioners in this country has risen from 345,125 in 1885, to 970,524 in 1895. The disbursements have increased within

these ten years from \$65,693,706 in 1885, to \$140,959,361. Now in so far as these pensions represent the gratitude of the country for actual disabilities incurred in its defence, there is no expenditure of the government which is more wisely bestowed, or more beneficently directed, or more cordially approved. But we are all aware that a very large part of the entire sum, and the larger part of this enormous increase of \$75,000,000 within the past ten years, does not represent merited pensions freely bestowed by a grateful country, but on the contrary represents unearned pensions extorted through iniquitous legislation, imposed upon political parties by the pernicious activity of the pension agents and the pensioners themselves. That again is treason, and the parties who have exerted their political influence for these selfish and unrighteous ends are traitors to their country, in the modern meaning of that word. At this point true patriotism demands a firm and determined resistance to this plunder of the public treasury by members of a class, even though that class be one which, on general grounds, we deservedly honor above all others.

Another point on which true patriotism is called for is the Civil Service. Sneered at and betrayed and starved and decried by politicians, the reform of the Civil Service has gone steadily forward until at length, after thirty years of agitation, 85,200 places, or substantially the entire national service, is brought under the rules. Much remains to be done to establish the reform and to extend it in states and municipalities; but the principle has at last achieved a permanent and substantial victory in the field of national politics. By this reform, offices cease to be party spoils and become opportunities for public service. This is the grandest triumph of true patriotism that has been accomplished in our day.

Members of the graduating class: If you had graduated in the year 1517 you might have found a vent for your patriotism in antagonizing the Pope of Rome. If you had graduated in the year 1776 you might have found a career for your patriotic feelings in fighting the King of England. Graduating in the year 1896 neither of these careers are open to you; and any attempt to play these roles will result only in a poor, feeble, imitative, antiquated, second-hand pseudo-patriotism, unworthy alike of you and of the institution whence you come.

Attack the real foes, the concrete corruptions which disgrace the closing years of the nineteenth, and will infest the opening years of the twentieth century. Take your stand for sound money and

equitable taxes and honorable pensions and unprivileged civil service and the responsibility of corporations and the repression of the saloon. Treat as a traitor and a public enemy every man and every class of men who try to manipulate legislation and bribe officials and mislead the people, in order that out of public folly or public privilege or public favor or public plunder they may make private gain. Stand as the intelligent, free, disinterested representatives and defenders of the rights and interests of the nation as a whole, as against all efforts to betray public interests for private profit, and you will be true patriots in the genuine and modern meaning of that term; you will be worthy sons of this institution of learning which, fostered and nurtured under the protecting care of the state, bids you dedicate your learning and your lives to the loyal service of the nation which is the noble mother of us all. For patriotism or love of country, though not the whole, is yet a large part of that devotion of the individual will to universal ends or love of God, which is the grandest quality of character, and the essence of genuine religion.

Junior Prize Declamation.

ON Monday evening, June 22d, a large audience gathered in Memorial Hall to listen to the Prize Speakers of the Class of 1897. The speaking on the part of most of the contestants was of a high order, and the judges had no easy matter to decide who the winners were. The exercises were shorter than usual, owing to the number of men that were excused. The following is the programme:

John Brown.—Anon.

Donald Baxter McMillan, Freeport.
Nomination of McKinley.—Thurston.

* Henry Ernest Dunnack, Dixmont.
Toussaint L'Ouverture.—Phillips.

Robert Sidney Hagar, Richmond.
Responsibilities of Young Men.—Clarke.

* George Samuel Bean, Biddeford.
The Strike at the Forge.—From the French of
Francais Coppe.

Marcellus Sumner Coggan, Malden, Mass.
Bill and Joe.—Holmes.

John William Condon, Berlin, N. H.
Abraham Lincoln.—Fowler.

Alfred Page Cook, Portland.

Stand by the Flag.—Holt.

John George Haines, Paterson, N. J.
Speech on Monroe Doctrine.—Thurston.

William Frye White, Lewiston.
Knee-Deep in June.—Riley.

Archie Sherman Harriman, Brunswick.
Symbolism in Poetry.—Robertson.

* Edgar Gilman Pratt, Brunswick.
Eulogy on Garfield.—Blaine.

* Excused.

* Harry Maxwell Varrell, York.

AWARDING OF PRIZES.

The judges were Barrett Potter, Esq., Professor William A. Houghton, and A. H. Holmes, Esq. The first prize was awarded to Mr. A. S. Harriman, and the second to William F. White.

Class-Day Exercises.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,	J. H. LIBBY.
MARSHAL,	C. T. STONE.
COMMITTEE,	M. WARREN, F. C. PEAKES, F. B. SMITH.

EXERCISES IN MEMORIAL HALL.

A LARGE audience assembled in Memorial Hall on Tuesday to listen to the first part of the Class-Day Exercises. The class marched in promptly and made a fine appearance as it passed up to the seats on the platform. The following was the programme for the forenoon:

	MUSIC.	
Prayer.		C. G. Fogg.
	MUSIC.	
Oration.		C. W. Marston.
	MUSIC.	
Poem.		H. H. Pierce.
	MUSIC.	

We print the oration and poem, both of which are fine productions and were delivered in excellent manner.

CLASS-DAY ORATION.

MAN'S DEBT TO MAN.

By C. W. MARSTON.

Man is "more than a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave;" he is not only higher but stands in an absolutely different station.

Man is not the culmination of all animal evolution—he is the beginning of a new evolution. Made in the image of God, man does not blindly conform to natural law—nor does he, as the animal, work out his destiny by the principle of the survival of the fittest; but is himself ruler of his own being—lord of his own destiny—by right of his reason. Before him forms and types have survived because of superior physical prowess. Nature had been merciless in the application of this law. With man was born altruism and a right to existence on other grounds than mere superiority.

Man might have been made as an animal—his actions controlled by natural forces—by instinct. Such a divine, external means of attaining divine ends would have saved the race of man from much of its woe and travail, but at the same time would have robbed him of his proud position as a being little lower than the angels, and made him but a higher ape or chimpanzee. It would have barred him from all the progress made, since the days of the cave-dweller, when man's dawning intelligence could make but scanty headway against the cunning of the brute, even until now, when he walks the earth, undisputed lord of all its resources.

By his knowledge of good and evil, by his recognition of the binding force of ethical law, by his power to choose between possible courses of action—by his freedom of will—by his reason, man is king of himself and lord of the earth.

Thus exalted above the natural world—given by his Creator power over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the cattle and all the earth, man is still dependent on two sources of power,—the God who has given him reason, limited the days of his sojourn on earth, and made his environment what it is; and on his fellow-men, in reference to whom he must adjust and qualify his actions. Conversely, man's power in this world depends on what use he makes of his reason—and to what extent he avails himself of the combined force of his fellows.

In the three-score years and ten of man's all too fleeting life, what marvels has he accomplished! Alexander of Macedon conquered the world, and insatiate, longed for more worlds; Mahomet gained millions of followers for a religion which has held sway for centuries; Martin Luther unified the German language and the German race; Watt, Stephenson, and Fulton made the broad world but a hamlet, and the heaving oceans but narrow ponds; Morse and Edison subdued the greatest of man's Titanic servants—the electric fluid. All these have been mighty men because of the multitude of

their fellow-beings that they have swayed, or because of the gigantic forces they have controlled.

We have often asked ourselves if man were certain of eternal life, if youth and its vigor were everlasting, if ambition went hand in hand with increase of years—when would man's career cease to enlarge? The secrets of the stars, the mysteries of nature, the miracle of life would be hidden no more. Man would conquer the air; the face of continents would be changed as easily as a landscape gardener transforms a paltry half acre; mountains would be leveled, the ocean bridged, poverty abolished, riches made unknown and unearned for, all the impossible schemes of dreamers realized.

But when we rave of what man could do, were his course clear, his time for work infinite, and his life unfettered by altruistic feelings, we are as short-sighted and as foolish as the eagle who should boast of the speed he could attain were it not for the resistance of the air—the very elements that makes his flying possible. In the same way, rivalry and keen competition, though they sometimes seem to oppose, are the very elements of man's progress. If he met with no obstacles, if his life were not a struggle, if his time were not finite, he would lack the very means of his progress and would cease to exist.

Not only are man's deeds overruled by the dictates of his Creator, but by his wants—by his social nature, craving companionship—by his inability to be all in all to himself.

By mutual compact that finally becomes a government, he gains security of life and property; by contact with the world of men, his moral stamina, his character, becomes strong and serviceable. For character implies aggressive action. The recluse whose personal morals are irreproachable, has no character. He only can lay claim to character who has passed unscathed through the furnace of temptation. The best that is in man is brought out by keen competition with others; the depths of his sorrow at failure are illuminated by others' sympathy, and his joy at success is multiplied by the sharing of it. All that man is and can be comes from his fellow-beings.

This dependency of man on man increases with the growth of civilization. The aboriginal savage—securing his food by the chase, clothes from the same source, shelter in time of storm in cave or hollow tree, shaping his own rude weapons by patient toil, was as free as the birds and owed as little to man.

The average modern man would probably be able to do as much for himself—were his wants as few, his environment as crude, and his duties as simple. But with increase of intelligence has come a myriad of things before unknown, undesired, now longed for—nay, even necessary. Labor has been specialized, men have concentrated in great cities—some have learned to labor in other ways than by manual toil—life means a thousand-fold more than it did even three centuries ago. Men have forgotten how to take things easily. They know only how to rush. They are compelled by sheer inability to do all things for themselves, to depend upon boughten food, clothes, shelter, pleasures, comforts.

Such an every-day habit has this dependency become that we have forgotten it. So helpless are we to live without the toil of others that we think such a life impossible. The ways of the pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock in the seventeenth century—fully able to wrest for themselves a living from the bleak and forbidding wilderness, to dress themselves in homespun, to live on corn and game, to build their own log-huts—are as unknown and impossible to us as the primitive means of kindling fire, or hunting, or living.

Asleep or awake, living in the whirl of a great city or in the quiet of the country, rich or poor, young or old—we are all citizens of the world, each one living the broader life because of the other's labor. To every man's comfort a thousand human beings have contributed. From the frozen North to the tropic clime, from the New World in the West to the East where man was born, stretches the chain of laborers who serve at the beck and nod even the least of us who are owners of silver or gold.

Clothing is a very good illustration of the widely-sundered countries and the very numerous army of workmen that have a share in promoting our comfort. Take an ordinary ready-made suit—the wool comes from Australia, where lonely shepherds have spent weary months in the bush guarding the sheep. Sheared by another, washed, sorted, packed by still others, it crosses the Atlantic in steamers worked by a small army of men. Mixed with cotton from the sunny South, or India, or Egypt—mayhap from all three—it passes through the hands of another dozen men before it becomes cloth; spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, packers. And the other materials—the silk thread from France, the linen thread from Ireland, the linings from England, the buttons from Connecticut—all these are the result of the combined industry of

whole communities. A man's suit may have traveled farther than its owner. It may have circumnavigated the globe in its making.

Again all the mighty works of men—the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Suez Canal, the St. Gothard tunnel, the network of railroads that covers the American continent—have employed the energies of countless men. One man could not have brought them into existence, one man could not have planned them. It was the life-long labor of whole nations of slaves that reared the pyramids; it was the toil of as mighty armies of paid workmen that tunneled the Alps, and united the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. One generation plans, another accomplishes, and the next enjoys every great undertaking.

To others we owe the preservation of the best of the centuries gone—in religion, or science, or poetic fancy. To many, such records have proved far more useful than earthly friends. In sorrow a comfort, in trouble a guide, in youth an incentive, in old age a companion can be found in books—always ready—never wanting. To books we owe our friendships with great men and good men of past generations; and our entrance into that world of fancy—unfettered by the necessities of a more prosaic existence—where men never grow old nor die, and whose charm is immortal.

To man the most of us are indebted for what share of goodness we have. The ordinary mortal is no philosopher, and cannot be influenced by fine-spun, subtle theories of conduct. Nor is he a dreamer to be led by a cold and perfect ideal, with no human trait to which humanity may cling. It is the personal example of living, sympathetic men that awakens in him longings and purposes to be better. To soothe anger, to prevent strife, to waken despair, to make evil abhorred, sympathy, warning, reproof, straight from the heart of a fellow-being are more efficient than any amount of moral talk as to the right or wrong of a deed.

To man, man owes his childhood's training, his inspiration to better and nobler deeds, that competition that makes progress possible, happiness through the satisfaction of his social nature, his every-day comforts and necessities—the very possibility of his manhood.

To God he is debtor for his reason and that vain striving after something better that makes the youth unwilling to rest on anything already done, and forces him to struggle onward in the pursuit of the ideal. To God we owe our life and our ideals—to man, the means of attaining them.

At the conclusion of the Oration the band gave one of its fine selections. Mr. H. H. Pierce then delivered the following beautiful poem:

CLASS-DAY POEM.

BY H. H. PIERCE.

Classmates and comrades, friends and brothers fast,
To-day at length the future greets the past.
'Neath *Alma Mater's* pines our course is done:
The joys and hopes that bound us here together
We feel shall hold us true until the last,
Brothers and friends in fair and stormy weather.
To-day our paths in union that have run
Part right and left. O *Alma Mater* dear!
Must we drift further each succeeding year?

A sadness of the hour passes o'er us,
The silent, lip-stopped future stands before us,
Yet in our hearts we feel the past shall ring
Through the dull years a memory-laden chorus:
We listen while the sweet-strung voices sing.

Once more we hear the deep-toned chapel bell;
Again the tapering chapel spires rise
Graceful and granite-gray before our eyes,
While the doves circle cooing overhead.
And now the organ notes we knew so well
Echo, re-echo upward, swell on swell,
And, like the phantasies of an Eastern spell,
The old familiar faces come once more
To fill the accustomed seats on either hand;
Freshman and Senior, Junior, Sophomore,
We saw them morning after morning there.

There are some things one never can forget.
So still, I think, when years have passed away,
The words of "Auld Lang Syne" shall thrill us yet
Back to that dear-remembered Ivy Day
When we marched out together, line by line,
Our arms locked with our classmates, and again
Our hearts shall echo sadly the refrain
And each shall fill his cup for "Auld Lang Syne."

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?"

Once more we'll sway together through the door,
Singing the sweet strong chorus sadly o'er,
And down the path shall sound our heart-felt cheer,
The last and best for *Alma Mater* dear.

"For auld lang syne, my boys,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

A wind from off the sea sweeps through the pines :
 They rustle, murmuring still the poet's lines ;—
 "*Pinos loquentes semper*," so they sing,
 "*Habemus*," and their topmost branches swing,
 Nodding together, whispering soft and low,
 For him who wills to listen, ever so
 Over and over, "*Pinos, pinos loquentes*."
 What poems breathe like balsam from the trees
 Touched with the rhythm of the sea-fresh breeze !
 Did Longfellow hear the voices soft and low
 And write the songs of sweetness, light, and truth ?
 Did poet Hawthorne mark the rhythmic flow
 That filled the silence of his artist youth ?
 For us at least the whispering pine-boughs swing ;
 Always to us their soothing murmurs sing.

'Tis night upon the campus, and o'er all
 The full, round moon sheds down its mellow light ;
 It softly silvers gray Memorial Hall,
 And where the weirdly silent moonbeams fall
 Each elm stands forth a spectre of the night.
 I wander on the campus paths once more ;
 And here and there steals through a window-pane,
 Where studious some one cons to-morrow's task,
 A lamp-light gleam from Appletou or Maine.
 The lamp-glow mingles softly with the moon—
 Oh blessed night of summer-breathing June !
 Hark ! Falls upon the ear a burst of song,
 The vagrant snatches of a half-caught strain,
 The clink of glasses floats the air along
 And brings our college memories back again.
 Oh ! music blessed to the longing ear,
 The clink of friendship's glass that brings the tear !
 Oh ! music blessed to the listening heart,
 The voice of friends whom time has forced apart !

Comrades, fill each glass,
 This shall be our song :
 Our dearest, best-loved class !
 Our college ! chorus high.
 We drink a double toast,
 Our love is single-strong,
 Bowdoin, our chiefest boast,
 May Bowdoin never die !
 Classmates, drain each cup,
 Let the glass-rims clink !
 Fill a brimmer up,
 Loud each heart-beat calls !
 This the reason, then,
 We together drink :
 We were classmates, men,
 In Old Bowdoin's halls !
 Brothers, sing once more !
 Echo now each heart !

Roll the chorus o'er !
 Backward force each tear !
 Fill each willing glass,
 Ere at last we part !
 May Heaven bless our class
 And *Alma Mater* dear !

The singing dies upon the heavy air,
 And slowly one by one each student-light
 Flickers sadly out ; the last one leaves me there
 Alone upon the campus 'midst the night.

Classmates, the time has come for us to part !
 The hour is near which ends our college lives ;
 But, to the last, while aught of us survives,
 Each classmate carry Bowdoin in his heart !

Our academic schooling was not vain ;
 Greek roots and Latin tenses rust away,
 The broadening inspiration must remain,
 The cultured influence proof against decay.

All hail, then, mother Bowdoin dear, to thee !
 Thy books, thy works, thy kindly patient care,
 Thy noble halls, thy shaded campus fair,
 Be all remembered in the days to be.

Remember Bowdoin's plucky teams that fought
 On gridiron, diamond, tennis court, and track ;
 And all the manly lessons that they taught.
 We cheer them still in fancy looking back.

Our faithful teachers we will not forget !
 Their scholar service in the cause of knowledge,
 The kindly whole they did for us—and yet
 Ill-paid, ill-thanked—but laboring for the college !

Classmates, the time has come for us to part !
 Each classmate carry Bowdoin in his heart !

UNDER THORNDIKE OAK.

A beautiful day greeted the large audience that gathered under the Old Oak to listen to the class parts of the Class of '96. The platform was decorated in a very picturesque manner, the colors of crimson and silver-grey intertwined, making a very charming bower. Flags and bunting, together with the green foliage overhead, formed a beautiful background for the speakers. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Salem Cadet Band and was greatly enjoyed by all. An Opening Address, Class History, Prophecy, and Parting Address constituted

the literary programme, and these were the final exercises of the day. The programme :

	MUSIC.	
Opening Address.	. . .	W. W. Fogg.
	MUSIC.	
History.	. . .	H. O. Clough.
	MUSIC.	
Prophecy.	. . .	R. M. Andrews.
	MUSIC.	
Parting Address.	. . .	G. T. Ordway.
	MUSIC.	
Smoking Pipe of Peace.		
Singing Ode.		
Cheering Halls.		
Farewell.		

OPENING ADDRESS.

By W. W. Fogg.

Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen :

There falls upon me the duty, both painful and pleasant, of opening the closing exercises, not only of our class day but of our existence as a class of undergraduates at our dear old Bowdoin; a duty pleasant because this day is essentially one of festivity and unbounded good feeling, and painful because feelings of sadness will creep into our minds as we think of turning from four years of pleasant association and severing forever the ties that bind together in love and harmony the companions of four years of prosperity and adversity.

A stranger to Bowdoin, passing by the campus to-day, might ask—"What is the meaning of all this, who are those half hundred young men with black capes and sober faces seated in solemn conclave under an old tree which gives little shade from the afternoon sun? What amusement can they furnish for that crowd of gaily dressed people who seem to be seeking pleasure and yet sit roasting beneath their parasols before that row of young men, who to a casual observer appear to be a delegation from some monastery?"

To this poor heathen a knowing graduate would somewhat indignantly reply that this is Class Day at Bowdoin; that the young men in black, although somewhat sobered by the occasion, are not all ecclesiastics, but the Senior Class gathered to celebrate the close of their course in a spot hallowed by memories of the past, beneath this old oak which over them, as over many another class, spreads its aged arms in benediction, and that assembled company of youth and beauty, age and strength, is made up of those who, having watched from a distance for four years the faltering course of their friends,

brothers, or sons, are now gathered to see them bid farewell to scenes of study and revelry.

After a Freshman year when, too green to burn and too wet to absorb more water, we yet asserted our right to exist; after making night hideous and sleep a mockery by our sophomoric yells; after a vain search for Junior ease, and after struggle and failure in an attempt to attain Senior dignity, like the battered army of an empire we take our last stand beneath this sturdy oak and propose to make our voices heard once more before we make a final retreat from undergraduate life.

We are to-day in a position of doubt and uncertainty. Behind us lie the four years which we have been accustomed from childhood to consider the dearest of our lives, and before us stretches away into the vast unknown the future and the wide, wide world. Realizing this, our friends will pardon us if we devote this day to a little boasting of the past, to sentiment concerning the present, and to bright hopes for the future.

But, as has been said before, it is our present duty only to begin the rites and ceremonies with which the Class of '96 lays its last offering of love and praise upon the altar of its *Alma Mater*. We may not record past deeds, lest we encroach upon the territory of the historian; we may not lift the veil of the future, lest we be accused of trespassing upon the domain of the Prophet.

To you, friends of the class and college, I can only say,—May you enter heartily into and enjoy to the utmost our Class Day; may you be satisfied with our past as recorded in our History, and hopeful of our future as revealed in our Prophecy; and as we take a farewell pull at our last pipe of peace, as we draw in the smoke, may you draw in respect for our *Alma Mater* and kindly feelings for her youngest offspring. Than this I can bid you no heartier welcome.

CLASS HISTORY—'96.

By HERBERT O. CLOUGH.

Mr. President, Classmates, and Friends :

History must be lived before it can be written. The historian cannot make it to order. Faithfully to relate events of the past, accurately to portray the characters of those who have participated in them, carefully drawing therefrom lessons for the warning and guidance of the future, is the historian's work. Yet, like the photographer, not too accurately must he paint. The blemishes must be covered, the rough outlines smoothed, grace and

fairness added, while yet retaining a good likeness of the original.

The haze of time sheds a halo over even the most glaring faults, while the historian to whose lot it falls to relate events of recent occurrence, with sharp corners unsmoothed and hard outlines unsoftened by time's gentle hand, has presented to him a problem whose solution only an artist may attempt.

Away back in Sophomore year, when we were engaged with Professor Lee in the interesting work of investigating air bubbles and other botanical objects which we discovered under the microscope, I succeeded in producing a drawing which, though designed for a leaf, puzzled our worthy Professor not a little. Finally, in despair of ever making out what it was, he said if it could be put to no other use, it might serve well as an object of worship, for it was no likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.

Knowing the great value of an artistic finish to a history, especially a class history, the professor strongly recommended me for the office of class historian, on the ground that I was an original artist.

Yet in what more glowing colors could I paint the Class of '96 than those which depict her as she has been in her four years at Bowdoin.

Our colors float from two of the prize cups in Bannister Hall: the first one, trophy of the last class boat race Bowdoin has seen; the second, won by the class in the indoor meet last March; while a third cup, thrice won by the drill squads of the Class of '96, commemorates a feat never excelled and but once equaled in the history of athletic exhibitions at Bowdoin. We have contributed our share of support to every branch of athletics in this, "Bowdoin's Banner Year," and to-day the tennis championship of Maine has come back to Bowdoin where it belongs, because of '96.

But perhaps a class is most noted because of the individual merits and peculiarities of its members, and '96 has not been wanting in men who have desired and striven to distinguish themselves on all occasions.

Very early in our course we discovered the peculiar merits of some of our members. For at the first chapel exercise were we not entranced by the clear, flute-like tones of "Our Tab," just appointed recruiting officer for the chapel choir?

Then that rope pull! Who can forget that

morning, when we tried so long to pull up the hydrant in front of the chapel until, finally, moved by the persuasive eloquence of Bagley and Ordway, '95 decided to give us a chance to pull them. All hindrance being thus removed, we started off across the campus at a lively rate, and, not deeming the rope pull ours, unless we kept the rope, stopped at a safe distance from the Sophomores, and attempted to divide it. Imagine our dismay when confronted by the fact that the rope which C. A. Brown was so cheerfully distributing belonged to '94; and I was two years persuading Rupie that '96 ought not to pay for it.

The foot-ball game on the campus was hotly contested. In anticipation of it we held our first class meeting in Memorial, at which Jake presided with all the dignity he had, and having also hired a part of Ordway's for the occasion, as his own supply was rather limited. According to agreement there, Hebb, Small, Coburn, and Smith composed the rush line, ably supported by Gilly and the Colonel.

Unfortunately, however, Freddie was kept from participating, as he had smashed his glasses and could not think of appearing in public without them, while a wicked Sophomore, knowing the Colonel's strong points, threatened him with a beetle-bug, whereat he fled in terror, completely demoralizing the rest. After a bloody conflict, in which Jerry and Mort received a generous coating of red paint and glory, we left the field, unanimously declaring we had won the game.

In base-ball we were easily winners, for Pop was with us then, and Ledyard, well versed in knowledge gained by experience on '95's team the year before.

After this we magnanimously allowed the Sophomores to beat us in the Rugby game by a score of 76-0.

In the spring we succeeded in purchasing, at the nominal price of \$160, the '94 shell, and went on the river with the avowed object of scoring one more victory over '95. But, alas, fate was against us. With victory almost within our grasp, the shell collapsed, and our gallant crew betook themselves to the water, to which, thanks to '95, they were now by no means strangers.

It happened this same term that, one night when his room-mate was absent, Gilpatric was surprised in his room by several Sophomores, who proceeded to duck him, unmindful of the fact that our juryman, Bates, was hidden under the bed. After a long

conflict, which Bass and I watched at a safe distance, and in which nearly all of Gilly's temper and wearing apparel was destroyed, the feat was accomplished, though Gilly, unsubdued, threatened to "lick" the whole Sophomore Class. It is authoritatively stated that but for the absence of Blodgett this atrocity would not have been committed, as the warlike abilities of that famous descendant of the Narragansetts are well known, especially in the way of punning.

During this year we lost nine men from various causes. Seven of them found '96 too swift for them. One, C. A. Brown, found himself too swift for '96, straightway betook himself to Harvard where things were more congenial. Death, too, removed from our midst one for whom, endeared to us all by his gentle and kindly disposition, we shall ever cherish the fondest memory. Dear Pearson, may his best, most enduring monument ever be that place which he holds in the affections of us all.

With a Freshman class of 73, Sophomore year was indeed one of care to us. Conscientiously mindful of the great obligations imposed on us by so large a supply of green shoots, we resolved to water them faithfully and train them carefully. But, sad to relate, Prex did not seem so kindly disposed toward our endeavors as we would have expected. Thirteen men, the most harmless and innocent in the class, were forthwith warned that unless the Freshmen would unite with us in abolishing the usual Sophomore protectorate over the next class they would be furnished with an extended leave of absence.

Then was the spirit of the class most beautifully shown; '97 strangely enough refusing to help us out of the trouble into which we had come for the sake of their improvement, the whole class of 50 strong rose as one man, marched over to Memorial, and in terrible silence awaited the coming of Prex, who had been summoned to confer with us on how the threatened catastrophe might be averted.

After listening to a beautiful and touching eulogy of Frost, Dane, and the other innocents by J. Clair Minot, President Gilpatric arose and, with an authority which so well became his age and position, delivered to the President our ultimatum: "If the 13 go, '96 goes with them." That ended the controversy. Prex knew he would never see another such class as '96, and perhaps as well awed by the imposing appearance of the speaker and the uncompromising looks of Burbank and Newbegin, he said if '97 wouldn't abolish hazing, he would, and, as that was the main point at issue, all parties

were satisfied and the meeting broke up with good feeling and the class yell.

In fact so entirely were we in accord with President Hyde and so thoroughly imbued with a spirit of reform that it was not long before we attempted to abolish chapel—the only remaining bar to a Freshman's life of perfect bliss. So All Hallowe'en, under the leadership of Bradbury, Marston, and other characters of a like devotional turn, and with the aid of those stones which lay so handily around the new Science Building, we attempted to keep Mr. Booker out of chapel the next morning. But Adam had seen All Hallowe'en before, and chapel was as usual.

This was the last event of importance during the year, with the exception of the long winter vacation enjoyed by Perley and the Colonel.

Urged by a genuine anxiety for the welfare of the Freshmen and a fear lest Dr. Whittier might not be able to give so many of them all the care they needed, they undertook to supplement his course with such instruction as (being devoted disciples of the Gym.) they felt competent to give. But in "My Gym." the Doctor allows no rivals, and forthwith his would-be assistants betook themselves to the station, purchased tickets for home, and, amid the cheers of admiring classmates, bade adieu to Brunswick for a season.

Yet true merit will have its reward in athletics, as in all other branches, and this last year the Colonel forced so general a recognition of his good qualities that he was unanimously elected to the office of leader of the class squad, while Ward has managed the base-ball team so well that the pennant of the Maine College League floats to-day from the flag staff on the delta.

Junior year opened with brightest prospects; for Bangor sent us a shining light of many colors (as to his whiskers) in C. G. Fogg, who has proved himself a wonder in several lines. His abilities are well known and need no eulogy. That famous walk to Bangor (or part way there), for instance; and those marvelous theories which we have heard advanced in Geology so often, though we could never quite make out what Charles was driving at.

Another valuable acquisition came to us in Mr. Emery, our youthful instructor in Political Economy, who took a short course in Mathematics under our direction. Mr. Emery says he considers this science "a fearful and wonderful thing," in which statement he is well borne out by Leighton, whose pleasure in pursuit of knowledge on that subject, Sophomore year, we so well remember. We had a very inter-

esting course under Rob this year which, however, nearly proved fatal to certain of our number. For Tommy would experiment in the most original way, and nothing seemed to quench his enthusiasm. One day, Lyford, having gone beyond the safety point in an experiment, caused an explosion which frightened most of us and somewhat damaged several. After the tumult and smoke cleared away, Tommy was discovered hopping round in great glee and shouting: "Do it again; do it again." Not satisfied with this, he attempted to set up a water factory soon after, and incidentally tried to furnish Bass with a glass eye. The boys took up a collection and bought out Marston's apparatus, or what there was left of it, and he has gone out of the business.

No history of '96 would be complete without a mention of our \$14 *Bugle*, whose efficient manager, Mr. Hebb, has so endeared himself to us all by the winsome smile with which he used to dun us for class assessments. As for the *Bugle*, all I can say is "we got in it all we paid for and we paid for all we got."

Then, too, the independent foot-ball team, that mighty aggregation of brawn and muscle, in which Ordway, Ward, Colonel Fessenden, and Rum figured so conspicuously, and its successful trip to Newcastle, where Jake played the game of his life, and returned to college wearing one of the Colonel's hats which Colonel had thoughtfully taken with him, expect to judge that Jake's own would hardly stand the strain of victory.

The summer of '95 saw established at Bowdoin a summer school, much to the joy of some of our number, who remained here to pursue special investigations along various lines. Probably the most satisfactory work was done by Kyes, the result of whose labor was announced soon after our return here in the fall.

Senior year has passed quietly and we have been successful everywhere. President Hyde has recognized the wisdom of our counsel and has sought it on many occasions. He has even published at length in his report this June our advice as to the feasibility of one of his plans for the betterment of the college.

But our success has not been alone here. In foot-ball we have had six men regularly on the Varsity this year, not to mention Tabor, who is a man of undoubted worth in foot-ball, as was clearly demonstrated when he made his famous tackle on Billy in "The Mascot."

In music, '96 has ever been in the front ranks, with Coburn and Ward, Willard, Peaks, and Ordway. But perhaps it may be best not to speak at too much length of their merits, as it might arouse too great a spirit of envy in the hearts of such men as Bradbury, Eastman, Andrews, and Blodgett, whose attempts in that line have not received the general appreciation which they so well deserved.

But time fails me to dwell longer on the merits and doings of our class. Let those who have been with us recall for themselves how '96 has never been found lacking when need or duty called her. Following are the statistics of the class:

Of the 44 men in the class, 38 are natives of Maine, 2 of Massachusetts, 1 each of Nova Scotia, New Hampshire, New York, and Ohio.

Average age, 23 years 2½ months; oldest man, Gilpatric, age 31 years 10 months; youngest is Bass, 19 years 11 months. In height we vary from Willard, with 6 feet 1½ inches, to Gilpatric, 5 feet 3 inches, and average 5 feet 9½ inches.

Average weight, 159 pounds. Stone, the heaviest man, weighs 196 pounds, while Crosman and C. G. Fogg each weigh but 120 pounds.

The most of us have remained general but ardent admirers of the fair sex, but 4 have confessed that there is but one girl in the world for them, one says there are two for him, 3 are engaged but won't own it, 2 are a little more than half engaged, and 2 expect to be before they leave town.

Fourteen will study law, 10 will teach, 7 will study medicine, 5 will go into business, 2 into the ministry, 1 will take electrical work, 5 are undecided.

There are 28 Republicans, 14 Democrats, 1 Prohibitionist, and 1 has no preference.

There are 17 Congregationalists, 10 Unitarians, 2 Baptists, 2 Universalists, 1 Methodist, 1 Swedenborgian, 2 Agnostics; 10, while Christians, have no preference for any sect.

I have sought in these pages to give a truthful and accurate account of our four years of college life. They have been years of profit and value to us. In them we have learned many useful lessons.

Not all has been pleasant, yet the few clouds which have come have but served as a background, against which stand out in bolder relief the many pleasant things of our course. And now at the end of the four years, looking back as we cross the threshold which lies between the past of our college days and the future of active life in the great world, we can say honestly and sincerely that '96 has ever sought, in the light she has had, to do her best. May the energy and interest displayed by our class

in college not be diminished as we separate, but may each of us strive, with ever-increasing zeal, to so live and labor that '96 may shine, one of the brightest gems in the crown of Bowdoin's glory.

CLASS PROPHECY.

By R. M. ANDREWS.

It is recorded that, at a certain state dinner in Macedonia, the great Philip rising in response to the toast, "The king Zeus bless him," spoke in the course of his remarks of his great admiration for the ingenuity of the Athenians, for though in the whole course of his life he had never been able to find but one general, they found ten every year, and that without the smallest difficulty. But surely even Athenian cleverness might well hesitate before the problem which ruthless custom sets each college class of finding within its own limited numbers one who shall dip into the future and snatch their secrets from the Fates.

When I was selected for this office I had some doubts of my ability to fill it, and as time wore on I grew more and more doubtful of my success, but I had help from an unexpected source. One night while studying as usual by the midnight electricity, I felt a touch on my shoulder, and turning quickly, I beheld no other than the God of Prophecy, Phœban Apollo himself. He must somehow have introduced himself without saying anything, for I knew him at once, although he doesn't look much like his statue in the Art Building, and he wore a fur coat instead of his ordinary attire, which he said did very well on Mount Olympus, but was too cool for Appleton Hall in March.

Somewhat awed by so distinguished a guest, I endeavored rather awkwardly to receive him with due honor, but Apollo put me at my ease at once; he accepted my offer of a chair but declined a cigarette, saying that he was more accustomed to receive than to offer incense, and that that kind of incense was only fit for his uncle Pluto anyway. He then remarked that he knew of my difficulty and would help me. I expected of course to be put on a tripod and to roll my eyes and talk blank verse, but Apollo told me he had given up the vapor bath as a method of inspiration and now used the hypodermic syringe, which he found both more convenient and efficient, and he at once injected into my arm a few drops of a clear liquid. You will now, he said, know the future of every member of the Class of '96 except your own, which I have not thought best to give you, but take the advice of an experienced prophet, remember my method at

Delphi and do not tell too much. Seeing that he was going, I plucked up courage to ask an introduction to one of his daughters, but he told me I must wait for that, and before I could press my request he vanished.

I have followed Apollo's advice and shall present to-day only samples of my prophetic knowledge. Complete biographies will be furnished the members of the class at \$5 apiece, cash in advance.

I have also followed the Delphic usage in not giving my meaning too literally. I will to-day give you an account of our class reunion in 1911.

Behold a hotel dining-room, with the Class of '96 seated at a single long table. We are a little older than you now see us, but are "the boys" still. Morty is as full of fun as ever and the Colonel has retained his dignity, while Newbegin's war-whoop is still as loud and resonant as when it used to shake North Appleton and strike terror to the boldest Freshman. The dessert has been removed and now our toast-master, Mr. George Ordway, now mayor of Boston, rises. The usual toasts are proposed and gracefully replied to, and then Bob suggests that each one shall give the class an account of his life, and calls on our illustrious classmate, Mr. Pierce, to begin. Jake said that his career as a poet was too well known to require comment, but he spoke of Old Bowdoin and class ties in true poetic style, and read us a short poem on South Maine, and then sat down.

Bates was the next man called on, and he was received with a little round of applause—for we remembered his athletic powers and how often we had followed him to victory in the class drills. John said that he had had no uncertainty about his calling; as soon as he was out of college he had gone to New York, where he had established a gymnasium and school of bicycle instruction for ladies, which had at once become very popular, but unfortunately he could hire no assistants, as all his patrons insisted on personal instruction, and he added modestly that he thought his shape must be the attraction.

Willard came next. He had been engaged, soon after graduation, to announce the departure of trains at the union station in Portland, for which position he was well fitted by his height and commanding appearance and especially by his voice, which by constant practice had now grown so loud that he had to use a soft stop in speaking to us. No old lady was ever doubtful about her train after Willard had announced it. He said he expected to be transferred to the new station at Brunswick if he wasn't too old when it was built.

Tabe Bailey told us that he supposed we all knew that he was an actor and had achieved both fame and fortune by his art. He said he was eminent in all branches of his profession, but his specialty was skirt dancing, and he was so anxious that the class should all see him in this act that he gave us a little exhibition then and there.

Hebb here interrupted proceedings to ask if he wore a dress suit when he skirt danced on the stage, and if not, why not; but Ordway told him to look it up himself, and when Tabe's wheels had run down he called on Marston. Fifteen years had not affected the neatness of Marston's dress, nor the creamy-pink-and-whiteness of his complexion. It was the same old Tommie who now jumped up and plunged at once into an explanation of his great discovery of the Y-rays which would photograph round a corner. He showed us a few views of the back side of the moon, and then with characteristic suddenness exclaimed that he would show us a new discovery which he was about to spring on an astonished world. He emptied a small bottle into a glass and began to shake it. Knowing Tommie of old, we all made a rush for the door, all but Minot, who quickly snatched the glass from Tommie and placed it carefully on the other side of the table. We took our seats again and Minot told us that he had found at college that Tommie needed him and he had decided to stay with him as guardian and business manager. Tommie made inventions and blew up laboratories, while Minot wrote laudatory newspaper and magazine articles and saw to the finances.

Stone now arose; he had tried his hand at teaching and had been so successful that he had continued in that calling and was now principal of a large boys' school. In his early experience he had had some trouble with his pupils, but his football practice had stood him in good stead and now the boys loved him too well to make that necessary. There were a number of little Stones, who, we were told, all looked like their father.

Charlie Knight was proprietor of a large hotel in New Hampshire; he had acquired an enviable reputation by his careful attention to the wants of his guests, and he took special pains that nothing should disturb their sleep nights.

It was now Kyes's turn. He had taken the medical course at Johns Hopkins and had now a nice practice in a western city. So far we heard Willie with interest and we even listened politely to a little eulogy on Mrs. Kyes, but as he began to tell us

of the exploits of his oldest son, aged eight, we grew restless, and Bod very properly shut him off.

The next speaker was Clarence Baker, and as our most famous classmate he was received with respectful attention. We all knew that he had been made perpetual president of Patagonia, but the gold lace and brass buttons on his uniform did much to exalt our idea of his importance.

His hair, alas, was as wild as ever, but he told us that was now the fashion in Patagonia. He was in this country to personally conduct negotiations with the Washington government for an offensive and defensive alliance, and so had been able to attend our reunion. He then began an oration on Pan-Americanism, which for fear of international complications we could not interrupt. Crozman, his secretary of state, who was present in a costume only a little less elaborate than Baker's, let his chief do all the talking, but took down his remarks in short-hand for publication in Patagonia.

Robinson was now called on. He was a prize fighter, and he told us that his fistic ability had brought him both money and reputation; but he could not always be in the ring, and between his battles his presence was in great demand at society dinners and balls, and it was hard to say whether his pugilistic or social victories were the more complete. He spoke to us earnestly of his endeavors to elevate the ring, and then began to defend himself against the newspaper attacks of his latest rival, but Ordway called time and Robinson sat down.

Plumstead said he had studied law at Boston University, and was now settled in Bangor, where he was having good success in his profession. He was married and had a boy, who before many years he hoped to send to Old Bowdoin.

Lyford was practicing medicine at Farmington. He was very successful and was popular with every one, especially the ladies. He had never married, partly because he never could decide who he wanted most, and partly because he feared to disappoint so many by a choice.

Small came next. He said that he had felt that the college could not go on without him, and so he had bought out Bill Fields and was running the old business in the same old way. He had a large trade and was very much liked by the boys, and if the Faculty needed any advice he was where he could give it.

And now another celebrity arose—it was Sterling Fessenden, alias Shorty, alias the Colonel, but now professor of philosophy at Yale and author of the

great work on Transcendental Hadealism. Shorty knew better than to talk philosophy there, however, and gave us instead a little idyl on the life and virtues of Eph.

Oakes was raising oranges in Florida. He had a fine plantation, but he said he was not as successful financially as he could wish, because of his unfortunate habit of forgetfulness. He confessed to us that last year he actually forgot to harvest his crop at all.

The next speaker was Henry Coburn. Henry said he had gone back to the farm, which he was now running by the improved methods suggested by a liberal education. He hatched his chickens in incubators; raised cabbages in greenhouses, and was now perfecting a device for digging potatoes by electricity. He had also invented a new kind of fertilizer, by means of which he claimed a farmer could raise anything, even a mortgage.

Ralph Leighton now spoke. He said that he had been much impressed while in college by the unreasonable amount of labor required of the students, and he had determined to devote himself to finding an easier path to knowledge. He had discovered that knowledge was a disease, and under ordinary circumstances only slightly contagious, but if the microbe could be artificially cultivated and introduced directly into the system, the effect would be much more marked. This, he said, he had succeeded in, and he passed around a box of little green pills, which he told us contained a culture of historical bacteria equal to a whole course under Mac. But we declined; we had all had enough of Mac.

Foster said he had gone into journalism. His ambition was to be an editor, but finding promotion too slow, he had started a new comic weekly of which he was editor, owner, and chief contributor. The paper was called the *Punster*, and in its particular line was unrivaled. John then gave us some specimens of his puns, and while we was doing this, Coburn fell asleep, and was aroused by Ordway who inquired, are you listening, farmer? The puns seemed to have a bad effect on Bob, for he called up the next speaker by asking, will Frankie deign to speak to us?

Dane said he was an architect in New York and was doing well. He was part owner of the New York base-ball team, and had done all he could to strengthen it. He was married and was the father of several little tow-haired buccaneers.

Blodgett was the next man up. Our descendant of King Philip had given up shaving altogether since he left college, and now wore a long full beard,

which improved his appearance, as it relieved his startling facial resemblance to Ramases III. He said he was now candidate for Congress on the ticket of a new western party which demanded the free coinage of copper and the prohibition of interest. At this point Homer jumped on the table and began to exhort in true western style, but Stone and Libby got hold of him and held him till he was quiet, and then Hebb got up. He said he and Gilly were in partnership and as usual he would do the talking for the firm. He had devised a scheme for insuring the happiness of young married couples, and wanting some one with good judgment on that kind of risk, had selected Gilly. Together they were making a great success of it and were both heavily insured in their own company.

Mitchell now rose and was listened to with great respect, for we all knew that he was the Cæsus of the class. He spoke modestly of his successes and said that he attributed them all to his fixed habit of always carefully minding his own business.

Clough was now called on. Herbert said that while in college the ministers had so waited him with attentions that he had some thoughts of adopting their calling, but he had finally decided to go into the bicycle business with Burbank. They called their wheels the Heavenly Twins, and they were the easiest running machines on the market. Clough had introduced many valuable improvements and was now at work on a bicycle with hyperbolic wheels which would run the length of the line at infinity with 311 revolutions of the pedals, and he added that John was just as much of a freak as ever and was a great trial to him. Then Burbank had his innings. He said that, "that thar Clough was a mighty queer feller," and if he ever finished his hyperbolic bicycle the asymptoter would stick into the ground and stop him before he had gone a foot. Sometimes he thought Herbie would have done better if he had stuck to hypnotism as a profession. Neither he nor Herbert were married; they were too busy looking out for each other. John said they had been practicing singing lately and if Herbert was willing, they would give us a duet. Herbert agreed, and they sang a song entitled "As long as the wheels go round," which was received with great applause.

The next speaker was John Thompson. He had studied medicine at Columbia, and after a short visit to some of the hospitals of Europe, had settled in Brunswick, where he had a large and growing practice.

Bob now called on Warren. Morty, otherwise known as the Duke of Westbrook, had gone into the ministry. He was pastor of the Methodist Church in a small city in Wisconsin. Freddie Smith was the Catholic priest in the same place, and under their teachings the two churches had become so friendly that there was talk of uniting them. As Morty had spoken for him, Freddie did not make a speech, but gave us instead one of his celebrated fits, which was duly appreciated.

Peakes, who came next, was another of our great men. He had gone west, been admitted to the bar, and practiced law for a few years, but had soon entered politics and was now a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket in the same district with Blodgett. He had challenged Blodgett to a joint debate, but the offer was not accepted, because since women were now allowed to vote, Homer feared that Francis's good looks would cut too much ice.

Soule now told us that he had grown so attached to that portion of the Maine Central Railroad which lies between Brunswick and Freeport, that he was loath to leave it, and so had secured a position as brakeman and could pass over that route daily. He had now risen to a conductorship. Of course many of the Bowdoin boys traveled with him and they all knew him and liked him so much that they always paid their fares.

The next to speak was Philip Dana of the firm of Dana & Fogg, dealers in gentlemen's clothing. They were located in Portland, and P. said they had a fine business. The partners had not forgotten their tennis, and last year they had successfully defended the championship in doubles against the English challengers. Walter Fogg, who followed Dana, corroborated his statements; he also said he was happily married, but that scholar had not yet found any one to suit him. At this point Blodgett, who had got over his excitement, began to disturb the meeting by whistling "Maryland, My Maryland," but Bod quieted him and then called on C. G. Fogg.

C. G. eased the back of his neck away from his collar button as usual and then started in, talking about 500 words to the minute. He said he came very near not being with us that night. Foster instantly started to say something about Fogg's being (mist) missed, but was checked in time. Fogg then explained that his wife had not decided to let him come till so late that he lost the train by about ten minutes, but he walked after it and caught

it in a few miles, and here he was. After leaving college he had gone to preaching in Bangor, and was now running a crusade for the enforcement of prohibition.

Bradbury and Frost were the next speakers. They were lawyers and were in partnership in Lewiston. They admired each other as much as ever and each gave an enthusiastic account of the other's baby.

Willard Streeter Bass, better known as Jim, now told us of his career. He had devoted himself to mathematics, had held several positions, and was now head of the department at Princeton. All the time he could save from his classes he gave to coaching the athletic team, and occasionally he would put on his spikes and show the distance men that they had something yet to learn.

Perley Ward had entered New York society and now held a position very similar to that of the late lamented Ward McAllister. The four hundred had a prejudice in favor of dynastic succession and felt that if they could not have a McAllister they must, at least, have Ward, and so they awarded the position to Perley. He had personally supervised all the preparations for banquets, and so everything suited him and he was happy.

Jeddy Libby was now called on. He was a potato merchant in Fort Fairfield. He took great pride in his business, but managed to spare time from it occasionally to devote to the bright eyes and ruby lips, in which he used to be so interested, sometimes going as far as Augusta for that purpose.

Ordway now called on Eastman. Chasie told us that he believed that every man had some particular talent which it was his duty to cultivate, and after some deliberation he had decided that his specialty was old clothes. He was proprietor of one of the largest second-hand clothing stores in the country and his trade was increasing rapidly. His place of business was at 149 Salem Street, Boston, and if the class would come around and see him, he would be glad to sell them all suits as good as the one he was then wearing, for 77 cents apiece.

Only Newbegin now remained. He rose blushing just as he used to, and looking hardly older. He spoke very briefly of his rapid success in the law and his appointment as chief justice of the Supreme Court of his native state. He then entertained us for ten minutes with reminiscences of our college days, and ended by proposing that we give three times three for old Bowdoin and follow it up with our class yell, and the response showed that fifteen years had not materially weakened our lung power.

Then followed the Parting Address of Mr. Ordway, which was an eloquent farewell to Bowdoin.

PARTING ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE T. ORDWAY.

There are in our language two words which, although of the same number of syllables, with but one accent each, induce distinctively opposite feelings in us, "Welcome and Farewell." The first has been spoken and the other will soon be said.

You have listened to an admirable history of an admirable class—that is the conventional phrase, I believe—and doubtless have been alike pleased and surprised by the utterances of our worthy oracle; for truly Delphic sounded his prognostications, but style is everything, or almost everything to our Ivy Day Pop, and if we are to have athletic competition at the ancient stadium, why should we not dabble in the mystic art of reading the future. Our prophet not only has dabbled but has successfully peered into the murky future, and now we, as classmates, are aware of the pleasures and sorrows before us; indeed, somehow he has managed to conquer Cupid, or could it have been, classmates, that the little god overcame our prophet? But I digress. I simply am here to say farewell for my honorable class to all these familiar buildings, to this grand old campus, to our honored board of professors to whom we are so deeply indebted, and to '97, '98, '99.

It remains for me to write the last pages in our book of college life and then sadly, reverently close it. As we stop for a moment and ponder upon this fact, is it a wonder that I do my duty sadly!

Friends: You will pardon us if we seem egotistic, but the knowledge that we are leaving our happy undergraduate days behind brings sorrow to our hearts. We feel as if we were leaving the best and brightest time of our life on this green campus. That is our legacy to our foster mother. Four long years have we sat side by side in the same recitation halls; side by side have we walked these shady paths, and seated upon the steps of yonder Art Building, with the clear silvery moonlight about us, have we sung our college glees and the good old hymns that were taught us by our pure Christian mothers; and side by side have we sat of a Sunday afternoon in the forms of our Gothic chapel, where the sunlight came in so beautifully subdued through the western windows, contributing nature's share to the impressiveness of the moment.

In this wise our lives have become interlinked so closely that our companionship seems as a large

circle, whose arcs are the cliques into which society divides. Now the arcs are about to break, what will become of the circle? Who knows if ever on this earth the arcs will come together once again. We shall meet at class reunions, but there will be absent some one face which always looked so bright and happy; some one voice will be silent which always was caroling cheery glees; and then will Tennyson's sweetest words come to us:

"But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Can you wonder that, clasping hands, we gaze with tear-bedimmed sight into each other's faces and then turn away with that choking in the throat, that half-uttered sob of which, thank God, we are not ashamed, but proud.

Would you ridicule one of us if to-night, when the stars are doing their eternal vigilance, you should see a form come softly from a doorway, and with faltering footsteps go hither and thither, stopping to gaze upon a certain path or spot, each of which may be fraught with memories of happy frolic, or of sweet companionship, perhaps even of a maiden's answer, of the clasped hands and the look into the other's eyes, when soul met soul and the future seemed suddenly to stretch forth in a clear and shining path; would you, nay, could you, make light of that youth if you should see the tears roll slowly down his cheeks and the hard convulsive sobbing shake his form?

We are but boys, the best and oldest of us. We have spent four years in unconscious happiness, and now we must go out into the hard, unsympathetic world.

So we loiter here at the threshold and gaze back with yearning after our beloved friends and happy hours; and here leaving, we say our last words to our *Alma Mater*. Dear old Bowdoin, whose name and fame will ever be so precious to us. We have tried to do thee honor, and ever, always, will we labor for thee, till "the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

After Mr. Ordway's farewell, the class seated themselves in a circle on the grass and the class pipe was lighted by Mr. Warren, who nursed it carefully until the smoke curled about his head. The pipe was then passed around the circle and each member of the class took his whiff. All seemed reluc-

tant to give it up, but time was called and this not uninteresting ceremony was over.

The class immediately formed in a group and with a will sang the following beautiful ode, which was written by Mr. J. C. Minot:

CLASS-DAY ODE.

AIR—"My comrades, when I'm no more drinking."

I.

O classmates, 'tis the hour of parting,
Our farewell song we sing to-day;
And deep emotions, upward starting,
Within our hearts drive joy away.
With grief the long farewell is spoken
To all in Bowdoin held so dear;
With grief the tender ties are broken
That bind us close as classmates here.

II.

The happy days are gone forever
That we have passed beneath the pines;
But life has nothing that can sever
The sacred memory that twines.
And Bowdoin, regal in her beauty,
Points out the work for us to do,
And lights the pathway of our duty
With many lessons, noble, true.

III.

God bless Old Bowdoin, crowned with glory;
Her name and fame shall be our pride;
And may our class in deathless story
Upon her honor-roll abide.
And now, with deep and true emotion,
We pledge, through all the years to be,
Our loyalty and our devotion,
O Mother Bowdoin, unto thee.

CHEERING THE HALLS.

Forming in line and led by the band, the class marched around the campus, cheering the halls, the Science Building being the starting point and Memorial the end of the march. In front of Memorial, the class and college yells were given with a will, and then each man grasped the hand of every other and said farewell. With this the class dispersed.

DANCE ON THE GREEN, MEMORIAL HALL.

There never was a more beautiful night for the dance on the green; a full moon and

a clear, crisp air made it a pleasure to dance. The platform was surrounded by a large crowd long before the concert was to begin, and a great many remained until the last dance was finished. From a distance the campus looked like fairy-land; lanterns of various colors were hung in long lines enclosing the platform, which was lighted by three arc-lights, and best of all, by the moon. At 8 o'clock the concert by the band commenced, and for an hour everybody was charmed by the music. When the dancing began the scene was a brilliant one; the platform crowded with fair women dressed in costumes of delicate tints, and athletic-looking men, who were to take care of the fair ones. For ten numbers everybody enjoyed themselves in the open air and then repaired to Lower Memorial, where Messing of Portland served a very dainty lunch. After the lunch the dance was continued in the Upper Hall until early in the morning. The music was simply exquisite, and the ball was a fitting end to the successful festivities of '96's Class Day.

Commencement Exercises.

ON Thursday forenoon the procession formed in front of the chapel, and headed by the band, marched down the central path and down the street to the church. Here a large crowd listened to the six Commencement parts. The prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb, Class of '46, and was a model for simplicity and feeling. Programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

The Passing of War.	John Clair Minot.
The Atom and its Weight.	Richard Mills Andrews.
Ideals and Conscientiousness.	Chase Eastman.

MUSIC.

Effect of the Doctrine of Evolution upon Religious Thought.	Preston Kyes.
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Corruption in Politics. Frank Emerson Bradbury.
Oliver Cromwell and the English Puritans.

Henry Hill Pierce.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

PRAYER.

BENEDICTION.

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

CLASS OF 1896.

Homer Ralph Blodgett, Willard Streeter Bass, John Harold Bates, John Emerson Burbank, Herbert Otis Clough, Ralph Wallace Crossman, Chase Eastman, Walter Winthrop Fogg, John Edwin Frost, Howard Gilpatrick, Charles Arnold Knight, Charles Winslow Marston, John Clair Minot, Robert Newbegin, Henry Hill Pierce, Robert Orange Small, Bertelle Glidden Willard.

Richard Mills Andrews, Taber Davis Bailey, Frank Emerson Bradbury, Henry Wheeler Coburn, Philip Dana, Charles Grant Fogg, Preston Kyes, Earle Howard Lyford.

The degree of A.B. was conferred upon the following:

Richard M. Andrews, Gray; Taber D. Bailey, Bangor; Clarence F. Baker, Alna; Willard S. Bass, Wilton; John H. Bates, West Sumner; Homer R. Blodgett, North Brooksville; Frank B. Bradbury, North Freeman; John B. Burbank, West Freeman; Herbert C. Clough, Kennebunkport; Henry W. Coburn, Weld; Ralph P. Crossman, Medway, Mass.; Philip Dana, Westbrook; Francis S. Dana, Kennebunk; Chase Eastman, Portland; Sterling Fessenden, Fort Fairfield; Charles G. Fogg, Turner; Walter W. Fogg, Bridgton; John W. Foster, Concord, N. H.; John E. Frost, Eliot; Howard Gilpatrick, Biddeford; Angus G. Hebb, Gilead; Charles A. Knight, Brunswick; Preston Kyes, North Jay; Ralph W. Leighton, Augusta; Jerre H. Libby, Fort Fairfield; Earle H. Lyford, Farmington; Charles M. Marston, Hallowell; John C. Minot, Belgrade; Wallace S. Mitchell, Freeport; Robert Newbegin, Defiance, O.; Harry Oakes, Foxcroft; George T. Ordway, Boston; Francis C. Peaks, Dover; Henry H. Pierce, Portland; Richard T. Plumstead, Wiscasset; Wallace W. Robinson, East Deering; Robert O. Small, Berlin Mills, N. H.; Fred B. Smith, Brunswick; Robert F. Soule, Freeport; Charles T. Stone, Bridgton; John B. Thompson, Topsham; Alfred P. Ward, Freeport; Mortimer Warren, Cumberland Mills; Bertelle W. Willard, Newcastle.

The honorary degrees awarded by the college are as follows:

A.M., Algernon S. Dyer, A. H. Wright, Freeman S. Perry, Adelbert D. Cornish, Benjamin B. Murray, L.D., Joseph Williamson.
LL.D., Hon. Eugene Hale.

The Goodwin Commencement prize for best written part was awarded to John Clair Minot of Belgrade, whose part is printed below.

GOODWIN COMMENCEMENT ORATION.

THE PASSING OF WAR.

BY J. CLAIR MINOT.

In one of his most fascinating works, Bulwer, Lord Lytton, has told us the story of the race of Ana who inhabit the vast regions within the earth. The most remarkable and significant thing in the life of this people was represented as the possession of an all-powerful destructive agency called "vril." This fluid carried by any person in a hollow staff or wand, was the means of unlimited power over all forms of matter, animate or inanimate. With it a child could annihilate an army, reduce a city to ashes, or rend a passage through rugged mountains, by a simple movement of his hand. Since every individual, as well as every city and nation of this strange lower world, possessed the power of the vril, it is easy to understand why peace reigned forever within those regions. Man could not afford to quarrel with man, nor nation with nation, since each possessed the awful vril. From fear and prudence came a peace that through habit developed into a virtue. So it came about that wars and violence were unknown, harmony dwelt among the people, happiness was in every home, prosperity crowned the lives of all, and seldom, if ever, was the vril employed as a destructive or harmful agency.

From Bulwer's fantastic tale of this fabulous race in the bowels of the earth we can draw a lesson for the human race upon its surface. The story is more than a story; it is a prophecy, a vision of our future when the magician Science shall place in the hands of humanity agencies as all-powerful as the vril in the hands of the Ana. Then and then only will men and nations cease from wars and acts of violence, and live in harmony. Then only will "peace on earth, good will among men," be a glorious reality and no longer the mere dream of priests and poets.

The history of mankind is the record of a continuous struggle. From the gray dawn of the day

in which man as man has existed, his sinews have ever been tense for battle. The forces of nature have been arrayed against him and the elements have sought his destruction. The animal world, jealous of a master, has snapped its bloody fangs in jungle, peak, and plain. But man had within him the breath of God, and neither flood nor fire, nor earthquake nor tempest, nor cold nor heat, nor the hiss of the serpent nor the howl of the wolf, could stop his onward and upward course. No sooner was one struggle over, however, than another began, and when the presence of external dangers no longer demanded the united action of men, their inherited blood-lust and the selfish passions they had developed brought them to blows among themselves. Group against group, tribe against tribe, nation against nation, there began with the earliest light of the human era the clash and roar of a warfare which has yet to cease.

Brother has ever been at the throat of brother, and neither the grand lessons of civilization nor the sublime teachings of Christianity have brought them to live in peace. We all say, and most of us believe, that Christianity has within it the essence of universal and eternal peace, but the spirit of Christ does not yet prevail in the lands that are called Christian. In the name of religion, and prominently the Christian religion, the bloodiest wars of recorded history have been waged; and the onward path of civilization has ever led over blood-soaked battle-fields and through the ashes of conquered towns. All to no avail have the greatest minds of all time cried out against war, and proved that the true grandeur of nations lies in the pursuits of peace.

But now at the close of the nineteenth century another hand has been lifted against human warfare. It is the hand of Science. What the humanities have not been able to accomplish in that they are weak, Science is about to effect in that it is strong. At the very time when all nations seem prepared for universal war, as if mutual destruction were the natural end of all races, at the very time when the rays of the sun are flashed back on every horizon by bristling bayonets, the edict of Science goes forth proclaiming a truce, a truce that shall not end. The morning light is breaking on that day when Science shall place in the hands of man the vril of the race of Ana.

The progress of wars among nations has been marked by alternate improvements in offensive and defensive weaponry. It has been a contest of projectile and armor; first an irresistible missile, then an impenetrable plate, and on the whole the progress

of the two has been commensurate. But within the past few years Science has been making stupendous strides in perfecting the agencies of destruction. The discovery of irresistible explosives has been followed by the invention of engineering that would have paralyzed the imaginations of our fathers. The use of smokeless powder, explosive bullets, and the new magazine rifle in a great battle would make the slaughter of Cold Harbor and Mary's Heights pale into insignificance. A few torpedoes silently directed under the waters would blow into atoms the proudest navies that float. The new thirteen and sixteen-inch rifle cannon, with a range of twelve miles and more, would add immeasurably to the slaughter of life and destruction of property in a war to-day. The navigation of the air is a probability of science in the near future, and who can conceive of war when camp and fortress, capital and metropolis, lie at the mercy of air-ships charged with thunderbolts a thousand times more deadly than those ever hurled by Jove?

In short, the recent improvements of the means of attack and destruction have been so overwhelming that the idea of war is reaching the verge of absurdity. For what civilized nation will go to war when it means the total annihilation of its armies and navies and possibly the total devastation of its territory? Here it is we find the true ground for hope of a universal and lasting peace among the nations of the earth. The combatant possessing the more powerful agencies of destruction has his enemy at his mercy and need not use them. The very perfection of the means of destroying life is bound to become the means of saving it. And thus warfare has risen, through the agency of Science, to the level of thought. The battle of the future is to be won on the plane of life, and not on the plane of death. The terrible brutality and violence of war are being banished by the wand of genius. The reign of force is about to cease by its own limitations. "God is tired of war," said Clark, the historian, "and is about to end it by his usual method of indirection."

Let animal life, mere brute life, if it will, expand itself in violence. That is natural and good, but man is of another mold. He is either a creature of moral forces and purposes, or else he is nothing. If he possesses reason and no ethics, he is a devil and ought not to be. Possessing thought and conscience, he has struggled up from lowest savagery to the highest plane of civilized life. War has, to be sure, played a great part in the evolution of man. War to no small degree has aided him to rise from one stage to another in the scale of civilization, but the time when war was useful and necessary to man is

now passed forever. His habit of destroying his fellows in battle belongs to the dark and cruel world he leaves behind him. All institutions that are maintained by warfare must perish and pass away. All plans and ambitions of men and nations that are begotten in the womb of violence must sooner or later issue in abortion and death—either that, or else all that pertains to a higher life among mankind must be branded as the fatuous invention of dreamers and priests.

Certain as man is man, certain as he has a soul and carries a light, the reign of warfare in the world must end. It must end sometime, somewhere, somehow. The time is the near future; the place is wherever God's sunshine falls; and the means is seen in the ever-brightening glare of the torch of Science.

COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

The Commencement Dinner, which was held in the Gymnasium after the exercises in the church, was one of the best and most enjoyable ever held. About three hundred plates were laid, and nearly every seat was taken. The dinner was served in an excellent manner by Fields Murray of Waterville, and was generously partaken of by all.

There were seated at the head table with President Hyde, Rev. Egbert C. Smyth, President McKeen of the Alumni Association, General Thomas Hubbard of the Trustees, and Hon. Charles F. Libby of the Overseers. Governor Cleaves sat on the right of President Hyde and added dignity to the occasion. The prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Smyth, late of Andover.

When the dinner had been done justice to, President Hyde arose and called for the ancient hymn, which was lined off by Rev. Dr. Smyth, and the singing was led by Prof. Henry L. Chapman. The whole alumni body present arose and joined in the singing. Then began the toasts, which for lack of space we give only in abstract. We would much prefer to quote in full the excellent speeches made, but cannot.

President Hyde arose and said in his usual graceful manner:

Gentlemen of the Alumni—It is always a pleasure to the returning sons of the college, who bring their

tribute of affection and devotion back with them, to hear of a year of success. All departments, all courses of study, have been brought to a point where the equipment is well-nigh perfect. The elective system has proved satisfactory, as those who have just graduated will testify. The moral standing has improved. We have weeded out those who were not desirable, and we feel that it has been appreciated. The students have co-operated in making the progress. There is less disorder and more harmony than I have ever known. The college makes its own terms to those who enter. No inducements are offered for men to come. They come on their own account and do not own the place. The present high standard is to be maintained at expense of numbers.

All our litigations have been successful. The decisions have been in our favor. In athletics it has been one of the best years in the history of the college. Victories have been won in all four of the contests into which the college has entered. In the New England Association meet at Worcester, Bowdoin took fourth place. At Waterville we won 108 out of a possible 135 points. In recognition of these victories the college should receive an athletic field. The Boards have set aside the triangular lot for the purpose. I have here a telegram from Judge Putnam, who is unable to be present, which says: "I am authorized by Hugh J. Chisholm of Portland to subscribe \$500 towards the new athletic field. William L. Putnam." [Great applause and nine 'rahs for Mr. Chisholm.]

Hieock says we should study theology and preach morality, but while we study the one and preach the other, we should call into notice the names of those who have gone before. We should speak of the larger relations that exist between the college and community. The good old State of Maine from which we draw so large a share of our patronage, is ably represented here to-day, and I have the honor to present his excellency the Governor, the Honorable Henry B. Cleaves. [Applause.]

Governor Cleaves spoke nearly as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen—Through the courtesy of your President, I beg to express my appreciation of your warm, cordial, and hearty reception on this occasion. From all parts of this great state; from the far north to the shore; from her mountains and hills; from the east and west; from all parts, I bring to this grand old institution of learning the greetings of a patriotic people,—a people who believe in Bowdoin; a people who believe that her history is a part of state history. They have regarded the progress of Bowdoin's first hundred years, but they believe it is but the begin-

ning of the great future that awaits her in this country. She has given many eminent statesmen, many learned judges to the courts of the country and state, she has graduated many jurists, and she has sent out many brave generals.

We have now, as never before, a national pride in the advancement of our colleges, but we should be true to our own institutions, and we should maintain the sentiment: Educate the young men of Maine at home; and, if they will improve the opportunities offered by Bowdoin, I will risk the graduates of the Maine college with those of any college in the world. The history of Bowdoin for the last hundred years will prove my statement. I have witnessed with pleasure the exercises held to-day, and I feel that Bowdoin has the respect and confidence of the whole country. To you, Mr. President, who have labored so hard for the prosperity of this institution, I wish you the success you so largely deserve.

President Hyde here spoke of the great services done by the Boards, and said that their work was an inspiration to those who comprised the teaching force. The Boards include the Chief Justice of the United States, a United States Senator, Chief Justice of Maine, and many other notables; but there is one to whom we owe much; he has left a monument on the campus. I have the honor to present General Thomas Hubbard. [Applause and cheers.]

General Hubbard in part said:

Mr. President and Brother Alumni—Fate, by chance, happy or unhappy, has designated me to answer for the Trustees. The Trustees are all present or accounted for to-day, but most have to be accounted for. I believe there is one present. All have avoided this opportunity to address. When they were asked they rebelled. The only charge I have to make is this, that to speak is a joy not unmingled with pain.

You have heard from the Governor the praises of the college in, I dare not say it, extravagant language. You have heard of its distinguished sons in all professions. All the praise belongs to the Trustees. We have to provide buildings, teaching force, terms of admission, etc., confer degrees. What else is there in all the scope of your experience and mine able to do these things? Whatever honor comes from the college we claim as a credit of the two Boards that work in perfect harmony. The present Board claims the class just going out as did

the old Boards claim the credit of their famous classes. What those men have done for the nineteenth century we may expect these graduates to do for the twentieth. I was impressed with the feeling that the standard that existed fifty or sixty years ago had been maintained and even advanced.

The Boards, having received all the merited praise for the prosperity of the college, must receive all the demerits. To grapple with the subject is too large a task for this occasion. It is not always the most distinguished men that are the greatest. The most useful are the greatest. The most conspicuous are not the most useful. The great qualification for admission should be that boys who come be considerate, grateful, generous, and honest. There are many things outside of the real requirements for admission. Nowadays, all boys are taught that they can be President of the United States. We should teach them to do the fair thing to every man. This should be the business or lay expression for the Golden Rule. We make mistakes in conferring degrees, but those we cannot help. A mean boy makes a mean man; so our aim should be to take the boy when he comes and so train him that when he is turned out he will be a good, honest, straightforward man.

President Hyde here said there were two Boards, Trustees and Overseers, and as one had spoken it was necessary to hear from the other. He introduced Hon. Charles F. Libby, the President of the Board of the Overseers, who spoke nearly as follows:

Usage has ordained as a penalty to the President of the Boards that they speak at this time. I see no relief unless rotation in office be used. I wish to make a few corrections on the previous speakers. General Hubbard forgot the duties of the Boards. The function of one is to prevent the other and the President of the College from doing wrong.

Why, the names of the two boards suggest their duties. The Trustees take a trust and the Overseers see that they perform their trust. The good condition of the college therefore is due to the Overseers. We feel that their work is excellent. We catch a general glimpse of the trend of things and believe it is due to the excellent teaching force. Bowdoin holds a high and honored position in the land and she is steadily moving onward. Her resources are being used to strengthen and to broaden her work. No new fads are being taken up. No great show is made on paper. Her progress is sound and enduring. Her courses are broad, and science is rec-

ognized as important. We believe the new Science Building will stand for much in the future. The Art Building also needs mention. It is noticeable for its simplicity, harmony, and beauty. With its art collection it should appeal to those who are to come. We look for a wider study and deeper appreciation of art, which is essential to all culture that is beautiful, living.

Another word to express my appreciation of the work of the teaching force of the college. Whatever of progress that has been made of late, is due to the men who have been in the chairs. They are loyal and devoted and are worthy of respect and admiration. President Hyde is a modern man; he has caught the spirit of the century. He has breadth, vigor, and clearness. To him is due much credit for the greater vitality and broader scope of the college. The plan for assistants offered this year in the President's report is a good suggestion, and one that should be worked out. The teaching force should be enlarged. We have many needs and some things are coming our way. The two legacies will soon be ours. The decisions have been made in our favor. With or without these funds Bowdoin will continue to minister to her sons in the future.

President Hyde introduced Hon. James McKeen by a witty story on Thomas B. Reed, who a colored delegate said would make a splendid appendage to the presidential chair. Mr. Hyde said that the president of the alumni was not an appendage.

Mr. McKeen said that he would be an example of brevity. The alumni should do the speaking, but he felt that he must say a word. He told the story of a certain senator from New York who was on a yachting expedition down on Long Island and inquired about the feeling in regard to New York's senators. The farmer questioned replied that he drew the line at David B. Hill. Here at Bowdoin we don't draw the line anywhere. We have loyalty to the college and enthusiasm and spirit in governing its affairs. Mr. McKeen then spoke of the study of Greek. He said it was not so much the duty of the college to create leaders as to turn out men who knew true leadership; men who could tell the spurious from the true. After speaking in this way for some time he said that the college should take the leadership in public affairs. Mr. McKeen told of Mr. Evarts saying of Yale professors "that it was not so much the scholar in politics that was needed as politics in the scholar." Politics is the art of government. That belongs to the politician,—but the philosophy of

government belongs to the scholars. In closing he said: "Let us drink to the welfare of Bowdoin and the spirit that now pervades."

President Hyde here called on Mr. George A. Thomas, of the Class of '41, for a song. Mr. Thomas, although a man of threescore and ten, responded with a splendid voice and pleasing manner. His song was the old neighbor's song, "Tom Breeze." Everybody was delighted, and the applause was so great that Mr. Thomas had to respond with that rollicking song, "Jolly Laugh." This nearly brought the house down, and it was some time before the speeches could go on. At length, President Hyde introduced Prentiss Loring of the Class of '56.

Mr. Loring spoke briefly but entertainingly of his class meeting, and brought their congratulations to the college. He paid due respect to the officers of instruction and to the governing boards, and closed with a tribute to those who served in the war of the rebellion. Mr. Loring's closing words were: "The Class of '56 gives love and honor to good old Bowdoin. May she live long and prosper!"

President Hyde: I will now introduce one who is known as an editor, author, member of Board of Overseers, and father of one of the best foot-ball players that ever came to Bowdoin, Mr. Stanwood of the Class of '61. Mr. Stanwood, in his bright remarks, said:

I am to speak for the boys of '61. We have always been loyal and deserve pensions, in fact the class deserves much credit. Boastfulness is not improper. With regard to country we can be boastful. All are Jingoos at heart. We believe in our country, in fact we stand first for country and college. There is no greater Jingo than myself, whether in country, college, or the Class of '61. Notice the goodly numbers at this table; two-thirds of those surviving are here, and in Portland to-morrow three-fourths will be present. I will say this class is only an average class, not that I believe but will simply say it. The Class of '61 has four members who are judges. Now there have been about one hundred classes, and four times one hundred would be four hundred. Quite a number of judges. We have had six in the legisla-

tures of three states and two generals in the United States service. The Class of '61 has sent more sons back to Bowdoin than any other class. There have been returned eleven sons of '61 men, and to show that educated men succeed, we have sent eleven boys to other colleges and eight daughters to institutions for women. The class is loyal and faithful; no class is more so. No class can give more and better examples than '61. When you consider the case of brother Smith, who lately died: he worked fifteen years after he was condemned to death by consumption, and did not leave his work until twelve hours before his death. Then there is Col. E. P. Loring, that faithful officer in Massachusetts. All are remarkably faithful—why that was one thing the college teachers spoke of when we were undergraduates. I know many undergraduates to-day, and the same is true of them. It has always been true of Bowdoin, and no doubt better cases can be mentioned than those spoken of by me.

After Mr. Stanwood had finished, President Hyde called upon Prof. Cyrus H. Brackett of the Class of '51, who is teaching at Princeton College. Professor Brackett paid a tribute to his class and to the lamented Stephen J. Young. He said that he remained ten years here before he was fit to work, and then he went to the foreign country of New Jersey. Bowdoin began to improve immediately, but Princeton did likewise. The presidents of the two boards were pieces of his handiwork, as were some of the professors, and they had caught some of their spirit from him.

Mr. Brackett spoke in an excellent manner of the X-ray investigations, paying a tribute to Professors Robinson and Hutchins. He also entered his protest against the removal of Greek from the entrance requirements. "Greek," he said, "is the backbone of all proper education. Those who take it have a superior training to those who omit it from their studies."

President Hyde introduced Dr. E. H. Cook as a classmate of our beloved professors Henry L. Chapman of the Academic Faculty and Dr. F. H. Gerrish of the Medical School, who should respond for the Class of 1866.

Dr. Cook responded in the wittiest speech of the day, and kept the crowd in a roar of laughter. Among other things, Dr. Cook said:

History began with the Class of '66 in '62. We put the finishing touches on Professor Brackett, who has just spoken, and we reformed the whole Faculty. Nearly all the old fellows left while we were in college, and we supplied the new ones. [Applause.] One thing that I remember distinctly is the six-o'clock prayers. In those days we had prayers in the morning, thanking the Good One that the Freshmen were allowed to live through the night, and at 6 o'clock in the evening thanking for our preservation during the day. Mr. Cook paid a fine tribute to Prof. Chapman and to Dr. Gerrish, and spoke of the founding of a society called ΦX that represented true literary merit.

President Hyde introduced, as the next speaker, Rev. Dr. Stackpole of the Class of 1871. Mr. Stackpole spoke of the interesting experiences of his class. They entered, 32, but had 16 expelled or suspended. None had disgraced the college and none had been in jail. He spoke of Hon. William Pattee of the University of Minnesota, and also said the class had had two other lawyers, three M.D.'s, and two ministers. He said that his class was grateful to those who instructed twenty-five years ago and thankful to the college for the culture received.

President Hyde here said that he did not know how many were present who believed in the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, but he knew that the library funds had received aid from those islands. The one who gave that aid had not been able to be present the centennial year, but was present to-day,—Mr. F. M. Hatch of the Class of '73. Mr. Hatch said he thought that the quarter-century mark should be the limit for those called on to speak at Commencement dinners. He said:

I should return to the college if it was wiped away—if it did not remain—but no such thing will happen. To see the prosperity makes me believe in the immortality of Bowdoin. The college should not become a university; it should not be spread too

thin. I congratulate the President on the present prosperity and the Boards on having such men in charge.

Mr. A. H. Davis, '60, Clerk of United States Court in Portland, was next introduced. Mr. Davis spoke of his class and of many reminiscences of his college course. He spoke of the Class of '60 being the largest that has yet graduated, and then paid a tribute to Hon. T. B. Reed, whom he called "the first citizen of the republic." He said he was proud of the college, proud of her history, and proud of her progress. "Bowdoin, Harvard, and Yale," said Mr. Davis, "are spoken of together."

Rev. Charles Hawes was then called upon to respond for the Class of '76. Mr. Hawes spoke briefly but in a very happy manner. We are sorry that we are unable to print his bright and witty speech.

As the afternoon was rapidly passing, and many had to leave, the intervening classes were skipped and the President called on Mr. W. G. Mallett of the Class of '91, who was the youngest man called on. Mr. Mallett, after a few ready words, finished the speech-making with the following: "We are too young for wisdom and too modest for wit, but neither wit nor wisdom can prevent our loyalty to the college."

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

In the evening came the President's reception in Memorial Hall, which was a very brilliant affair. It was a fitting termination of the week's exercises, and those in attendance seemed to vie with each other to make the reception a memorable one. A large and finely dressed crowd congratulated the President of the college and conversed with each other. Many of the older men met and exchanged greetings. A lunch was served by Caterer Murray, which was enjoyed by all.

Medical School Graduation.

THE graduating exercises of the Class of '96, Medical School of Maine, took place in Memorial Hall, Wednesday at 9 A.M. The following programme was carried out:

	MUSIC.	
Prayer.	Professor Woodruff.
	MUSIC.	
Address.	Professor H. L. Chapman.
	MUSIC.	
Oration.	Albion Keith Parris Smith.
	MUSIC.	
Presentation of Diplomas.	President Hyde.
	MUSIC.	

Professor Chapman's address was a great treat for the large audience in attendance, and all were sorry when he finished speaking. Mr. Smith, the chosen orator of the class, then delivered with great earnestness and eloquence the following oration:

ORATION.

THE RELATIONS OF THE PHYSICIAN TO MEDICAL LITERATURE.

Medicine is an ancient art. From his creation man has sought some means for lessening his physical sufferings. Mythology abounds with the names of gods of health and of disease, each class battling against the other. Tradition tells of sacred temples where men gathered, seeking through priestly interference to be relieved from their burdens of disease. And ancient history shows superstition, religion, and medicine mixed in one confusing medley.

It was in the golden age of ancient Greece that medicine emerged from this chaotic state and became a separate science with a distinct literature of its own. There, in the days of Themistocles and Cimon, at the time when Demosthenes was startling even Athens with his oratory, when Socrates was establishing the laws of human thought, and Aristotle investigating the natural sciences,—in such an epoch and under such propitious circumstances distinct medical literature had its birth. Standing pre-eminently above all others as its founder is a name which has been familiar to the profession and honored by it even till now,—that of Hippocrates. Although in the onward course of medicine the works of Hippocrates may have nearly ceased to be of

scientific value, the high code of ethics established therein has always been the guiding star of the conscientious physician who, though bound by no Hippocratic oath, yet declares that whenever he enters a patient's house it shall be only for the good of the patient.

This, then, was the beginning of a class of literature which from age to age has gone on increasing, each new generation adding some important truths, till the volumes which contain it are hardly to be numbered and its value not to be estimated.

Throughout all this time the physician has, in his relations to the literature of his calling, assumed one of three positions—that of an original contributor, a reviewer of pre-existing works, or a reader and consumer of that which has already been written. The early writers from necessity belonged to the first class, since there was but little save their own observations from which they could draw their material. Their books consisted largely of new and untried theories, limited personal experience, intermingled with which was more or less of the superstition which characterized the days in which they were written. To this class also must be added the original contributors who have, from time to time, through their laboratory experimentation and hospital practice, completely changed many theories of medicine.

As the science progressed and its literature increased, there began to appear the second class of writers, who after studying the works which had preceded them, chose carefully that which is most valuable, rejecting the remainder. To this class belongs a majority of the later writers. The modern physiologist describes the circulation of the blood as discovered by Harvey; tells of the function of the gastric juice as demonstrated by Beaumont; points out the phenomenon of protoplasmic activity as shown by Rosel; but he can give very few wholly new and original ideas. The anatomist writes of Vieussens' valve, Rolando's fissure, and Winslow's foramen,—rearranging and describing the same things that others have described. The pathologist, for his instruction, goes to Sydenham, to Laennec, to Bard, and to the host of specialists who have preceded him; he, himself, contributing only a small part from personal clinical observation. But neither the physiologist, the anatomist, nor the pathologist, should receive less honor because he draws his material from these well-known sources. Indeed, this method is of the utmost importance to the student and practitioner of medicine. Thus, on the nervous system alone volume after volume has been written. If the student had all these books before him he would stand bewildered and confused on the very threshold

of his studies. To avoid such confusion, the neurologist, who has made a life work of this subject, devoting years to what the profession as a whole must devote only days, selects from all this material that which his extensive knowledge teaches him to be the most useful, and presents a book wholly within the reach of his less favored brethren. In a similar manner other subjects are treated, till by means of a comparatively few volumes a foundation is laid upon which the young man can begin to build a medical knowledge that may become more complete in structure.

To the third class mentioned—readers—belongs the profession at large. It includes the college professor and the country doctor; the young man entering the profession with high hopes and the venerable physician whose life work is nearly completed. No physician is so learned or so bigoted but that he daily seeks his books for aid and consultation. In fact, we know the most successful men are they who are the closest students; such men are able to meet emergencies as they arise, being fortified by the opinions of the best authors. Medicine, together with all other sciences, is marching rapidly forward; the physician in order to keep his place in the ranks must constantly inform himself of the latest positions; unless he does this, he is bound to fall out in the march and his place will be taken by a more deserving recruit. People, recognizing this fact, choose for their physician, not the man who spends his leisure hours in outside occupations, but the one who spends such time in his office with his books.

Now while the members of the profession as a whole occupy this last position, they should to a more limited extent assume the first, that of original contributors. The summit of medical knowledge is by no means reached. "We are wont," says Emerson, "to think that we are at the meridian of civilization. We are only at the cock crowing and the morning star." Into the practice of every physician must come cases of more than usual scientific interest, cases which might, could they be reported, prove of aid in some department of medicine, such as fixing the value of a drug or establishing the diagnosis of a disease. To illustrate, only a short time ago, a new remedy, antitoxine, was introduced. Like every new remedy it at once received unqualified indorsement from some and most strenuous opposition from others. Now the true value of such a medicine can only be determined by long-continued and careful trial. It should be tested under all circumstances and sanitary conditions; used in fatal epidemics as well as more mild cases of diphtheria; in private practice and fully equipped hospitals; as a prevent-

ive measure and in the disease itself. It is impossible for few men to apply all these tests. Systematic reports from physicians in different countries and different parts of our own country have proven and must still prove of great value here. Such reports are always gladly published by the best journals of medicine and are thus brought directly to the attention of the profession.

So it is the privilege—more than that, it is the duty of every physician to avail himself of each opportunity for advancing medical knowledge. He should do this, not for mere personal ambition or mercenary greed, but for the saving of human lives. And the physician should not consider himself limited to the few patients that occupy his daily practice; broader fields stretch before him; through the columns of his journals he may become a consulting physician for patients far remote, thus returning to that literature from which he derives his daily knowledge a small percentage of the debt which he owes.

Classmates: we now receive the diplomas which admit us to a most honorable profession. May we never cast a stain upon its honor. On the contrary, may each of us do his part toward advancing the science and raising it to a still higher standard. The most noble aspirations of the mind are not too noble, the broadest intellect that can be commanded is not too broad, and the deepest integrity that can be cultivated is not too deep for this our chosen calling.

To-day we look forward to our life work with a certain sense of satisfaction and pleasure. In future years, with pleasure, we shall look back upon the time spent at our work here. Indeed, much of the enjoyment of life comes from future expectations and past recollections. Cares which seem mountainous to-day looked at from a distance become trivial, and advantages which before were overshadowed by these cares assume larger proportions. We, in the future, will be able to look back more understandingly upon the advantages enjoyed here and more properly estimate their worth. Often in trying circumstances the value of the faithful instruction and earnest counsel received from our instructors will force itself upon us as it has been impossible to do in the hurry of the lecture course.

From now our paths, which have run side by side, separate, and each takes up his own individual duties. Wherever our lot may be cast let us never forget or try to evade the deep responsibilities we have assumed; responsibilities which must often be met without hope of present reward. Had we wished for rapidly accumulated wealth, we never should have

entered the medical profession. Had we longed for wide-spread fame, we should have looked for it in other directions. Had we desired a life of ease, we should not have sought it in a physician's life. None of these things shall come to us from the practice of medicine. But the satisfaction of living lives of usefulness, of combating disease, of lessening suffering, of saving life, and the heart-felt gratitude of patients and friends shall be ours, classmates, if we prove faithful to our profession.

President Hyde here presented the graduating class with their diplomas, adding a few appropriate remarks. He announced the following as having the highest rank in medical course: Albion K. P. Smith, George A. Tripp, and Frank A. Ross.

The following are the members of the class, which is rather smaller than usual:

Orion Irving Bemis, Charles Richardson Cobb Borden, LeRoy Oliver Cobb, John Eugene Gray, Henry Aaron Jones, Albert Joseph LaFrance, Eugene Libby, George Solomon Littlefield, George Stover Machan, A.M., Wilson Cornelius Marden, A.B., Frank Waldron Morse, Frank Augustus Ross, Allen Edward Schriever, Albion Keith Parris Smith, Clinton Stacy, A.B., George Alston Tripp, John Emile Wadsworth, Frank Bertelle Worthing, William Guy Wren.

The class officers are:

President, Frank Bertelle Worthing; Marshal, George Stover Machan, A.M.; Secretary, George Solomon Littlefield; Treasurer, John Eugene Gray; Executive Committee, John Emile Wadsworth, A.B. (chairman), Clinton Stacy, A.B., Orion Irving Bemis, Frank Waldron Morse, Clarence Capen Peaslee.

The music was furnished by the Salem Cadet Band and was of a high order.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

The annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity was held Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in Adams Hall. Fourteen were chosen from the Class of '96, which is one of the highest ranking classes of recent years. The names of those honored by the fraternity are here presented: Willard Streeter Bass, Wilton; John Harold Bates, West Sumner; Homer Ralph Blodgett, North Brooksville; John Emerson Burbank, West

Freeman; Herbert Otis Clough, Kennebunkport; Chase Eastman, Portland; John Edwin Frost, Eliot; Howard Gilpatric, Biddeford; Charles Arnold Knight, Brunswick; Charles Winslow Marston, Hallowell; John Clair Minot, Belgrade; Henry Hill Pierce, Portland; Robert Orange Small, Berlin, N. H.; Bertelle Glidden Willard, Newcastle.

The officers for the next year are as follows: Prof. H. L. Chapman, '66, President; Hon. H. H. Burbank, '60, Vice-President; Prof. F. C. Robinson, '73, Secretary and Treasurer; Literary Committee—Prof. G. T. Little, '77, Charles Fish, '65, Galen C. Moses, '56, C. F. Libby, '64, C. H. Cutler, '81.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF OVERSEERS AND TRUSTEES.

The meeting of the governing boards was held on Wednesday, and among the business transacted was the following, which we hope will be of interest:

Voted, That Messrs. Chamberlain and Small, with such of the Overseers as may join, be the visiting committee for the ensuing year. The Overseers added Messrs. Wilson, Baxter, and Ingalls.

Chose Dr. William MacDonald professor of Political Science for an indefinite length of time.

Chose Mr. A. V. Currier instructor in drawing for the current year.

Gave authority to committee to fix lower large room in Memorial Hall into two recitation rooms for permanent use.

Treasurer and Finance Committee authorized to contract for renovation of Appleton Hall during current year.

Treasurer and Finance Committee authorized to contract for central heating plant when funds will permit.

Voted to allow the track to be built on the triangular piece of land between New Meadows Road and Bowker Street.

Voted to allow the BOWDOIN ORIENT

the use of some room on the campus for use as an editorial room.

Voted to have an assistant in Greek and Mathematics for ensuing year.

Voted leave of absence to Henry C. Emery, professor of Political Economy, for one year, and appointed Leonard W. Hatch to fill vacancy.

Voted thanks to Mrs. Stephen J. Young for portrait of her husband, the late Prof. S. J. Young, to be placed in Treasurer's office.

Voted thanks to Charlotte M. Fisk of Boston for scholarship in memory of her husband, Joseph N. Fisk.

Voted to accept legacy of \$1,000 to college contained in will of Ann E. Lambert, late of Boston, to found the Joseph Lambert Fund, the income to be applied at discretion of the President to the most needy department of the college. Thanks of college voted for legacy.

Messrs. Frye, Webb, Allen, Adams, and Cousins chosen examining committee for 1896-7.

The action of College Treasurer was brought up, and it was decided to make no change.

The Treasurer, Professors Robinson and Chapman made a special committee to look after grounds and buildings, and disburse the funds set aside for those objects.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held in the Cleaveland Lecture Room in Massachusetts Hall, Wednesday, at 2 P.M. The following officers were elected: President, James P. Baxter; Vice-President, Rufus K. Sewall; Recording Secretary and Librarian, H. W. Bryant; Corresponding Secretary, Joseph Williamson; Treasurer, Fritz H. Jordan; Standing Committee, H. S. Burrage, Portland; H. L. Chapman, Brunswick; John M. Brown, Falmouth; E. P. Burnham,

Saco; S. C. Belcher, Farmington; Henry Ingalls, Wiscasset; C. E. Nash, Augusta.

The following were elected new members of the Association: Frank W. Hovey of Pittsfield, John Owen Patten of Bath, Herbert Payson of Portland.

The corresponding members elected were these: Robert Hallowell Gardiner, Boston; Benjamin Vaughan, Cambridge; Robert C. Winthrop, Boston; J. Y. Hinds, Windsor, N. S.; Robert G. Carter, Washington, D. C.

The annual Field Day will be held at Castine, July 9th. The Library Committee reported an increase of 223 books and 489 pamphlets.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening a large crowd attended the concert in Town Hall. The music was exceptionally fine and was greatly enjoyed. The following is the programme:

PART FIRST.

a. March—The Handicap.—Rosey.
b. Selection—Carmen.—Bizet. Salem Cadet Band.
Solo—Selected. Mr. Arthur Beresford.
Reading—A Daughter of France.—Onida.

Miss Harriet E. Carter.

a. Sweetheart.—Cowen.
b. Under the Juniper Tree.—Hollander.
Miss Grace Haskell.
Solo for Cornet—Selected. Mr. B. B. Keyes.
Solo—Selected. Mr. Arthur Beresford.
Summer.—Chaminade. Miss Grace Haskell.

PART SECOND.

Reading—The Goblein Gate.—R. J. Burdette.
Miss Harriet E. Carter.
Duet—I Feel Thy Angel Spirit.—Hoffman.
Miss Haskell and Mr. Beresford.
Solo for Piccolo—Sweet Birdie.—Cox.

Mr. R. Hannible.
Solo—Selected. Mr. Arthur Beresford.
Reading—a. Bells of Lynn.—Longfellow.

b. How They Brought Good News From Ghent to Aix.—Browning.

Villanelle.—De l'Acqua. Miss Grace Haskell.
a. Morcean—Silver Wedding.—Bach.
b. Sketch—A Southern Idyl.—Baxter.

Salem Cadet Band.

Miss Alice Philbrook, Accompanist.

The music of the Salem Cadet Band was up to its usual high standard. Miss Carter was an excellent artist, her voice was sweet, and she has a fine stage presence. She received many encores. Mr. Beresford showed himself to be a true artist, and all have a desire to hear him again in Brunswick. The concert was a success both musically and financially.

FRATERNITY REUNIONS.

After the concert the fraternity reunions were held at the various halls. A large number of the graduate members returned to indulge in a hearty grip and a pleasant evening in their old society homes. The tables groaned under the weight of the good things, and after the inner man was satisfied the toasts were given. Reminiscences and songs occupied all pleasantly until a late hour. The old fellows were young again, and the under-graduates mingled with them and learned many lessons of experience. It was a happy time for all.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The first thing to demand the attention of the returned alumni was the meeting of their association, which was held at 9 A.M. Thursday, in the Science Building. The officers are: President, James McKeen, '64, of New York; Vice-President, Sylvester B. Carter, '66, of Newburyport, Mass.; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. George T. Little, '77, of Brunswick. These were elected last year and they hold over for three years. The Association selected the following committees: To award the Pray English Literature prize in 1897, Rev. E. C. Cummings, Hon. C. F. Libby, and Rev. J. A. Bellows, all of Portland; advisory committee on athletics, Hon. E. U. Curtis of Boston and Barrett Potter of Brunswick; committee on overseers' nominations, Hon. J. B. Cotton of Washington, D. C., Dr. George H. Cum-

mings of Portland, and Edward P. Payson of Boston.

A committee was appointed to extend an invitation to Hon. Thomas B. Reed, '60, to address the Association at its next meeting.

CLASS REUNIONS.

There was the usual number of class reunions during Commencement week. We give a brief account of all that came to our notice.

The Class of '46 met with General Sewall at Bath, Wednesday, the 24th. Six out of the nine living members were present, and the reunion was a most pleasant one. Among those who were present were Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb, C. R. Dunlap, General F. D. Sewall, and J. C. Pickard.

The Class of '56 dined at Bath with Galen C. Moses. Prentiss Loring, E. B. Palmer, T. S. Robie, Henry Farrar, and W. S. Melcher were present. All enjoyed the occasion and look forward to the next of their annual gatherings.

The Class of '61 celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary on Thursday. We are unable to give the particulars of their meeting, but we know a large number were present, as it is a class that turns out in large numbers and always has a good time.

The Class of '66 met with Dr. Frederic H. Gerrish in Portland. This is their thirtieth anniversary. S. B. Carter, Dr. E. H. Cook, Russell D. Woodman, Prof. Henry L. Chapman, Charles K. Hinkley, and a number of others whose names we were unable to get were present. A class that has taken such an active interest in Bowdoin must have had a most enjoyable time, but we are unable to give particulars.

The Class of '67 had a banquet down at Jake Conant's on Wednesday evening. Nine out of a possible seventeen were present.

The Class of '76 held its reunion at the Falmouth Hotel in Portland, June 24th.

The following named members were present: C. G. Burnham, W. A. Robinson, E. B. Newcomb, Arthur F. Parker, A. H. Sabine, George B. Merrill, John A. Morrill, E. H. Kimball, W. H. G. Rowe, William G. Waitt, Tascus Atwood, Charles T. Hawes, Charles G. Wheeler. The reunion was of an informal nature.

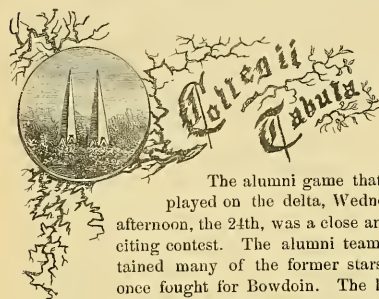
The Classes of '91, '94, and '95 had reunions which were largely attended, and all report exceedingly pleasant gatherings. We will not go into detail, for lack of space.

THE RETURNED ALUMNI.

Among the graduates back, were:

C. F. Allen, '39; George A. Thomas, '41; Alonzo Garcelon, '36; Henry Ingalls, '41; George M. Adams, '44; F. D. Sewall, Abial Libby, John Haskell, J. C. Pickard, C. R. Dunlap, '44; Wm. C. Marshall, '47; John Dinsmore, C. S. D. Fessenden, '48; S. P. Buck, T. S. Perry, '50; E. A. Thompson, '51; Lewis Pierce, '52; J. E. Adams, '53; D. C. Linscott, '54; E. B. Palmer, Prentiss Loring, T. S. Robie, Henry Farrar, W. L. Melcher, '56; J. C. Strout, '57; C. F. Brackett, '59; H. C. Robinson, A. H. Davis, H. H. Burbank, '60; A. DeF. Palmer, James B. Cochrane, C. B. Rounds, George L. Pierce, Edward Stanwood, C. O. Hunt, Loring Ford, Edwin Smith, A. N. Lu'kin, T. W. Hyde, A. H. Johnson, A. S. Packard, G. B. Kenniston, G. M. Hacker, J. W. Sharp, '61; Charles A. Bell, Weston Thompson, Anstin Harris, Thomas M. Given, '63; Enoch Foster, '64; J. E. Moore, Charles Fish, '65; S. B. Carter, Russell D. Woodman, Charles K. Hinkley, E. H. Cook, '66; Stanley Plummer, F. W. Chadbourne, N. S. Hutchinson, I. S. Curtis, H. S. Webster, G. P. Davenport, '67; John A. Hinkley, '68; C. A. Page, '70; E. F. Davis, J. F. Charry, E. S. Stackpole, '71; George M. Seiders, '72; A. P. Wiswell, F. M. Hatch, F. C. Robinson, '73; Henry Johnson, '74; S. M. Carter, F. E. Woodruff, S. C. Whitmore, '75; C. G. Burnham, W. A. Robinson, E. B. Newcomb, A. F. Parker, A. H. Sabiu, G. B. Merrill, J. A. Morrill, E. H. Kimball, W. H. G. Rowe, W. G. Waitt, Tascus Atwood, C. F. Hawes, C. G. Wheeler, '76; H. V. Stackpole, '77; Barrett Potter, G. C. Purington, '78; W. P. Perkins, W. L. Dane, A. H. Holmes, Frederick Cony, '80; William King, F. B. Merrill, E. E. Briry, '81; M. S. Holway, A. F. Belcher, W. A. Moody, '82; J. E. Dinsmore, S. T. B. Jackson, C. C. Hutchins, H. E. Cole, C. A. Corliss, '83; J. A. Waterman, Llewellyn Barton, '84; F. N.

Whittier, E. D. Freeman, F. W. Alexander, Eugene Thomas, '85, and many members of the classes graduated in the last ten years. The Class of '94 had 22 members back, and '95 had 20 at their first reunion. The old and young alike, enjoyed the week's exercises and paid their heartiest respects to their *Alma Mater*.



The alumni game that was played on the delta, Wednesday afternoon, the 24th, was a close and exciting contest. The alumni team contained many of the former stars that once fought for Bowdoin. The hearts of the undergraduates and alumni present were cheered by the sight of the new championship pennant hung from the flag pole. Dearth, '87, officiated as umpire and filled his position with credit. Those who played on the alumni team were as follows: Plaisted, '94, pitcher; Chapman, '94, catcher; Jones, '93, 1st base; Fairbanks, '93, 2d base; Hinkley, '94, shortstop; Sykes, '94, 3d base; Williamson, '88, right field; Leighton, '85, centre field; Talbot, '87, left field. After much amusement for spectators the alumni team won by a score of 9 to 8 in six innings.

Burbank, '96, will act as assistant in Physics next year.

The only thing Bowdoin has tried for and failed to win this year is the President of the United States.

During Commencement week Professors Hutchins and Robinson gave some interesting exhibitions with the X-rays.

At the meeting of Phi Beta Kappa the question of extending the society to take men from the Junior Class was discussed.

The three members of the graduating class in the Medical School who attained best rank were Albion K. P. Smith, George A. Tripp, and Frank A. Ross.

The gift of Mrs. Collins of Boston that was left the college nearly forty years ago, was received from the estate this week. The amount received was about \$7,000.

Several changes will be made on the campus during the summer. Memorial Hall is to be renovated. The lower room will have two large recitation rooms made out of it. It is too bad to lose the college meeting room, but the other rooms are needed more. The college meetings can be held up stairs.

The following honors have recently been awarded: Salutatorian of '96, Homer R. Blodgett; first prize in Junior declamations, Archie S. Harriman; second prize in Junior declamations, William F. White; Sewall Latin prize, William W. Lawrence, with honorable mention of Clarence E. Eaton; Sewall Greek prize, Clarence E. Eaton, with honorable mention of William W. Lawrence; Smyth mathematical prize, Wendell P. McKown.

During the week the track fund has been increased by several large subscriptions. One of \$500 was made by Mr. Hugh Chisholm of Portland. It goes without saying that this benefactor will be remembered. The work will go ahead rapidly and this fall will see Bowdoin with an athletic field worthy of her position. The total amount now subscribed is \$3,500. The grand stand on the delta will be moved before the fall, and the foot-ball games can be witnessed from that structure until the new one is built.

The Class of '99 held their "exit" banquet in Portland, Thursday evening, June 18th. Byron S. Philoon was toast-master of the occasion, and toasts were responded to as follows:

The Class of '99,	Cony Sturgis.
Professor Johnson,	A. A. Hayden.
The Fair Sex,	W. L. Thompson.
Athletics,	J. E. Wignott.
As Sophomores,	H. B. Neagle.
Our Future,	W. H. Smith.
Our Alma Mater,	F. L. Dutton.

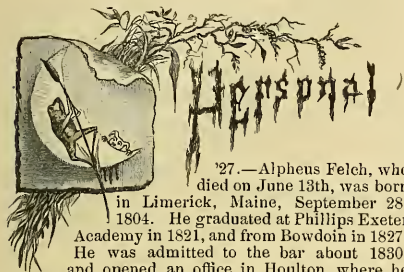
The literary exercises were:

Opening Address,	Loton D. Jennings.
Ode,	Harold F. Dana.
History,	Roy L. Marston.
Poem,	Lucien P. Libby.

The class ode, written by Arthur H. Nason, was next sung to the air of "Solomon Levi."

Closing Address, Archer P. Cram.
The exercises closed with the good old Bowdoin song, "Phi Chi."

The entire Sophomore Class at Bloomington, Ill., was recently expelled for refusing to answer questions concerning the ringing of the college bell at midnight.



'27.—Alpheus Felch, who died on June 13th, was born in Limerick, Maine, September 28, 1804. He graduated at Phillips Exeter Academy in 1821, and from Bowdoin in 1827. He was admitted to the bar about 1830, and opened an office in Houlton, where he remained for three years. His health requiring a change he went to Michigan in 1833, locating at Monroe, where he practiced law for ten years and then removed to Ann Arbor. In 1835 he was elected to the State Legislature and served three years, gaining distinction by being the only member who spoke against the law which opened the way for wild-cat banks. He filled successively, after this, the offices of State Bank Commissioner, Auditor General, Judge of the State Supreme Court, Governor, and United States Senator. He served in the Senate with Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, and steadily rose in prominence. At the close of his term in the Senate, President Pierce appointed him one of the commissioners to settle the Mexican land claims in California. He was elected president of this commission, which performed great service for the lasting three years, after which Governor Felch returned to Ann Arbor, where he has since lived as a private citizen. In 1873 he retired from the active practice of law, and in 1875 he made a European trip. In 1877 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Bowdoin College, and the same degree by Michigan University in 1879. In the latter year he was appointed Professor of Law in the University, a position which he held for about six years. In politics Governor Felch was always a firm Democrat. Until the last few years every party meeting beheld him on the platform. He made a speech at the ratification of President Cleveland's election in 1892. Upon intelligence of his death the Governor issued a proclamation ordering all the flags on the State buildings at half-mast, and the State Departments closed on the day of the funeral. Governor Felch was of an imposing personality and of beautiful character, and commanded universal respect. The tributes to his life and character have been many and warm.

'48.—The resignation is announced of Professor Egbert C. Smyth as President of Andover Theological Seminary, after a period of eighteen years in that position. Professor George Harris will succeed him. Considerations for his health induced President Smyth to take this action. He will take the Brown Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, and his membership in the Faculty. President Smyth liberalized the teaching in the Theological School, which brought upon him the charge of having departed from the Andover creed. A long investigation by the Board of Visitors followed, and a decision was reached that the charge of heresy brought against him had better be dropped. Throughout the long controversy Presi-

dent Smyth was supported by the seminary students and the liberal element of the Congregational church.

'62.—Rev. E. N. Packard, D.D., is President of the New York Missionary Society.

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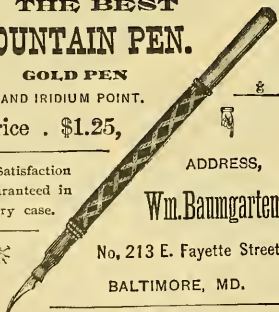
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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVI. BRUNSWICK, MAINE, SEPTEMBER 30, 1896.

No. 6.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Once again it is the pleasant duty of the ORIENT to welcome back to Bowdoin our friends and classmates from whom we parted last Commencement, and to greet for the first time the members of the incoming class of 1900. The sunburned faces of the students give unquestioned evidence that all have spent the summer in healthful out-door exercise, and now, after a full eleven weeks rest, we all come back to renew our individual lines of study with our batteries charged with plenty of energy to last us for the next eight months of hard work. Hard work we say, both in athletics and in scholarship, and let it be divided as evenly as possible, so as to produce the ideal result, the man who is perfectly developed mentally as well as physically.

Each of us undoubtedly has begun this new year of college-life by turning over a perfectly clean leaf and by forming lofty resolutions to do his best; still we all have done this a thousand times, and have learned, much to our chagrin, how hard it is to live up to our resolutions. However, we must not be disheartened, for the old saying, "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," may be applied to resolutions with equal force, in this manner: "Tis better to make them and break them, than never to make them at all."

The gap in our ranks left by the Class of '96 is indeed one which it will be no easy matter for her successors to fill, for '96 is one of Bowdoin's banner classes, and the rest of us will do well to imitate her in many respects. The ORIENT and every member of the college always will be glad to welcome back to the campus each and every one of Bowdoin's youngest alumni.

One word of advice to the Freshman Class. You are now beginning the most important chapter of your lives, and, above all things, begin it right. For "well begun is half done," and habits formed the first year, in fact the first term, will follow you through college and through your succeeding life. Cultivate the library, the gymnasium, and the best in your fellow-students, so that the foundations upon which you are to build will be absolutely unshakable and fit to bear you up nobly in years to come.

HAGAR, '97, editor-in-chief of the ORIENT, is not at college this term, and Baxter, '98, is in charge of the paper for this and the following issues.

MANY of us may think that after college closes in June, the campus is deserted and left to care for itself; but this is far from being the case. The college authorities endeavor to make some improvements every summer, and this year is no exception to the rule. Men have been constantly at work grading in front of the Science and Art Buildings, so that when the grass springs up, the whole campus, except the part to the south of the Art Building, will be an immense lawn as level as a floor. This is a decided change for the better, ornamentally as well as practically, for now, instead of wallowing through miniature lakes and rivers almost deep enough to require a good-sized ferry boat, we can walk dry shod to and from our

various occupations. The old whitewashed fence, whose only sphere of usefulness was to furnish material for Hallowe'en bonfires, and its adjuncts the posts, to get between which one had to go through a series of contortions, have both disappeared from the front of the campus. In Winthrop Hall the French room has been transformed into two rooms for students, and the German room into a home for the ORIENT, while lower Memorial Hall has been divided into recreation rooms to accommodate these two courses. The ORIENT room will contain the college exchanges, and will be used as a place of meeting for the Board. The dormitories have all been polished up and put in order for the coming year, and let us try to preserve them as if they were our own personal property. Old Massachusetts, not to be outdone, is resplendent with a fresh coat of paint.

The most important change, however, that has taken place is at the new athletic field. The fence is all built, also the track, with the exception of a few loads of cinders, and probably by the time the ORIENT appears the grand stand will have been set up in its new position, and everything will be in readiness for the opening game on October 3d. In looking over all that has been accomplished while we have been at the sea-side or in the mountains enjoying ourselves, we may heartily thank the college authorities for being so good to us.

AFTER thirty years of faithful service, Mr. Booker has decided to resign his position as college janitor, and enjoy the well-earned fruits of his labor. It was over thirty years ago when Mr. Booker first came to us as assistant janitor. After holding this position for a year or so he was placed in full control over the college buildings. From that time till this he has invariably kept the best interests of the college at heart, and has per-

formed his duties with a ready willingness and an inexhaustible supply of patience that is characteristic of him; for if there is any walk in life where patience is a virtue, it is that of a college janitor. To repair the broken doors, set the countless panes of glass, and attend to the numberless calls from this and that student, is a test of patience such as most of us could not endure. Mr. Booker, however, has stood it nobly, and was and is the friend of the students, with whom he is deservedly popular. He has known every graduate of the college for over a quarter century, and it is with feelings of sincere regret that the alumni, as well as the undergraduates, hear of his retirement. The ORIENT, on behalf of the alumni, the student body, and itself, extends to Mr. Booker its best wishes for his health and happiness, trusting that he will not forget us, and that his familiar face will be often seen on the campus, where he always will be cordially welcomed. Mr. Simpson is to succeed Mr. Booker, and the ORIENT, wishing him the best of success, extends to him its greetings, hoping that he will ever be mindful of the fact that human nature is weak, and that students are but young and inexperienced.

THE season of foot-ball has just gotten fairly started, and a few words of advice and encouragement we trust will not be out of place or misconstrued. Foot-ball, without any doubt, is the most popular branch of American collegiate athletics, and as such should receive the most enthusiastic and liberal support of our American colleges. It would be both useless and out of place at present to enter into a discussion of the "pros and cons" of foot-ball in these columns; for what member of the Faculty or what student in Bowdoin disbelieves in foot-ball? If any such there are, they have not as yet taken the trouble to proclaim their convic-

tions. Taking it for granted, as we may properly do, that foot-ball has come to stay, and that we want it to stay, how may each and every one of us help to make this season a success? This may be accomplished in three ways, morally, financially, and physically. Every man in college must help at least in one of these respects, some in two, some even in all three; and if every man will exert himself to the utmost, the Bowdoin foot-ball team of '96 will be one whose record will eclipse all previous ones, no matter how glorious they may have been. The season of preliminary practice began the week before college opened, when Captain Stearns and several of the men came back early, so as to make a good start. Since then the men have turned out to practice remarkably well, and Mr. Hoag, the coach—who, by the way, coached our '95 team on to victory—is fast getting the men into shape. The outlook is bright indeed, and even though some of our heavy line men have left us, their places are being well filled by new candidates, who by constant work will make excellent material. Our schedule is one where we can and will bring to ourselves glory, for we play Dartmouth, Williams, and other colleges of high standing in the foot-ball world. The opening game is to be played with Maine State College on the new field, October 3d, and let there be such an attendance as never before witnessed a college game in Brunswick. The ORIENT has often heard it asked by men from other colleges, why it was that Bowdoin, with so small a number of students, could send out athletic teams which competed so successfully with the representatives of other colleges of double our size or even more. The answer to this is, that Bowdoin men are more united and more closely bound together by a common purpose than most of our sister institutions. Herein lies the secret of our success, and with the motto "In Union there is Strength"

leading us forward, the ORIENT predicts for the team of '96 the most glorious foot-ball record that has yet been inscribed in the annals of the college.

THE Faculty, with two exceptions, remains the same as last year. Professor Emery, who is on a year's leave of absence, is succeeded by Dr. Hatch, who comes to us from Columbia. We trust that Dr. Hatch will be pleased with his new surroundings and that the relationship between him and his classes will be most satisfactory. The ORIENT extends to him the greetings and best wishes of the college.

WE welcome back to the campus Mr. Mitchell, who has just returned, after a year's absence, and whose department last year was filled by Mr. Rich. We are glad to have him with us again, and hope he enjoyed his rest to its fullest extent.

THIS, the first number of the ORIENT, is sent to every student in college and shall be so sent unless a notification to stop it is received. We hope that such notifications will be few and far between, for it is the duty of every student and alumnus to contribute to the support of the paper by taking it. The columns of this paper are open to all, and contributions, both of verse and prose, are earnestly solicited from every student in every class. The only method of reaching our alumni and the entire student body, is through the columns of this paper, and it is the privilege of all, which we regret to say is not made use of to its utmost, to write for the ORIENT. Let the Freshmen especially bear this in mind, and let them not think because they are new-comers that they are in any way debarred from contributing articles for its columns. The ORIENT is *by the students, of the students, and for the students.*

NOW that the foot-ball season is upon us, and we are to meet other colleges upon the gridiron, the much-talked-of matter of a college yell is again eligible for discussion. Our yell, as it stands at present, does not give entire satisfaction, and there is ample room for one or more new ones. Cannot some of us who are particularly skillful in yells and yelling suggest, through the columns of the ORIENT, some innovations in this line? Let every one try, for we know not what our talents are until we begin to exercise them.

The Supremacy of the Seas.

“WAR is the history of man.” We may talk of our civilization and refinement, and boast of our international peace-congresses and courts of arbitration, but behind all stand the armed hosts of Mars, and still the hostile fleets demand satisfaction for insults real or fancied, even as did the galleys of the Greeks and Romans two thousand years ago.

When we speak of war we are accustomed to bring before our minds pictures, perhaps of the conquering Roman legions, or of the knights of mediæval times, or more possibly of the armies of the present day. But do we often stop to consider what an important part the sea power, the navies of the nations, has played in war, and therefore in the history of the world?

What was it that checked the Persian invasion of Greece? Not the victory of Miltiades at Marathon, nor the stubborn defence of Thermopylæ by Leonidas, but the “wooden walls” of Themistocles, the Athenian fleet at Salamis, which broke the power of the invader and sent Xerxes back to Asia in affright.

What was it, in the Punic wars, that saved the eternal city from the all-conquering Hannibal? Not the skill and wisdom of

Fabius, nor the valor and energy of Marcellus. It was the fact that the Roman fleet controlled the Mediterranean and cut off Hannibal's supplies and reinforcements from Africa at every point, leaving him no choice but to retreat or perish.

Passing to modern history, let us for a moment note England's position in the conflicts with Napoleon. England was practically mistress of the waves: Napoleon was master of the land. But he could not reach the sea-girt isle, while its navy could assail him at a hundred points. Can any one doubt what the result would have been to Europe, had England fallen before the Corsican? Yet what could have saved Great Britain from his grasp, had Nelson failed at Trafalgar?

Take now our own civil war. Our navy actually cut the Confederacy in two by ascending the Mississippi, penetrated far inland by every navigable river, and by blockading the seaports practically starved the rebellion into submission. Could any more forcible example be given of the value of the sea-power?

These are but a few illustrations of the influence which naval supremacy has exerted upon the wars both of ancient and of modern times, but there are other instances from the defeat of Mark Antony at Actium, nineteen hundred years ago, down to the Japanese victory in the Yalu river, in our own day, which might have been cited with equal force. Between two sea-board nations the advantage in war will always lie with the power having the greater fleet.

And now as to the application of this truth to our own country. We have become accustomed, of late years, as each new vessel has been added to our fleet, to boast the growing strength and speed of our cruisers and battle-ships until, in the eyes of many Americans, our navy appears to be one of the most powerful in the world, and we quite

overlook the fact that in point of numbers our navy is still but a handful in comparison with the vast fleets of other nations.

But yet, in spite of our manifest inferiority, certain of our citizens are demanding the reduction of our naval appropriations.

They say: "We are at peace; what need we of a navy?" They forget that there has scarcely been a month for many years when our navy has not been engaged in active service on some portion of the globe. They claim that by our situation we are far removed from Europe, and therefore are not likely to become involved in any war. They overlook the fact that we are now separated from Europe only by a few days' sailing. Then they declare that if we ever should become engaged in any war, we could readily build a fleet to meet the emergency, just as we did in 1812, or in the war of the rebellion. They fail to realize that the days of wooden ships are passed, and that a modern iron-clad requires months for construction. Like the Dutch Republic in former days we are letting our naval power fall behind, forgetful of the fact that the only safe way to avoid war is by making our fleet so strong that a foreign power will long hesitate before assailing us.

There is another important element of the sea-power; an element which this country has, for the most part, overlooked. In order to successfully carry on a maritime war a nation must have suitably situated naval stations to serve as bases of supplies. No modern cruiser can carry sufficient coal to last more than a few weeks, and in times of war no friendly port would open to our fleet. We should be forced to rely upon our own resources, and in this respect we should find ourselves sadly deficient.

In contrast to this, consider England's policy. Neither in the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Indian, nor the Pacific, is she lacking in ports, fortified, garrisoned, and

fully provided for coaling and refitting her ships. Thirty-six naval stations, located upon all the important routes of commerce, are ever at her service; while off the coast of the United States alone seven frowning fortresses float the British flag. Cape Breton, Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, Santa Lucia, Trinidad, and Vancouver: is Great Britain fortifying these points merely for amusement? It is the old, old story over again. Might still makes right, and England is wise enough to see that if she is to maintain her supremacy of the seas she must be in a position to defend it.

The world is now about to enter upon a new century; a century in which the competition for trade and traffic and national supremacy will be greater than ever before; a century in which the control of the sea will mean, to the country possessing it, not only unbounded commercial advantages, but also the foremost place among the nations of the world. To the United States a boundless opportunity is opening. Will America seize her opportunity, or shall we hesitate until some more energetic nation bears away the prize? Time, tide, and Great Britain wait for no man. For years it has been England's boast that she is mistress of the seas. Her merchant fleets control the commerce of the world. Her navy is "the right hand of her diplomacy" in peace, and in war it is her firm defence. Is the United States to let this longer last? Shall American enterprise and American patriotism give way to England for another hundred years? We must make the choice. There is no middle course. We must either advance or retreat. The opportunity is open to us: it will not come again.

We boast our land to be the greatest on the earth. The surge of the mighty Atlantic beats against our eastern shore. Our western coast looks out upon the broad expanse of the Pacific. Was ever nation blest with

greater advantages of natural situation, or greater opportunities for acquiring the supremacy of the waves?

Then let the United States launch boldly forth upon the sea. Let America send forth her fleets and make firm her naval stations throughout the world. Let us be ready not only to bridge the seas, but even to cut the continents in twain, as did the Frenchmen at Suez and as America must at Nicaragua. And, when another century has passed away, may it no longer be the boast of Great Britain, but the well-earned glory of America to be called "The queen of the ocean, the mistress of the seas."

One Night During Vacation.

VACATION has come, and gone, and all that remains of those days of sunshine and freedom are pleasant memories that will serve only to lighten and soften the routine of college study. But, not to explain nor excuse, it all happened this way:

One of my friends and myself had long been planning a trip down along the southwestern part of Florida. Day after day the journey was put off, till, early one morning, the latter part of August, we saddled our horses, took only our guns, a couple of blankets, and with as little *impedimenta* as possible, were soon on our way. Nothing out of the ordinary happened for the first day or so, and the incidents which make up my story occurred one night after a long day's ride. Our road had led us, for the most part, through the low-lands. At times we were riding under tall palms and majestic live oaks, and then again our trail would narrow down and point us through dense jungles of tropical vegetation. For an hour we had been looking for some suitable place to camp, but the swamp seemed to stretch away for miles on every hand. The sun had set, and through the dim twilight the trees began to loom up like spectres of the night.

Rain-drops, too, were beginning to fall and a thunder-storm was rumbling away to the eastward. Around us the frogs had set up an incessant croaking, occasionally an owl would give its long "who-o-o," and once a panther, far behind us, raising its shrill cry in the falling darkness, reminded us that we must seek some shelter for our safety. We urged our horses on rapidly and in a few minutes fortunately came upon a low log hut. In response to our "Good evening" a voice from the cabin bade us dismount and come in, and we soon found ourselves in a veritable "Cracker Mansion." The dirt, the logs, the home-made fire-place, the old 'possum dog and, yes, even the 'possum himself, just as I have seen them many times in such abodes, were all there.

The family consisted of three persons: Uncle Joe, as he called himself, and his two sons. The two boys were freckled, dirty, yellow-haired little "crackers." Uncle Joe, however, was a relic. A Floridian by birth, he had always lived in the South, and, in his day, had been a famous hunter. He had been a rebel scout through all the war, had been struck by lightning twice, and married three times; so that as a survivor of these fiery ordeals, Uncle Joe is not what he used to be. His right arm is gone, one eye useless, a cripple in one leg, and bent in form; but with as strong a voice and as merry an eye (the remaining one) as when long ago he used to follow his hounds by the With-locochee. Imagine us, then, seated around the open fire-place. See Uncle Joe calmly smoking his pipe; listen to the 'possum as it cracks and bakes before the fire, and watch the youngest "cracker" play with the old dog or catch on his bare toes the rain-drops trickling through the roof.

After the customary questions and answers: "Who are you? Where did you come from, and where are you going?" my

friend, to start the conversational ball a-rolling, ventured to remark that it had been "awful hot lately."

"Wal, now," and Uncle Joe knocked the ashes from his old corn-cob pipe, "Hot? Yep, I reckon it *was* in the summer of '49. I 'low if you uns hed seen heat then you'd thought so. You see 'twas this way," and Uncle Joe, warming up over his subject, began to tell us of the unseemly ways in which old Sol used to conduct himself. "Why, it was so hot and what few people there were perspired so thet ef you'd led a man blindfolded through the settlement he'd have thought sure it was rainin'. Even the fish perspired so thet the lakes and streams was six inches above their normal depth," and Uncle Joe rubbed the side of his nose with his fore finger, appeared lost in deep thought for a few minutes, and then began telling us one tale and another of his varied experiences. One of them, the last one, interested me a good deal. I shall not attempt to imitate his inimitable style of telling it, but the story was this: "Way back in the fifties there was a settlement near where we then were, called "Carsons City." Late in the fall about that time the village was suddenly thrown into a fever of excitement. The men gathered together in little groups, the women looked excited, and even the taciturn Seminole warrior seemed moved. Such was the situation when an old gray-haired Spaniard, followed by his pack of hounds, came riding into town. A letter—the cause of all the commotion—was handed to him, as he was the only one of them all who could read. Never before had a letter come to the place. What could it be? The missive, on being opened, simply stated that on a week from that day a certain man would hold revival meetings in the town. Amid curses and words of ridicule each man asked his neighbor, "What shall we do about it?"

"Leave it to me," said the grim old Spaniard, owner of a thousand slaves, "I'll take care of him."

Many were the speculations as to what would be the outcome, but at last, on the appointed day, a young man, pale and sick with fever, walked slowly into the settlement.

The meeting commenced; the young man, standing on a cracker box, opened the services with a song. The first verse and part of the second were sung amid the breathless silence of the people when, suddenly, from the bushes near by, there was a white puff of smoke, the sharp crack of a rifle, and there, lifeless, lay the singer.

"Yep, they uns murdered him," concluded Uncle Joe, "and I reckon it couldn't be helped. Two or three of us buried him yonder," and he pointed through the open door to a little mound where, beneath the pines and palms, lay the nameless singer.

But it was getting late, and so, poking up the embers and gathering together some deer skins, Uncle Joe led us to our bunks, where we slept soundly till we were awakened next morning by the youngest "cracker's" yelling "You uns better get up. 'Possum's all baked."

Bowdoin Verse.

Back to Bowdoin.

Tall and straight in his dignity,
Reverend, grave as grave can be,
Thinking, "The world is watching me,"

The Senior comes back to Bowdoin.

With budding moustache and foot-ball hair,
With visions of conquests among the fair,
Of "Junior Ease," and such castles in air,

The Junior comes back to Bowdoin.

His thoughts turned to hazing, and horns and pails,
With a whoop and a yell the campus he hails;
While before his wild manner the Freshman quails,
'Tis the Soph come back to Bowdoin.

Fresh from his "prep" school dignity,
Resolving to run, immediately,
College, students, and faculty,
The Freshman comes to Bowdoin.

Rhyming Hexameters.

Peering above the pines, her face with a bright smile beaming,
Mildly the harvest moon shines. The cottage windows are gleaming,
Merged in the lucent ocean. Quick turning with whimsical motion,
Twinkles the weather-vane fickle; keen flashes the harvester's sickle.

For with blithesome song and laughter jovial reaping,
Labors the rustic throng, the wains with the yellow grain heaping.

Sadly, with plaintive sigh, the owl his true love is wooing;
While, from the dove-cote nigh, the dove to his mate is cooing;
And, as the ponderous wain returns with the golden sheaves laden,
Breathing of love, the swain walks home with the blushing maiden.

Queen! Oh in what grand array mother earth thou dressest!
Oh with what bountiful hand the crops and the harvests thou blessest!
Oh with what memories dear the brow of the old dost thou sadden!
Oh with what hope sincere the heart of the young dost thou gladden!
What deep peace and rest to the soul that is weary thou tendest!
What chaste thoughts, and blessed, to the mind of the lover thou sendest!

Mistress, so dear to my sight! Thy light from my life never sever:
Sail on, the queen of my night; sail on forever and ever.

The City of the Dead.

Within the city of the dead
I walked one quiet Sabbath day.
With downcast eyes and bended head,
Where'er the winding pathway led
I wandered on,—nor knew the way.

My thoughts went back to years gone by
When unliv'd life had seem'd so bright;
When youthful love and hope ran high,
And to my ardent, eager eye
The world's best laurels seem'd my right.

A vision sweet and wondrous fair
Then came through memory's open door,
With earnest eyes and waving hair,
And in my heart a silent prayer
I breathe, that we might meet once more.

And then I paus'd and look'd around—
The way was strange and new to me;
My wandering glance a small grave found,
And, strolling slowly to the mound,
I bent to read whose it might be.

The snowy marble bore the name
Of her who in my thoughts had been.
The face that to my memory came
A moment since, it was the same
That lay beneath that grass so green.

I knelt beside that quiet grave
Within God's acre, and I pray'd
That heaven would make me true and brave;
That I some suffering soul might save,
For her dear sake, my angel maid.

I murmur'd, "Love, thy pure sweet life
A benediction is to me.
And ever through the heat and strife
Of living, be it e'er so rare,
Thy spirit, love, my guide shalt be."



When we left last spring,
dreams of a stately stone depot
floated across our vision, and those
dreams are still floating. The miser-
able "lean-to" shanties that do ser-
vice for a depot remind one of a boom
town out west, that is here to-day and to-morrow
gone; but these shanties will be here to-day, to-
morrow, and forever.

Minott, '98, has returned.

Bartlett, '92, was at the college last Saturday.

H. E. Marston, '99, is out teaching this term in North Anson.

Pierce, '98, is coaching the foot-ball team of Hebron Academy.

L. P. Libby, '99, received a considerable injury on his forehead last week.

A scrub eleven went to Bath Saturday and defeated the high school team by a score of 22 to 0.

The Bowdoin Republican Club went to Bath on the evening of the 26th to hear candidate Bryan.

John H. Quint of Dover, N. H., who has entered the Senior Class, is a member of Z Chapter of $\Psi \chi$ at Dartmouth.

The delta seems lost without the grand stand; but it has gone to fill a better place down on the new athletic field.

A. G. Varney and C. A. Towle, who have joined '98 and '99 respectively, come to Bowdoin from Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

Macmillan, '97, is very ill with typhoid fever at his home in Freeport. Mac's valiant work on the foot-ball team is sadly missed this fall.

A. E. Burnell, who has entered the Class of 1900, comes from the State College at Orono, where he is a member of the B O H fraternity.

There have not been so many '96 men back this fall as there were '95 men last fall. Bowdoin misses '96 and wants to see them back, if only for a day.

The familiar figure of Mr. Booker is missed on the campus by every one. His prompt attention to repairs always received the appreciation of the students.

President Hyde made an extended trip through the West the past summer on a lecturing tour. He delivered a series of lectures both in Chicago and Colorado.

The healthy odor of husbandry arising from the newly-laid-out lawns brings the tear to the eyes of many a homesick Freshman as he dreams of home pastorals.

Several improvements have been made in the library. A set of revolving magazine stands add a great deal to the convenience and appearance of the main hall. Ah, but that new library!

The custom of cutting all recitations the first week was this term generally set aside. While little actual work was accomplished, still the disposition for it was more manifest than usual.

J. C. Minot, '96, ex-editor-in-chief of the

ORIENT, has been back with friends on the campus for several days. During the summer he was editor of the Old Orchard Daily *Sea-Shell* for his sixth season, and for the past month has been in Vermont.

The Bostonians in "Robin Hood" at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, October 6th, will be a rare treat to the music lovers of this college. Boys, don't make any other engagements for this evening, but take your lady and attend the opera.

A number of friends went to the train last Thursday to see Rhines, '97, en route for Colorado. Dread consumption seriously threatens "Hod," who used to play guard on '94's 'varsity and who pulled an oar in '97's boat. He will enter Colorado University.

It is an exceedingly wholesome sound to hear the thirty odd candidates for the 'varsity come running down the paths for the gym after a hard practice game. It makes the backers of Bowdoin foot-ball realize that the team earns their support by honest, hard work.

J. H. Bates, '96, who has been director in a gymnasium at St. Albans, Vt., this summer, stopped off on his way to take up his new duties as physical director at Colby. Mr. Bates will attend the lectures of the Medical School at Bowdoin this winter, three days of each week.

The Bowdoin Republican Club held two meetings on the 23d and 24th respectively. The organization was perfected and a committee appointed to arrange for a Republican rally at Town Hall, to be held under the auspices of the college club. There was great enthusiasm manifested and several stirring speeches made.

The death of dear old "Billie" Fields casts a gloom over the tender memories of Bowdoin men of many generations. His place in the life of every student will be hard to fill. The returning alumnus always ran in to see the dispenser of good cheer and friend of his college days, even if he had time to see no one else.

Rev. Mr. Puddefoot, the secretary of the Home Missionary Society, gave an interesting talk to the students and towns-people in Memorial Hall on the evening of the 23d. He spoke of the work being done out west by the society, and his remarks were overflowing with humor. The students who did not attend missed a great deal.

The students miss the old French recitation room in North Winthrop. Every one, however,

appreciates the fine new Modern Language and Greek rooms in Memorial Hall. The editorial board of the ORIENT will occupy the old German room. Here the exchanges and back numbers of the ORIENT will be kept and probably most of the work on the ORIENT will be done.

To allay the terrible attack of freshness which 1900 had contracted, the Sophomores kindly salted the Freshmen as they came out of chapel the first week. 1900 is "little, but Oh! My!" Salt will oftentimes accomplish what molasses fails to do. Mr. Simpson, the new janitor, thought that the chemical combination of molasses and salt would not be effective, so he removed the molasses. 1900 falls a ready victim to that brave old song, as sung by lusty Sophs: "Everybody Takes His Hat Off to Us."

The Rev. Elijah Kellogg, the patriarch of Bowdoin, addressed a very large assembly of students and towns-people in Memorial Hall a week ago last Sunday. Every one seemed to feel that perhaps never again would he be able to hear the graceful speech of this favored and eminent son of Bowdoin, and perhaps Mr. Kellogg, too, had that in his mind, for his address was that of Elijah Kellogg at his best. One of the pleasantest walks or rides about college is to Harpswell, where, every Sunday, Mr. Kellogg speaks in the pulpit that he has occupied almost continually since his graduation in 1840.

The decrease in hazing this year is very satisfactory to the more advanced members of the college, because they realize the fact that all forms of hazing do more injury to the reputation of the college than everything else combined. Still a great many feel that the Freshman is the loser in the end, even if he cannot appreciate the truth of the statement now. It is hard for the under-graduates and the younger body of alumni to believe that there is any method of sophisticating, of giving that finish so hard to describe, equal to the old-fashioned way. The young alumni, returning, miss the usual ceremonies by moonlight during the first week of the term.

The visit of the Bostonians to Brunswick is secured on account of the burning of the Augusta Opera House, where this company were booked for the 7th. It is the chance of a life-time, and it is doubtful if Brunswick ever secures such a snap again.

Below is a list of the new students who have entered college this fall. The list is necessarily

incomplete, as there is no regular system of registration in vogue here. Those whose names are only here in part would greatly oblige the college authorities by handing their names and residences to Professor Little in the library.

FRESHMEN.

William Joseph Abbott, $\Theta \Delta X$, Rockland.
 Percy Andrus Babb, $\Delta K E$, North Bridgton.
 Harry O. Bacon, $\Delta K E$, Natick, Mass.
 John Russell Bass, $\Delta K E$, Wilton.
 Charles Eugene Hill Beane, ΔY , Hallowell.
 Joseph Pitman Bell, πY , Lawrence, Mass.
 Albro E. Burnell, $B \Theta \Pi$, Portland.
 Ernest Victor Call, $\Delta K E$, Pittsfield.
 Robert Franklin Chapman, $A \Delta \Phi$, Portland.
 Albert Warren Clarke, $Z \pi$, Damariscotta Mills.
 Henry George Clement, $K \Sigma$, West Gorham.
 Burton M. Clough, $K \Sigma$, North Sebago.
 Henry Woodbury Cobb, $\Theta \Delta X$, Bath.
 George Bicknell Colesworthy, $K \Sigma$, Woodfords.
 Coombs, $K \Sigma$, Bath.
 William Crafts, ΔY , Mt. Vernon.
 William Cutler, $\Delta K E$, Bangor.
 Otho Lee Dascombe, $\Delta K E$, Wilton.
 Robert Jewett Farwell, Rockland.
 Howard N. Floyd, Brewer.
 George R. Gardiner, Brewer.
 Percy Clifford Giles, $K \Sigma$, Boothbay.
 Henry H. Giltman, North Bangor.
 George Flavius Goodspeed, $Z Y$, Wilton.
 George Bradford Gould, $\Theta \Delta X$, Bath.
 Lewis Alvin Grass, Methuen, Mass.
 Archie James Hamlin, Brunswick.
 S. M. Hamlen, Standish.
 Samuel Pope Harris, $A \Delta \Phi$, East Machias.
 Elbert Bradlee Holmes, $K \Sigma$, Lisbon.
 Austin Larrabee, Gardiner.
 Ernest Leon Jordan, $A \Delta \Phi$, Auburn.
 J. Fred Knight, πY , Rockland.
 Frederick Crosby Lee, Newcastle.
 Alfred Watts Levensaler, πY , Thomaston.
 H. C. McCarty, $A \Delta \Phi$, Portland.
 Islay Francis McCormick, ΔY , Boothbay Harbor.
 Selden Osgood Martin, πY , Foxcroft.
 Fred Bean Merrill, $\Theta \Delta X$, Bethel.
 Ralph Morse, $Z \pi$, Pittsfield.
 Philip Palmer, $\Theta \Delta X$, Westbrook.
 Charles Anderson Parker, Yarmouth.
 James R. Parsons, $K \Sigma$, Brunswick.
 Joseph Cleveland Pearson, $A \Delta \Phi$, Bath.
 Charles Hagan Potter, $\Theta \Delta X$, Brewer.
 Clarence C. Robinson, Berlin, N. H.
 Cheney Dexter Rowell, ΔY , Biddeford.
 Clarence Rumery, ΔY , Kearsarge, N. H.
 Russell, ΔY , Dresden.
 Charles Winfield Shelden, Bridgton.
 Harry Shorey, $\Theta \Delta X$, Woodfords.
 Ernest Thomas Smith, Oldtown.
 Frank M. Sparks, Gardiner.
 L. M. Spear, $Z \pi$, Danforth.
 Fred Harold Stinchfield, Gardiner.
 Arthur Weston Strout, $\Delta K E$, North Bridgton.
 Malcolm Cameron Sylvester, $\Theta \Delta X$, North Bridgton.

James Plaisted Webber, $A \Delta \Phi$, Bath.
 Harold West, ΔY , Lewiston.
 Joseph Walker Whitney, πY , Portland.
 Charles Glidden Willard, $Z \pi$, Newcastle.
 Stanley Chandler Willey, $K \Sigma$, Cherryfield.
 Arthur Brooks Wood, πY , Portland.
 William Billings Woodbury, Woodfords.
 Wyman, Fryeburg.
 Ussher, Juniors.

SOPHOMORES.

Glidden, Newcastle.
 Clifton Augustus Towle, $\Delta K E$, Winthrop.

JUNIORS.

R. R. Morson.
 Alpheus G. Varney, $\Delta K E$, Windham.
 Hugh F. Graham.
 W. C. Marlyn.
 F. H. Swan, $\Theta \Delta X$, Westbrook.

SENIORS.

W. C. Adams, Bangor.
 John H. Quint, πY , Dover, N. H.

SPECIALS.

Austin M. Goodwin, Biddeford.
 Gny H. Hutchins, Auburn.
 L. M. Stevens, Auburn.
 W. H. Dunnack, Dixmont.

Athletics.

Every afternoon, with absolute disregard of the weather probabilities, the delta is thronged with a crowd of students and towns-people, eagerly watching the foot-ball practice of Captain Stearns and his men, who are fast getting into fighting trim under the able coaching of Mr. Hoag, B. A. A. No season of Bowdoin's foot-ball career ever started so propitiously as the present.

The number of candidates for each position creates a healthful competition which is the making of a foot-ball eleven. This, combined with what may perhaps be of even greater importance, the moral support of the entire college, is sure to produce a team which will not only withstand the "ravages of time," but also those of competing teams. Though too early in the season for the team to be definitely selected, the list of the candidates who have begun systematic training is as follows: Ends—Dana, '98, Veazie, Wilson, Pulsifer, Goodwin; Tackles—French, Stockbridge, White, '97, Pettengill, Wiggin, Blake, '98; Guards—Call, Jennings, Hamlen, 1900, Blake, '97, Sewall, Baxter, Eames; Centre—Spear, Shute; Quarter-back—Fairfield, Hadlock; Half-backs—Horne, Kendall, Stetson, Stanwood, Stubbs, Levensaler; Full-back

—Ives, Clarke, Babb. Several of the candidates were members of last season's team, but the new material has plenty of pushing energy, and some of it is sure to push its way to the front.

The christening of the new field is to take place on October 3d, when the season is opened with Maine State. There are some remarkably strong teams to be lined up against, so that the victories will be all the more glorious. Below is the schedule:

Maine State College at Brunswick,	October 3.
Amherst at Amherst,	October 7.
Tufts at Brunswick,	October 10.
B. A. A. at Boston,	October 14.
Exeter at Exeter,	October 17.
Colby at Brunswick,	October 21.
Williams at Williamstown,	October 24.
Dartmouth at Hanover,	October 28.
Andover at Andover,	October 31.
M. I. T. at Boston,	November 4.
Open date,	November 7.
Colby at Waterville,	November 11.
Bates at Lewiston,	November 14.
Open date,	November 18.
Tufts at College Hill,	November 21.

As will be noticed there are two open dates, and the management is trying to arrange one of these with some strong team to be played in Portland.

The Sophomore foot-ball rush which, by the way, is getting to be a college foot-ball rush, was quite a decent scrap this year. The ball was rushed from one end down the whole row to the others, a dozen times. There were, in fact, two balls, which occasioned considerable confusion. Ball No. I. was the most sought after, however, and bore the brunt of the conflict. After some very "hot" rushes it was carried triumphantly into North Winthrop by Hewitt, '97, and others. Ball No. II. was lodged in South Maine by Kendall, '98, but in order to prolong the scrap and get the desired class cuts, he generously threw it out again, to be kicked and maltreated even more. After all were worn out the ball suddenly disappeared and its whereabouts are a mystery till this day.

The Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball rush was characterized by a deal of individual scraps and the usual interference by the upper-classmen. The Sophomores marched out with their customary hideous pomp and display. 'Kid' Kelley, bearing an enormous banner, was perched upon the shoulders of Godfrey. This was the advance guard which led the long line of '99, keeping step to the martial air of "Old Phi Chi," from the gymnasium to the pile of Freshmen on the delta under the

pinces. The ball had very little to do with the rushes, and really served only as an excuse for the scraps.

The Freshmen, with the aid of the upper-classmen, succeeded in getting one goal, but, strange to say, after the goal had been kicked, the ball could not be found. The officials, Messrs. Bodge, French, and Koehan, after waiting a reasonable amount of time, declared the game a victory for 1900, as it was supposed that '99 made away with the ball for fear of being beaten more seriously.

On account of rain the rope-pull and base-ball game was postponed until the following Saturday.

The Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game was played on the delta, Saturday morning, the 26th. There was but little class feeling in comparison with the games of previous years, as it was rather too one-sided to stir up much rivalry. It was principally a pitcher's battle, as both Greenlaw and Bacon pitched fine games.

Following is the official score:

SOPHOMORES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haskell, 3b.,	4	3	0	0	3	3	3
Greenlaw, p.,	6	4	2	5	2	4	0
Cleaves, c.f.,	6	1	0	0	3	0	0
Rounds, 2b.,	6	2	2	2	2	0	2
Clark, r.f.,	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
R. G. Smith, s.s.,	5	2	1	1	0	1	1
W. H. Smith, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	10	1	1
Came, i.f.,	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Philoun, c.,	5	1	2	2	10	0	0
Totals,	47	15	8	11	27	9	8

FRESHMEN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Merrill, 3b.,	5	2	1	1	0	0	3
Willard, 1b.,	4	2	1	1	10	0	2
Farwell, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	5	1	2
Robinson, s.s.,	4	1	1	1	3	2	1
Gould, c.,	5	2	0	0	7	0	3
Bacon, p.,	5	1	1	3	1	6	0
Harris, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Whitney, i.f.,	5	1	1	3	1	6	0
Crafts, c.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Clark, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals,	41	9	6	10	27	16	13

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Sophomores,	4	2	2	0	0	3	1	0	3—15
Freshmen,	3	3	0	1	1	0	1	0	0—9

Base on balls—by Greenlaw 4, Bacon 2. Struck out—by Greenlaw 10, Bacon 4.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE NEW ATHLETIC FIELD.

The cost of the field is \$4,000. The alumni and friends of the college have given \$2,500, which has been paid to the contractors.

This leaves a debt of \$1,500, \$1,000 of which is covered by unpaid subscriptions. Following are

the amounts subscribed by the members of each college class:

Class.	Subscribed.	Paid.	Unpaid.
'25	\$50	\$50	
'26	20	20	
'27	5	5	
'41	25	25	
'48	10	10	
'50	10	10	
'54	155	155	
'55	100	100	
'56	10	10	
'57	110	110	
'58	55		\$55
'59	10	10	
'60	101	76	25
'61	70	70	
'62	1	1	
'64	70	70	
'65	25		25
'67	20	20	
'69	50	50	
'70	10	10	
'72	40	15	25
'73	60	35	25
'74	45	45	
'75	225	120	105
'76	255	255	
'77	30	30	
'78	25		25
'79	20	10	10
'80	65	65	
'81	50	50	
'82	245	245	
'83	45	40	5
'84	5	5	
'85	45	40	5
'86	30	10	20
'87	35	35	
'88	40	30	10
'89	30	30	
'90	60	45	15
'91	35	25	10
'92	50	35	15
'93	75	55	20
'94	75	40	35
'95	108	52	56
'96	94	74	20
'97	82	65	17
'98	103	81	22
'99	59	39	20

Y. M. C. A.

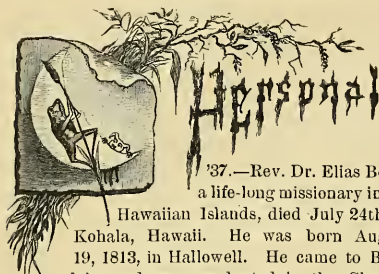
THE WORLD'S STUDENT CONFERENCE.

East Northfield, the scene of Mr. Moody's summer conferences, is a small village situated in northern Massachusetts. The Seminary where the meetings are held stands on a hill, commanding a view of the beautiful Connecticut valley. Northfield was started through the efforts of Mr. Moody, and is a high grade ladies' seminary, while Mt. Hermon, a similar school for boys, lies right across the river. The buildings of both schools are substantial stone structures, modern in every respect, while the auditorium, a large amphitheatre capable

of holding 4,000 people, was recently built expressly for the summer conferences. The meeting was composed of Y. M. C. A. men from colleges all over the world. This year the programme was made out with special attention being given to each side of man's threefold development. In the morning and evening came the development of mind and spirit; and in the afternoon that of the body. The conference opened June 26th and continued ten days. The daily programme was somewhat as follows: In the morning, Bible classes, lectures, and open parliament in the various class-rooms, followed by an address in the auditorium; in afternoon, recreation; and in the evening, addresses. The classes were led by the men most prominent in Y. M. C. A. affairs in this country, while Mr. Moody, Dr. McKenzie and others, were among the speakers. Every evening an open-air meeting was held on "Round Top," a neighboring hill, and this added much to the sociability of the session. The singing was led by a voluntary chorus of about seventy-five voices. Athletics were indulged in, and there were inter-collegiate base-ball and tennis games every afternoon. The different college fraternities represented held meetings, and of these Delta Upsilon had the largest delegation. All of the American and some of the Canadian colleges were represented at this conference, and it was an inspiring sight to see that immense auditorium filled to its utmost with enthusiastic Y. M. C. A. men. Bowdoin was represented by C. C. Smith, '98, and C. V. Woodbury, '99.

The Hand-book for '96-'97 has appeared. It is a neat little volume containing a valuable fund of information relating to every phase of college life at Bowdoin. The book is especially adapted to the new-comers to college, but it will be well worth the while for even upperclassmen to polish up a little on local affairs, with which one can not be too familiar. The committee of publication—Russell, '97; Minott and Bisbee, '98; Blair, and Rhodes, '97—deserve much credit for the excellence of their production and the thoroughness with which it is gotten up.

The annual reception given to the Freshman Class by the college Y. M. C. A. occurred on the evening of the 24th. The occasion was a most enjoyable one and a hearty welcome was given to the incoming class. After light refreshments were served, remarks were made by Professors Chapman, Woodruff, Houghton, Mitchell, and others.



'37.—Rev. Dr. Elias Bond, a life-long missionary in the Hawaiian Islands, died July 24th, at Kohala, Hawaii. He was born August 19, 1813, in Hallowell. He came to Bowdoin, and was graduated in the Class of 1837. Then he took the course at the Bangor Theological Seminary, being graduated in the Class of 1840. He forthwith offered his services as a missionary to the American Board, and was one of a company of six who landed at Honolulu in 1841. He was immediately assigned, with his wife, to missionary work in North Kohala, Hawaii, where his laborious service of more than fifty years was given, without interruption, to the Hawaiian race, which he greatly loved. He was one of the first missionaries to decline the support of the missionary board, and to rely upon his own resources for his support. He ably filled the position of general school agent, which he held until near the close of 1869. A number of school-houses built under his supervision and suited to the requirements of those times, together with the large stone meeting-house in Iole, still stand as monuments of his labors. In 1874 Mr. Bond founded the Kohala Girls' School, which opened its doors for active operations in December of the same year. After laboring for years to secure the financial aid and co-operation of friends in supplying employment for the natives who were rapidly withdrawing to Honolulu, where a livelihood could more readily be secured, success crowned his efforts, and the Kohala sugar plantation was started in 1863. Until the reciprocity treaty with the United States in 1876 the company was in a precarious condition. Since that time it has been a paying investment, and Mr. Bond has received a large income. This income has been almost entirely devoted to the cause of religion and education in foreign lands, as well as at home, through the various mission boards, educational societies, colleges, and theological seminaries. To the numerous friends and beneficiaries of Mr. Bond in Maine and Massachusetts it is due that the demise of this honored veteran missionary should be suitably noticed. His personal piety and conse-

cration was fervent and commanding; his friendship sure and enduring; his skill and popularity as an ingenious preacher in the Hawaiian tongue was extraordinary; his capacity as a correspondent and interesting letter-writer remarkable; his fidelity unswerving; his self-forgetfulness and gratitude for kindnesses received, unceasing. Finally, to use the characterization of Wordsworth, he was one

"Who with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self surpassed."

'42.—Rev. William Lyman Hyde died in Jamestown, N. Y., August 1, 1896. He was born in Bath, Me., December, 27, 1819. After he was graduated in 1842, he began to study for the ministry of the Presbyterian church. He was ordained May 4, 1849, and was first settled, the same year, over the church at Gardiner, Me. In 1856 he accepted the call of the First Presbyterian Church at Dunkirk, N. Y. He resigned this pastorate in 1862 to become chaplain of the 113th Regiment, New York Volunteers. He continued this service till the close of the war, when he accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Ripley, N. Y. From 1871 till 1874 he was pastor of the church in Sherman, N. Y. For the next ten years he was principal of the High School at Ovid, N. Y. In 1884 he went to Jamestown and engaged in journalism. He was a Republican in politics. At the time of his death he was chaplain in the New York State Department of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was married May 4, 1852, to Miss Frances E. Rice, granddaughter of Mr. Thomas Rice, circuit judge of Wiscasset, Lincoln County, Me. Mrs. Hyde died in 1892. He is survived by two sons, Dr. Henry Warren Hyde of Cripple Creek, Col., and Frederic W. Hyde, who was born in Dunkirk and who is now captain of the Fenton Guards of Jamestown and editor of the *Jamestown Journal*, and one adopted daughter, Mrs. S. C. Meddeck of Ovid, New York.

'48.—Dr. Charles S. D. Fessenden, a member of the famous Maine family of that name, died at the home of his brother, Dr. Joseph Fessenden, in Salem, Mass., July 23, 1896. He was born in Portland on February 23, 1828, a son of Gen. Samuel Fessenden and Deborah Fessenden, and one of nine boys, the oldest of whom was William Pitt Fessenden of the Class of '23. After his gradua-

tion, in 1848, he entered the medical profession, became attached to the United States Marine hospital service, and devoted his life to this work. At the time of his death he was the oldest doctor in the corps.

'94.—Farrington has accepted the position of head master of the Skowhegan High School, and has already entered upon his duties.

'96.—Marston is assistant principal at the Skowhegan High School.

College World.

Three courses in Chinese are to be established by Dr. John Fryer of the State University of California, situated at Berkley.

At a meeting of the Yale crew held after the Henley race, P. H. Bailey, '97, was elected captain of '96-'97.

H. M. Keator of Roxbury, N. Y., has been elected captain of the Yale base-ball nine for next year.

H. H. McLane, an American in London, will offer a trophy worth £100 to the Henley stewards, to be competed for by rowing crews from the leading colleges of the United States and Great Britain.

Twenty-one candidates for places on the University of Pennsylvania foot-ball eleven are in training quarters at Mecox, L. I.

The students of Ohio Wesleyan University must refrain from the use of tobacco as well as from attendance at theatres.

Mr. Murphy, the trainer of ten or more of Yale's track athletic teams, has left the service of Yale athletics to take a similar position at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was offered a considerable increase of salary. He will receive, it is said, \$3,000 in his new position.

Yale has a new symphony orchestra, the first organized in an American university. It is backed by the Faculty with an appropriation of \$1,500, and is intended to be a permanent organization.

The University of Chicago offers 1,086 courses, all departments included.

Columbia University is to have a new boat-house which will cost \$15,000. It is to be erected on the Hudson River, and will be of classic style with colonial front.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVI.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 14, 1896.

No. 7.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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We learn from the Athletic Field Committee that since the last issue of the ORIENT sums amounting to \$200 have been contributed toward paying the debt on the new athletic field. A debt of \$1,300 still remains. The subscriptions yet unpaid amount to over \$1,000. Students will show their appreciation of the field by paying the sums they have subscribed as soon as possible.

ALL but one of the Greek-letter fraternities have held their annual initiation, and as far as can be learned the number of the Freshman Class has not diminished to any great extent. For several months the various fraternities have been quietly at work looking up material for their 1900 delegations, but the active work has all been done in the last four weeks, so that now the fishing season is a thing of the past. Perfect satisfaction reigns on every hand, and we trust it will always continue so. The majority of the students at Bowdoin, as at most colleges of our size, are fraternity men, who fully believe in the fraternity principle, but let them not forget that there are two sides to every question, and that there are many forcible arguments against college secret societies. The responsibility of proving to the world that the fraternity system is a desirable one, rests especially heavy upon the younger

delegations who are to be here the longest. The method of proving this is simple and most effective. "Actions speak louder than words" is as true now as when first uttered; and let the fraternity men of Bowdoin prove unquestionably by their actions, that fraternity life is beneficial to a man not only while in college, but also when he is thrown upon his own resources in the outside world.

BY the action of the President and the college jury, the system of average of repairs, which has been in vogue here for some time, has been abolished, and damage done to rooms must be accounted for by the student occupying the mutilated room. This not only seems to be a much juster method of paying for damage done, but it will serve as an excellent check to wantonness in destroying college property. Formerly the innocent was made to suffer with the guilty, which oftentimes had the effect of increasing the damage, as the innocent man was desirous of getting some satisfaction for his "average of repairs." Now whenever damage is done, the guilty man will alone be responsible, for we are loath to believe that there is a single man in college, so lacking in a just sense of honor as to allow another student to pay the penalty for damage which he himself caused. This change is a step in the right direction, and will do much to eradicate vandalism around our dormitories.

NOW that our new field has been formally opened to the public and we all have had an opportunity to see it in practical use, the question of giving it a suitable name comes before us. It is customary to name such a field as this after its chief promoter, so as to show him that his successful efforts are appreciated by the students, as well as by the alumni and friends of the college. We all know whom to thank for this beauti-

ful field, for without his unceasing care and watchfulness the project could never have been started, much less completed, and this done also in the shortest possible time and in the most perfect manner. We all know, too, who has spent weeks and months of his valuable time in the hardest, and in fact the most disagreeable work imaginable, collecting subscriptions, and he has done this with the most unselfish motives, having only the welfare of the college at heart. Now that the work is completed and is receiving the highest commendation of all, his heart may well swell with pride as he views the product of his labor and knows that its superior is not to be found in the whole country. The ORIENT speaks for itself and for the student body in general, when it suggests as a name for the field, this: The Whittier Athletic Field.

BOWDOIN smiles complacently at the unprecedented efforts which certain of her sister institutions are putting forth, in the hope that they will be able to "down" her on the foot-ball field. Such institutions, did they realize how they are lowering their integrity and standing, not only with us but with other colleges as well, if they have any, would think twice before they descend to such despicable practices. Defeat us they may, and will, if strong enough; still the satisfaction they will get out of it will but poorly compensate them for their lost honor. If there is one principle which always has been and still is firmly upheld at Bowdoin, it is athletic purity, for our long list of victories, without a single exception, have been honorably won. We have not the slightest fear as to the results of our contests with these colleges, but would, however, offer a word of advice, warning them that if continued as begun, foot-ball will become so expensive a luxury that they will have to abandon it altogether.

To the Students of Bowdoin College:

Scarcely a day passes that there are not visitors who, either waiting for trains or come purposely, walk through our beautiful campus and visit our buildings, of which we ought all to be proud. Should we all not individually take pride in making this our temporary home present an appearance of neatness? Do not throw the debris of a filthy room from the windows, to be scattered by the four winds about the campus. Do not convert our beautiful shade trees into bulletin-boards, announcing foot-ball games, theatricals, and college book-stores. The college authorities do all in their power to make the campus what it should be, attractive and neat. Let us as students do our part.

THE above is an open letter recently received by the ORIENT, and we take pleasure in publishing it for the benefit of our readers. The facts of the case are far too true, for of late years we seem to have been getting more and more careless about the appearance which our grounds present. It is customary now if we have any old rubbish, old files of newspapers, empty bottles, discarded shoes and wearing apparel, in fact anything which we wish to dispose of, to hurl it out of the nearest window and never think how it is going to look scattered all over our premises. The ORIENT itself pleads guilty of doing this a score of times, but has resolved that it will never occur again. It is a disgrace, and reflects discredit upon us all, to have such untidy grounds around our dormitories, not to mention the sanitary part of it, which is of the greatest importance. Let the practice of using the trees, which line the pathways of our campus, for "bulletin-boards," also be discontinued. We have one bulletin-board already, which is ample enough to contain all the necessary information. Not only for the sake of appearing well to our numerous visitors, but for our own welfare let these practices be stopped, and stopped at once. We never know who is to visit us; old alumni may happen back at any time; fathers who are about to send

their sons to college, and those whose sons are already in college, may drop in upon us unawares, and surely they must be shocked at the sights which often greet their eyes. By our hearty co-operation with the college authorities this beautiful home of ours may be made a miniature paradise, and we never will be ashamed to bring our friends and relatives upon it at any time.

The Skeleton at Crosby's Cross-Roads.

WE were all assembled in Bradford's room. There, seated before the open fire, and drawing inspiration from our beloved meerschaums, we had related various blood-curdling adventures, and had expatiated in glowing terms on the charms of those fascinating "summer girls" who had succumbed during the long vacation to our ardent love-making. We had listened to the stories of all save Bradford, and we now looked expectantly in his direction. Smoking pensively, and apparently oblivious to all about him, he seemed extremely reluctant to begin, but yielding at length to our urgent entreaties, he consented to relate an experience of his summer's vacation. This was his story:

"That popular writer, Anthony Hope, declares that the deeds of most men are actuated by 'fancies'; then he narrates in his most entertaining manner the adventures of a man whose fancy led him to purchase an island. Like the valiant hero of 'Phroso,' I, too, had a fancy, though, unlike his, it was a most prosaic one. To be explicit, I had conceived an ardent and uncontrollable desire to teach a district school! With the details of my search for this school I will not weary you. Suffice it to say that, after seemingly endless correspondence, I received the reward of the patient, and on a delightful June morning entered upon my duties as

master of the summer school at Crosby's Cross-Roads.

"The first week of the term was calm and uneventful, and I have no doubt all would have continued serene but for one trifling circumstance. I met fair Kitty Kendall and my fate was sealed. Miss Kitty bore unquestioned the title of the village belle, and counted her admirers by the score. Thus it was most unfortunate for me that I chanced to meet with Kitty's approval, for, by being thus favored, I incurred the bitter enmity of the rustic beaux.

"It was the morning after one of those wildly-exciting festivities known as a church sociable that my troubles began. My attentions to Kitty the evening before had been most marked, and during my walk to school that quiet summer morning my thoughts dwelt quite persistently upon her saucy beauty and piquant speeches. With the vision of her charms ever before me, I walked on, utterly unconscious of the fact that young Jed Walker was rapidly approaching me with a mien that threatened to destroy my future peace of mind. Suddenly my walk was interrupted by an obstacle in the shape of Jed's burly form, planted very firmly across my path.

"Although clumsy and uncouth in appearance, Jed Walker possessed that shrewdness and ingenuity peculiar to the Yankee. In addition to these excellent qualities he was endowed by nature—as I afterward had occasion to learn—with the wonderful gift of ventriloquism. Since he was one of Kitty's most devoted admirers he had taken this opportunity, he remarked, 'to inform Mr. Bradford that unless his attentions to Miss Kendall ceased immediately his stay in Crosby's Cross-Roads would be exceedingly brief.' Having delivered this remarkable speech, Jed strode haughtily away, leaving me to ponder over his suggestive warning.

"It is but human to desire an object

which it is difficult to gain, and perhaps that is the reason why I continued my suit so boldly when Jed's ever-increasing sullenness ought to have taught me that in love, as in all things, 'discretion is the better part of valor.'

"One evening, shortly after my encounter with Jed, I entered the school-room, for I was accustomed to prepare my recitations there, and discovered, written on the black-board before me, the following notice: 'Mr. Bradford—Take the advice of one who has a sincere regard for your safety, and leave this village without delay.' To this astonishing warning was appended the weird signature of 'A Friend from the Dead.'

"To say that I was dumfounded would describe but feebly my sensations on beholding this notice. Well-nigh terrified I stood, at first, in utter perplexity, then bewilderment gave way to suspicion, and I began to imagine that it was but an ingenious invention of Jed's, by which he might rid himself of his troublesome rival. Enraged at the thought of this insult, I seized an eraser and diligently applied myself to the task of obliterating all traces of the hateful writing. It was then that fear of a supernatural power first took possession of my senses, for, strive as I might, I could not erase one single letter of that uncanny message. Scarcely had I recovered from the effects of this discovery when I heard, rendered impressive by the awful stillness of the room, a noise not unlike the creaking of a door. Hastily turning in the direction of the sound, I beheld, stepping with careful tread from the midst of the paraphernalia of my physiology class, that gruesome object—the skeleton. Half paralyzed with fright, I stood as if fascinated while it slowly advanced in my direction. Its bones rattled, its joints cracked; at each sound my frame shook with terror. At length the skeleton halted, opened its hideous jaws, and, in a voice deep and solemn as the

grave, spoke as follows: 'Friend, listen to my warning! Fly instantly from this ill-fated place, for even now envious rivals are plotting your destruction. Long years ago I, too, loved a maiden pure and true as the heavens above us. With the rashness and violence of youth I defied my rivals, but in vain; I fell at last a victim of their mad jealousy. Take warning by my fate, wretched mortal, and hasten from this accursed spot.' With an impulsive movement, the skeleton again advanced toward me. Already I could feel my throat seized in the grasp of his fleshless fingers, but, tearing myself from his deadly clutch, I uttered a piercing shriek, then, overcome by fright, I fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"When I regained consciousness, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of solicitous (?) acquaintances, among whom I instantly recognized the beaming countenance of Jed Walker. With many protestations of sympathy, Jed delicately inquired the cause of my swoon, but, feigning to misunderstand his question, I bade him a fond good-night and hastily left the room.

"The next morning, unwilling to run the gauntlet of ridicule and laughter which my presence inspired among the village youth, I resigned my position and returned home by the first train. It was but a few weeks after my arrival that I received, one morning, the wedding cards of the charming Kitty and my successful rival, Jed Walker. Strange as it may seem, I have never cared to investigate the mysterious events connected with the 'skeleton at Crosby's Cross-Roads,' yet I shall always harbor a faint suspicion that the words of that ineradicable message were written by means of nothing more magical than white paint, while Jed's ingenuity and power of ventriloquism did the rest."

Dartmouth's Freshman Class is the largest in the history of the college.

Bowdoin Verse.

Her Picture.

Oh, the eyes that look down from your picture,
Cheriè,
From your picture that illumines my desk,
Tell ever a far different story to me
As each day, in their sunshine or shadows, I bask;
And those waving brown tresses are a labyrinth,
Cheriè,
From whose madd'ning waves I would I were free.

Quid Nomen?

At last my heart is smitten
With love, as ne'er before.
Thy sweet face haunts me ever,
Oh, thou whom I adore.

Your face alone I'll cherish,
It's all there is for me.
Thy name's unknown, for e'er
'Twill be a mystery.

Achilles.

Achilles was a warrior bold—
So Homer's tale relates—
Who spent his leisure, we are told,
In smashing Trojan pates.
But when King Agamemnon's men
Bryseis led afar,
What did the brave Achilles then
But—boo-hoo for his ma!

Oh Cigarette.

Oh Cigarette! Oh Cigarette!
Made from the butts that small boys get
In places dirty, dark, and wet,
Around me throw thy dainty net,
For I my every care forgot
In its soft folds,

Oh Cigarette!

Oh Cigarette! Oh Cigarette!
Most constant friend I ever met,
My love, my joy, my solace, yet,
When through this dreary world I get,
In heaven above I'll seek thee yet,
And breathe thee there,

Oh Cigarette.

October.

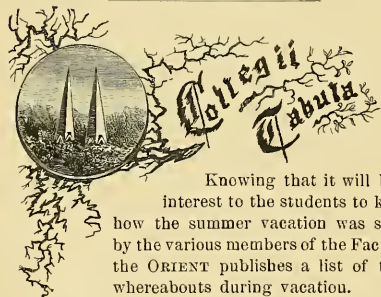
Through the broad valleys dancing and o'er the
hill-tops prancing,
Blushing with cheek of tan, merry October is here:
With limbs gracefully moulden, appareled in crim-
son and golden,
God's dearest blessing to man; jolliest month of
the year.

Now by her leaves half concealing her treasures,
now half revealing,
Under the ponderous hoard lowly the apple-tree
nods:

Soon shall the goblet filled with juice from her red
fruit distill'd,
Grace the rude swain's humble board; beverage fit
for the gods.

Under the hunter's moon lightly the husker carollet
nightly,
Husband and matron, all, husking the Indian corn:
Braiding the ears with laughter, they hang it away
on the rafter;
Last of the treasures which Fall pours from her
bountiful horn.

Swiftly the hours are flying and grateful October is
dying,
Under November's frown rapidly pining away;
Let us our hearts open wider, and, filling the cup
with sweet cider,
Sorrows in revelry drown; merrily live while we may.



Knowing that it will be of
interest to the students to know
how the summer vacation was spent
by the various members of the Faculty,
the ORIENT publishes a list of their
whereabouts during vacation.

President Hyde went out West as far as Utah,
lecturing in the Summer School of Philosophy at
Colorado College, and at the University of Chicago.

Professor Chapman spent a greater part of the
summer in the region around Moosehead Lake.

Professor Lee camped out on Jewell's Island for
several weeks.

Professor Robinson went to Buffalo to explain
his new disinfecting lamp to the American Public
Health Association, where he also attended the
meeting of the American Association of Science.
For a week or so he camped out at Cobbessecontee.

Professor Houghton and family passed the sum-
mer at Shelburne, N. H.

Professor Johnson took an extended bicycle trip
through the Moosehead and upper Kennebec region.

Professor Woodruff enjoyed the vacation at his
home in Vermont.

Professor Little spent the summer in British
Columbia, exploring among the Canadian Rockies
and the Selkirk Mountains. The party was all pre-
pared to make an extended trip to explore an ice
field north of the line of the Canadian Pacific Rail-
way, when the tragic death of one of the party put
a stop to all further plans.

Professors Moody and Hutchins took their annual
tour in the Maine waters around the waters of the
Alleguash region.

Professor Whittier spent the summer in over-
seeing the work on the new Athletic Field.

Professor Files was at Cape Elizabeth, Portland,
most of the summer, engaged in studying.

Professor MacDonald passed the vacation in
Vermont.

Professor Mitchell has just finished studying at
Cambridge.

Professor Emery has been stumping the State
for sound money most of the summer.

Knight, '98, has returned.

White, '98, has returned to college.

Wiley, '95, was on the campus recently for a
short time.

W. W. Fogg, '96, was on the campus, visiting
for a day or so.

The weather of late has been most conducive to
colds and sore throats.

Horne, '97, has been coaching the Edward Little
High School this week.

The Jury held its first meeting for organization
on the evening of the 5th.

Moulton, '98, has returned from Bar Harbor,
where he has spent the summer.

Several athletic outfitting houses have been
represented on the campus this last week.

Hadlock has been elected captain and Sinkinson
manager of the Sophomore foot-ball team.

Adams and Wilson of Colby, '98, were the guests
of the Bowdoin Chapter of Z Ψ at their initiation.

President Butler of Colby was met at the station by friends and spent several hours here last week.

G. M. Woodwell, Dartmouth, '84, and C. A. Hars-trom, Hobart, '86, were present at $\Theta \Delta X$ initiations.

The second themes of the term will be due Tuesday, October 13th. The subjects are, for the Juniors:

1. Matthew Arnold, the Man, as He Appears in His Letters.
 2. Independence in Politics.
 3. The Lecture Method in College Instruction.
- Sophomores:
1. The Brook Farm Experiment.
 2. For Which Should We Vote, the Man or the Platform?
 3. Do the Fraternities at Bowdoin Need Chapter Houses?

The various delegations of the Junior Class have elected their *Bugle* editors, and the board has met for organization, and reports as follows:

William W. Lawrence, $\Psi \Upsilon$, Editor-in-Chief.
Cassius C. Williamson, $\Theta \Delta X$, Business Manager.
Thomas L. Marble, $\Delta K E$, Assistant Business Manager.

Charles Cogswell Smith, $Z \Phi$.

John A. Scott, $\Delta \Upsilon$.

Francis A. Hamlen, $K \Sigma$.

Walter J. Sargent, $A \Delta \Phi$.

The representative of the non-society men has not yet been chosen.

Since last year several very interesting and valuable additions have been made to the library, a few of which are mentioned:

Series, "Public Men of the Day."—The German Emperor, Charles Lowe; The Ameer Abdur Rahman, S. E. Wheeler; Stambuloff, A. Hulme Beaman; Pope Leo XIII., Justin McCarthy.

Hubart and the Hubartians, De Garmo.

Painting in France, Hamerton.

Rembrandt (2 vols.), Emile Michel.

Correggio, Ricci.

The last two are very finely illustrated *éditions de luxe*. Space forbids mention of the many others equally important.

The tennis courts still have their devotees in a few faithful ones who will probably play till snow flies.

Eaton, '98, has been at home several weeks owing to the death of his father. He returned last week.

A salesman, representing Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, has done quite a business among the students.

The new paths, laid out recently, not only add

a deal to the appearance of the campus, but also to the convenience.

James W. Brine of Boston, the college outfitter, has had one of his agents at college attending to the wants of the students.

Murphy, Medical School, is back at college, and his presence on the foot-ball team has a wonderfully invigorating effect.

Rollins, '99, has returned from Island Falls, where he has taught a very successful term in the high school of that place.

Meguire, '91, Dascomb, '99, Taylor, '97, Keith, '97, and Maling, '99, of Colby, joined with $\Delta K E$ in their initiation ceremonies.

The attendance at chapel was rather slight the morning after initiation, and those present looked quite forlorn and deserted.

Professor MacDonald's household has recently been enlarged by a new arrival, and it is reported that everything is doing finely.

No one could imagine anything more revolting than the bath rooms in the gym. It is a shame that they are not better cared for.

Mr. W. T. Merrill of the Bostonians, a graduate of Williams College, sang at chapel, Wednesday morning, the guest of Coggan, '97.

Hagar, '97, has a situation as private secretary and traveling companion with a New York gentleman, and will not return this term.

The new Bowdoin pins at the bookstore are very pretty. They are graceful flags in white, with a silver "Bowdoin" across their face.

Topsam Fair comes a week later this year than usual, but this will be all the better for "Triangle," who is fast getting into his usual trim.

Pettingill, '98, is coaching the Brunswick High School foot-ball team. The team has one or two good players that enter Bowdoin next year.

A small but valuable collection of books on local history and genealogy has been recently presented to the library by the Misses Swan of Portland.

Riding to Harpswell and walking back, pushing a wheel, with a punctured tire, has become a very popular Sabbath pastime with certain of the students.

Pierce, '98, has returned from Hebron, where he has been coaching the Hebron eleven. His good work has been shown in several games played by Hebron.

The Bowdoin Glee and Banjo Clubs have been practicing for the coming season. Drake, '98, is leader of the Glee Club, and White, '98, of the Banjo Club.

Excursions afoot in search of Maine's "brown October ale" at the neighboring cider mills are becoming quite numerous. And the orchards are being visited.

During the part of September college has been open, there have been 313 books taken from the library, an average of 26 a day. On September 21st 34 were drawn out.

The Biology Class is rapidly ridding Brunswick of pussy-cats and frogs. When de "cat-desectors," as Joe says, take pussy in their gentle arms, the cat never comes back.

The Amherst fellows were very much surprised when told that Bowdoin had but 250 students in the literary department. The general idea there was about 1,000 students.

The Freshmen never more cheerfully worked than when the chapel bell rang out the news of the Amherst game, last Wednesday night. Long may the bell ring for such games.

President Hyde spoke in chapel, recently, in regard to the frequency of the class rushes out of chapel in the morning. It is a very foolish amusement, but, ye gods, it's sport.

The Sophomores who elected French are reading "Le Romantisme Français," a collection of extracts from the most noted French authors. The Junior German Division are reading Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell."

Dr. Whittier and his assistants are busily engaged every evening with the physical examination of the Freshmen. The class has developed no wonders, as last year's entering class did, but their average will be well up.

The library has just received a collection of fifty books on bimetalism, free coinage, etc. The collection is edited by Professor J. L. Laughlin of Chicago University, and contains all the most recent arguments published on these questions.

A change which has been needed for years has at last been made. Two electric lights have superseded the old kerosene lamps in the organ loft. Now, on dark Sunday afternoons, the eyes of the choir will no longer be in danger of serious injury.

A large crowd of students attended the opera, "Robin Hood," by the Bostonians, October 6th.

It was without question the finest thing ever seen in Brunswick. Quite a party went to Portland, Saturday night, to see the same company in the opera, "In Mexico."

The campus is prettiest in its gay colored foliage of autumn. One of the prettiest sights in Brunswick is a bird's-eye view of the college from the belfry of the Science Building. The many different shades of the different kinds of trees give a peculiarly beautiful effect.

Auctions in the college rooms are quite the right way of disposing of maiden-aunt Christmas presents and other useless and unnecessary articles. At an auction, bids ran high on a rare volume of poems, and the bappy purchaser found that he had bought a library book.

The new electric road is fast assuming a practical look. An old alumnus, one of Bowdoin's old-time beaux, remarked the other day that it was a gross insult to gird the dear old campus with such a contrivance as a street railroad; that it was sacrilege to permit ugly, buzzing electrics to steal the murmur of the pines.

A step in the right direction is the establishment of the course in art. Mr. Currier, the instructor in drawing, will need no introduction. Bowdoin wants an endowed chair in art to go with her matchless Art Building. As one of the Faculty said recently, the more gifts that the college has, the more she needs money.

Under the new rules, every occupant of a room in the dormitories is made responsible for the condition of his room. Instead of all damages being averaged among all the students, each man must settle for whatever damage may be committed on his room, whether by himself or some one else. So look well to your shot-guns.

There is a new intercollegiate paper out this month, *The Intercollegiate Athlete*. It will be published every two weeks, and will contain all the news in college athletics of the country, but more especially New England. Mr. J. B. Pendleton, Bowdoin, '90, is one of the two managers and owners of the paper. Bowdoin will be well represented in its columns.

Professor Lee took his Geology Class on their annual trip to Orr's Island last week, and a most enjoyable day was spent. Soon after chapel the procession started in their conveyance despite the overhanging clouds and chilly atmosphere, which made winter ulsters none too warm for comfort.

Upon arrival the party explored the island thoroughly, for living as well as dead specimens, and then rode over to Bailey's Island, which is close at hand. Here Indian shell-heaps were dug over and the search for specimens was carried on most eagerly. After enjoying a hearty dinner, the explorations were continued until the time for the party to set out for the return trip, and they reached Brunswick just in time for tea. The trip was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and adjourns were granted to the few stay-at-homes.

All the fraternities in college, with the exception of $\Delta\Upsilon$, held their initiations on the evening of the 9th. Following is a list of the initiates:

$\Delta\Phi$.—Robert Franklin Chapman, Portland; Samuel Pope Harris, East Machias; Ernest Leon Jordan, Auburn; H. C. McCarty, Portland; Joseph Cleveland Pearson, Brunswick; James Plaisted Webber, Bath, all from 1900.

Υ .—Joseph Pitman Bell, Lawrence, Mass.; J. Fred Knight, Rockland; Alfred Watts Levensaler, Thomaston; Joseph Walker Whitney, Portland; Arthur Brooks Wood, Portland, all from 1900.

$\Delta K E$.—Alpheus G. Varney, '98, Windham; Clifton Augustus Towle, '99, Winthrop; Percy Andrus Babb, North Bridgton; Harry O. Bacon, Natick, Mass.; John Russell Bass, Wilton; Ernest Victor Call, Pittsfield; William Cutler, Bangor; Otho Lee Dascomb, Wilton; Arthur Weston Strout, Gardiner, all from 1900.

$Z\Phi$.—George Lincoln Dillaway, '98, Bath; Albert Warren Clarke, Damariscotta Mills; George Flavius Goodspeed, Wilton; Ralph Morse, Pittsfield; Selden Osgood Martin, Foxcroft; L. M. Spear, Gardiner; Charles G. Willard, Newcastle, all from 1900.

$\Theta\Delta X$.—William Joseph Abbott, Rockland; George Bradford Gould, Bath; Fred Beane Merrill, Bethel; Philip Palmer, Westbrook; Charles Hagen Potter, Bath; Harry Shorey, Bridgton; Malcolm Cameron Sylvester, North Bridgton, all from 1900.

$K\Sigma$.—Henry George Clement, West Gorham; Isaac Combs, Bath; Percy Clifford Giles, Boothbay; James R. Parsons, Yarmouth; Stanley Chandler Willey, Cherryfield; Elbert Bradlee Holmes, Lisbon, all from 1900.

$\Delta\Upsilon$ will initiate the following men to-night: Edwin Samuel Hadlock, '99, Portland; Charles Eugene Hill Beane, Hallowell; William Crafts, Mt. Vernon; Islay Francis McCormick, Boothbay Harbor; Cheney Dexter Rowell, Berlin, N. H.; Clarence Rumery, Biddeford; George W. Russell, Kearsarge, N. H.; Harold West, Lewiston, all from 1900.

The following alumni were back to assist in the initiations of their several fraternities: $\Delta\Phi$.—Prof. G. C. Purington, '78; Prof. H. L. Chapman, '66; C. J. Chapman, '68; E. Stanwood, '61; Prof. F. C.

Robinson, '73; Prof. W. A. Moody, '82; E. T. Ridley, '95; C. E. D. Lord, '95; R. W. Leighton, E. H. Lyford, C. A. Knight, '96; W. S. A. Kimball, '95; E. Thomas, '85; F. J. Libby, '94. Υ .—Rev. C. T. Hawes, '76; A. T. Parker, '76; J. B. Thompson, F. B. Smith, '96; H. W. Owen, Jr., ex-'96; C. W. Peabody, '93; G. T. Files, '89. $\Delta K E$.—F. N. Whittier, '85; J. B. Pendleton, '90; F. G. Swett, '92; R. H. Baxter, '94; P. D. Stubbs, '95; J. H. Bates, W. S. Bass, and J. C. Minot, '96. $Z\Phi$.—S. P. Record, '78; E. C. Plummer, '87; W. W. Robinson, '96; L. K. Lee, '92; H. L. Bagley, '94. $\Theta\Delta X$.—J. B. Reed, '83; M. L. Kimball, '87; H. C. Hill, '88; A. C. Shorey, '88; W. B. Mitchell, '90; E. H. Newbegin, '91; W. O. Hersey, '92; B. F. Barker, '93; B. L. Bryant, '95; R. E. Soule and A. G. Hebb, '96. $K\Sigma$.—C. E. Baker, '96.

$\Delta\Upsilon$ holds its initiation and banquet together with the Colby Chapter, at the Hotel North, Augusta, to-night.

Athletics.

Bowdoin, 12; M. S. C., 6.

Saturday, the 3d, Bowdoin's new athletic field was formally opened, and the first foot-ball game of the season was played here. The Maine State College eleven was the opposing team that lined up with Bowdoin, and after an exciting contest the home team won by a score of 12 to 6. The result was a surprise to all parties. It was thought that Bowdoin would run up a larger score, and few had any idea that the Orono boys would get a touchdown.

But Bowdoin's eleven is the lightest that ever represented the college, its average weight being but 157 pounds. On the other hand, the average weight of the M. S. C. eleven is 176 pounds, 19 pounds heavier to a man than the Bowdoin men tip the scales. This tells the whole story of the game, for neither side can boast of brilliant playing.

The game was called at 2.50 p.m., and Maine State kicked off the ball well into Bowdoin's territory. Clark caught the ball and gained 10 yards. Bowdoin fumbled, but kept the ball, and then fumbled again and lost it. Maine State fumbled on the first attempt and French got the ball for Bowdoin. Kendall made a pretty run of 20 yards. There were a few line attempts and then Bowdoin lost on downs near the center of the field.

Sawyer made five yards through the line. Then

the M. S. C. quarterback fumbled and, quick as a flash, Kendall picked up the ball and dashed for the M. S. C. goal with a clear field before him. He made a touchdown. Clark kicked a goal and the score was Bowdoin 6, M. S. C. 0, after five minutes playing.

After the touchdown by Bowdoin, M. S. C. again kicked off. Kendall caught the ball and gained 10 yards. The ball was passed back for a kick, but Stanwood fumbled and lost 15 yards. Again it was passed back for a kick, but the kick was blocked and M. S. C. had the ball. Three times they tried to gain, but lost the ball on downs where they had gained it. The ball was near their own goal when the Bowdoin boys regained it, and Stanwood kicked it for 30 yards. M. S. C. pushed it ahead for two short line games and then were given ten yards for off-side play and five more for interference with the center. The action of Umpire Abbott was severely criticised, and several of his later decisions were open to serious question. With the ball near the Bowdoin line, M. S. C. pounded away at the line, gaining yard by yard, until Sturges carried it across the line near the goal posts. Gilman kicked the goal and the score was tied.

Bowdoin kicked off. Noyes caught the ball and ran 10 yards. M. S. C. lost ground and kicked to the center of the field. Bowdoin made one rush and time was called for the first half with the ball in Bowdoin's hands near the center. Score, 6 to 6.

After a 10-minutes rest, the second half was opened with Bowdoin's kick-off. Sawyer caught the ball and gained well. M. S. C. made a fumble and Veazie fell on the ball. Kendall carried it around the end for 10 yards, and then, only a few yards from their goal, M. S. C. pounded away at the light Bowdoin line with telling effect until she forced the ball down to Bowdoin's 25-yard line. Here Bowdoin held for four downs and regained possession of the ball.

Only a few minutes remained in which to play. The ball was passed to Kendall, who shot around right end for 25 yards. But the next three rushes netted only four and a half yards, and M. S. C. had the ball on downs. The ball was in the center and less than half a minute remained. Bowdoin tried the criss-cross and it worked to perfection. The ball was passed to Kendall, but before the opponents could realize what had happened, he had given the ball to Veazie, who sprinted around left end and across the clear field to the goal line. Fairfield ran with him and blocked off the M. S. C. fullback. Clark kicked the goal, making the score stand

Bowdoin 12, M. S. C. 6, and the first game of the season was over. Following is the line-up:

Bowdoin.		M. S. C.
Capt. Stearns.	Left End.	Peirce.
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.	Sturges.
Gould.	Left Guard.	Lawrence.
Spear.	Center.	Bird.
Murphy. }	Right Guard.	Gilman.
Eames. }		
French. }	Right Tackle.	Farnham.
Wiggin. }		
Veazie.	Right End.	Palmer.
Fairfield.	Quarterback.	Webber.
Stanwood. }	Right Halfback.	Ellis.
Ives. }		
Kendall.	Left Halfback.	Noyes.
Clarke.	Fullback.	Capt. Sawyer.

Score—Bowdoin 12, M. S. C. 6. Touchdowns—Kendall, Veazie, Sturges. Goals—Clarke 2, Gilman. Umpire and referee, alternate halves—Abbott and Libby. Linemen—Coggan and Johnson. Time—20-minute halves. Attendance—500.

Bowdoin, 0; Amherst, 0.

Amherst and Bowdoin played a tie game on Pratt Field, last Wednesday afternoon, neither side scoring in a game of two 15-minute halves. The result was somewhat of a surprise to both Amherst and Bowdoin men, especially to the former, who were rather too confident of winning by beef alone. Bowdoin went into the game to hold Amherst down, and she did it nobly.

Bowdoin kicked off and Amherst returned the ball by a long punt. Bowdoin then advanced the ball a short distance through the center, but lost it on downs. Amherst now tried to work its heavy line and on the first rush made a gain of three yards, but on the second attempt she fumbled and it was Bowdoin's ball. The ball now changed hands several times, but Bowdoin kept gaining little by little. At the end of the half, Bowdoin had the ball on Amherst's 15-yard line.

The second half opened with Amherst's kick-off, and, on the first down, Kendall made the star run of the day around the right end for a 20-yard gain. Both sides were determined to score, and the game was fought inch by inch; but when time was called Bowdoin had the ball on her opponent's 20-yard line.

Kendall's running and Clarke's tackling were the features of Bowdoin's playing, but every man on the team played his best, and that is enough. Tyler did the most of Amherst's ground-gaining. Amherst's quarterback made some costly fumbles. Bowdoin gained through the line almost at will, and there was a great deal of punting by both

sides, owing to a heavy wind which favored each in the different halves. The score and line-up was as follows:

AMHERST.		BOWDOIN.
Pratt.	Left End.	Capt. Stearns.
Warren.	Left Tackle.	Stockbridge.
Boyden.	Left Guard.	Gould.
Callahan.	Center.	Shute.
Fosdick.	Right Guard.	Spear.
Capt. Tyler.	Right Tackle.	Murphy.
Hall.	Right End.	Veazie.
Sands.	Quarterback.	Fairfield.
Holman.	Right Halfback.	Ives.
Arter.	Left Halfback.	Kendall.
Eaton. }	Fullback.	Clarke.
Call.		

Score—Amherst 0, Bowdoin 0. Umpire—F. Hoag of Harvard. Referee—G. A. Gray of Harvard. Linesmen—A. E. Rosa and C. A. Merrill, Amherst. Time—15-minute halves.

Bowdoin, 4; Tufts, 0.

Bowdoin played the third game of the season the 10th on the Athletic Field, and defeated Tufts by the score of 4 to 0. The crowd of over five hundred spectators who were drawn together by the beautiful weather and the prospect of a good game, were rather disappointed with the team's showing. Bowdoin lacked snap and fumbled badly, and on the whole put up a rather inferior article of football. The team had been shaken up considerably and did not seem to know how to work together. Tufts, on the other hand, played with considerable life and seemed to have the quality of putting the ball in play as soon as it touched the ground, a feature sadly lacking in Bowdoin's playing. The Tufts team averaged a good deal heavier than the Bowdoin team, and the game on the whole was closely contested, although Bowdoin's goal was at no time seriously threatened.

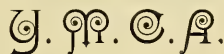
The game was called at 2.55. Tufts took the ball on the kick-off and Knowlton kicked to the ten-yard line. Stanwood was forced to punt, but Bowdoin quickly regained possession of the ball and Stanwood was sent around left end for 30 yards. Stetson made ten yards through the line. He made ten yards more round right end, and then Tufts got the ball on a fumble. Knowlton went between left guard and tackle for five yards and the ball then went to Bowdoin for off side play. Stanwood gained eight yards round left end. Stetson circled the right end for 30 yards, and then made a brilliant 40-yard run around right end for a touchdown. Clark failed to kick a difficult goal, and the half ended soon after with the ball in the centre of the field.

In the second half both teams settled down and played a steadier game.

Bowdoin kicked off. Knowlton caught the ball and made 15 yards before being downed. Bowdoin got the ball on downs and Stetson went through the line for five yards. Ives punted 35 yards. Bowdoin held for four downs, but lost the ball on a fumble. Tufts made a big brace at this point. Mitchell got 15 yards around the end, Smith made five yards more around the right end, Knowlton went through the line for five yards, and then Bowdoin held for downs. Stetson gained ten yards, Ives went five more, and time was then called. The line-up:

BOWDOIN.		TUFTS.
Stearns.	Left End.	Russell.
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.	Daniels.
Spear.	Left Guard.	Davis.
White and Shute.	Center.	Bartlett.
Gould and Wiggin.	Right Guard.	Healy.
Murphy.	Right Tackle.	Sanborn.
Veazie and Gould.	Right End.	Strode.
Fairfield.	Quarterback.	Butterfield.
Stetson and Ives.	Left Halfback.	Smith.
Stanwood.	Right Halfback.	Mitchell.
Clark.	Fullback.	Knowlton.

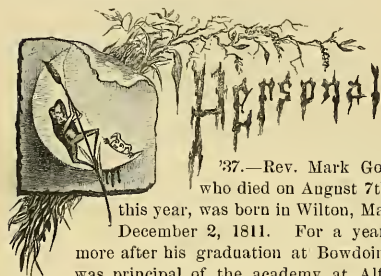
Score—Bowdoin 4, Tufts 0. Touchdowns—Stetson. Umpire—W. S. Parks, Tufts. Referee—Fred Swett, Bowdoin, '92. Lineman—Coggan, Bowdoin. Time—20 and 15-minute halves.



Woodbury, '99, led the Thursday evening meeting on October 1st. The matter of sending delegates to the State Convention at Colby, next week, was brought up. Each member who intends to go is to be elected a delegate. The convention promises to be of unusual interest and importance, as several matters of business are to be introduced which will provide for some radical changes in the Y. M. C. A. management of the future.

President Hyde addressed the Association at the Sunday meeting. In a most interesting talk he showed how Christianity is a matter of confession, not of profession, and that all of us are Christians, only varying in the quantity, not quality of our belief. Every student in college who attends chapel service on Sunday afternoons should make it a point to go to the Y. M. C. A. meeting afterward. His time will be well spent, and he will get hold of ideas which will help him throughout his whole course.

President Laycock, '98, conducted the meeting on Sunday, October 11th. The members of the Freshman Class who wish to join the college organization should report as soon as possible to the president or some other official of the society.



'37.—Rev. Mark Gould, who died on August 7th of this year, was born in Wilton, Maine, December 2, 1811. For a year or more after his graduation at Bowdoin he was principal of the academy at Alfred, and after that of a high school in Canton, Mass. He then took the theological course at Andover, graduating in 1841. He went to Ohio, engaged in teaching in Georgetown and Blenden, where he was principal of the preparatory department of Central College, at the same time supplying the church in that town; later he supplied churches in the Western Reserve, at Huntington and Wadsworth. In 1851 he was ordained and installed over the Congregational church in Andover, Me., and remained there seven years; he subsequently held pastorates in Standish and Monmouth, Me., and Chichester and Nelson, N. H., in all nearly eighteen years. For the past thirteen years he resided in Worcester, Mass., where he died. He was a clear and thorough thinker; great interests and great reforms, such as anti-slavery and temperance, received his strong support. He possessed a strong love of poetry and an ability to express himself easily in verse. Several volumes have come from his pen, the last of which, called "The Mosaic," from its great hero, had been a life work. He also contributed many articles in both prose and poetry to the public press.

'47.—Samuel Augustus Bickford was born in Skowhegan, October, 1823. He entered the Senior Class at Bowdoin, from Colby, studied law in the office of Messrs. Coburn & Wyman, of Skowhegan, and was admitted to the bar and practiced law for a time in Anson. In 1853 he went to Australia, where he remained several years. After his return he was postmaster of Skowhegan many years. He also for a long time held the office of tax collector, and was sheriff of Somerset County for three years.

Mr. Bickford died at Skowhegan, September 17, 1896.

'48.—Dr. Charles A. Packard has been appointed port surgeon of Bath. It is the first time for twenty-three years that a change has been made in the office. Dr. Packard, who is a Democrat, takes the place of Dr. Randall D. Bibber (Med., '71), Mayor of Bath, who is a Republican. The professional duties of the latter were so large that for a time the position was supplied by Dr. Charles F. Rideout, Med., '84. Dr. Packard entered upon the duties of his position Tuesday last. He is a strong gold advocate and has been a life-long Democrat. He has been a practicing physician in Bath for about twenty-five years.

'50.—"Jokes upon members of the Harvard faculty," says the *Boston Transcript*, "are usually so thoroughly good-natured that the victim can seldom do more than grin and bear it gracefully. So when Dr. Charles Carroll Everett saw by a printed notice that he was to speak on the devil as one of the series of talks on men who had influenced him, he simply smiled and scored one more mark upon his tally against a particularly roguish student."

'61.—At a meeting of the trustees of the Maine State College, recently, ex-President M. C. Fernald was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics. Dr. Fernald was President of Maine State until 1893, since which time he has been living in Foxcroft.

'69.—Dr. Frank Whitman Ring died at the home of his brother in New Haven, on July 17th. Dr. Ring was born in Portland, Maine, August 28, 1848. He fitted for college at the Portland High School, and entered Bowdoin in 1865, where he graduated in 1869. His first seven years after leaving college were spent in the government coast survey service. Leaving that occupation in 1876 he commenced the study of medicine, and graduated at the Maine Medical School in 1878. The first year after receiving his medical diploma he spent in the study of his profession in the hospitals of Paris, France. Upon his return, in the fall of 1879, he located in New York City. A year later he again went abroad, ostensibly for a short vacation in the south of France, but he spent the next three years in study and travel in various European countries. In November, 1883, he returned to his native country and commenced immediately to specialize upon the study of the eye and ear, at the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, in New York City. From that time until his death he was a member of the hospital staff, and passed through all its grades, from clinical assistant to executive surgeon, which position

be held at the time of his death. Of his attainments in his chosen profession little need be said. His position on the hospital staff is a better guarantee than any words which can be uttered now. He was a member of almost all the noted medical societies in the State, and was one of the most active members of the Psi Upsilon Club of New York. On April 30, 1895, he was married to Miss Francis Polk Gale of Nashville, Tenn., who still survives him.

70.—Col. De Alva S. Alexander has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans in the 33d New York congressional district, which takes in a part of the city of Buffalo. As this is a strong Republican district there is no doubt of the colonel's election by a large majority. Mr. Alexander is an old Maine boy and was born in Richmond fifty-one years ago. When the war of the rebellion broke out in 1861, he was 15 years old. He enlisted in the 128th Ohio volunteers, in which he served as a private until hostilities ceased. He then returned to Maine and finished his education, graduating from Bowdoin in the Class of '70. He then went west to Fort Wayne, Ind., where he was school teacher and editor. Later he studied in the law office of Morton & McDonald at Indianapolis, both of whom were United States Senators from Indiana. From 1881 to 1885 Col. Alexander was Fifth Auditor of the U. S. Treasury, and in 1885 he moved to Buffalo, becoming a partner of his classmate, James A. Roberts, in the law firm of Roberts, Alexander & Messer. Later on he resigned from that firm to attend to the duties of the United States attorneyship for the Northern District of New York, to which he had been appointed by President Harrison. This position he held from 1889 to 1893. It is an interesting fact that of the four Bowdoin men living in Buffalo, all belong to the Class of '70. Mr. Roberts was the first to move there, becoming a resident in 1871. The State of New York has honored Mr. Roberts by twice electing him Comptroller of the State, the second time by the enormous majority of some 95,000 votes. The office of Comptroller is in many respects the most important in the State, outranking all others with the possible exception of Governor. The law makes him the highest financial officer in the State, and the State Treasurer is merely a clerk under him. Some \$20,000,000 pass through the office of the Comptroller every year and \$10,000,000 besides is held in trust for various purposes. In addition to his financial duties, the Comptroller is a commissioner of the land office and of the canal fund, a member of the canal board and

board of state canvassers, a trustee of Union College, a member of the state board of charities and of the state board of equalization and assessments. Mr. Willis H. Meads has been a successful lawyer in Buffalo for many years. He was formerly connected with the law firm of Roberts, Meads & Norton, and later with Quimby, Meads & Rebadow. At the present time he is a commissioner of jurors for the city of Buffalo. Dr. Lucien Howe has attained great success and eminence in the practice of eye and ear diseases. People come from all parts of the country to seek his advice in professional matters. He has also contributed of his wealth to many charities in Buffalo and takes a very prominent part in the social and scientific life of the city. So well known and trusted is Dr. Howe that on various occasions he has been sent to Europe and Egypt by government commissions and scientific societies to make a study of the diseases of the eye and ear in those countries.

75.—William A. Deering, Ph.D., is Professor of Economics and History in Fargo College, Fargo, North Dakota.

80.—Mr. Henry A. Wing and Mrs. Wing have terminated their connection with the Lewiston *Daily Sun*. Mr. Wing was the founder of the *Sun*, and has been its principal editorial writer, while Mrs. Wing has conducted the woman's department and has done reportorial work. For the present, Mr. Wing will represent Boston and New York dailies in Lewiston, they holding his services in high esteem. Both he and his wife are very clever and experienced in newspaper work.

82.—Mr. Arthur Fuller Belcher of Farmington, Me., was married on October 7th, to Miss Annie Manson Smith, at the Trinitarian Congregational Church at Bedford, Mass. Miss Smith is a daughter of Rev. Edwin Smith, '61, of Bedford. Mr. and Mrs. Belcher will be at home after November 20th, at "The Columbia," Portland.

82.—The plant of the Gorham (N. H.) Electric Light and Power Company is to be enlarged, and the company will apply to the next legislature for a charter to build an electric road between Berlin and Gorham. J. F. Libby, an enterprising young lawyer and business man, is one of the projectors of the scheme, and will help in securing the charter.

86.—Mr. Irving W. Horne recently sent cards to the ORIENT, announcing the birth of his first son.

86.—The law firm of Rideout & Abbott, of which Elmer E. Rideout is a member, has removed its offices to Rooms 844 and 845, No. 73 Tremont Street, Boston.

'87.—Freeman D. Dearth, who for seven years has been postal clerk on the route from Bangor to Vanceboro, and who was long ago promoted to the first grade in the service, has resigned in order to give his whole time to his law practice in Dexter. There are already forty applications from clerks of lower grade for promotion to Mr. Dearth's place.

'89.—George L. Rogers is claim agent and acting secretary of the Metropolitan Park Commission of Massachusetts, with office in Boston. Hon. Edwin U. Curtis, '82, is a member of the commission.

'89.—Frank Leslie Staples of Augusta, and Miss Annie Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis M. Roberts of Bath, were married Wednesday evening, September 23d. They will be at home after October 16th, at 16 Melville Street, Augusta.

'92.—Rev. Charles S. Rich of Portland was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Stockbridge, Mass., on September 24th. This church has an interesting history, being the second church incorporated in Berkshire County on July 8, 1734. Rev. John Sargeant, the missionary to the Housatonic Indians, was for some years pastor and the first ordained minister. He was ordained by Governor Belcher at Deerfield. His first convert was Captain Konkapot of the Stockbridge tribe. In 1751 Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the famous divine and author, was installed as pastor, and remained until called to the presidency of Princeton College. Rev. David Dudley Field was the pastor from 1817 till 1837. The present church was built in 1823, and the late David Dudley Field, a few years ago, gave a memorial tower and chime of bells which were placed on the site of the original church where Sargeant preached to the Indians.

'92.—On Wednesday, July 29th, at Staneliffe, Delano Park, the summer residence of Charles A. Brown, Esq., his daughter, Miss Grace Edith, was united in marriage to Rev. Charles Selwin Rich, of Stockbridge, Mass.

'93.—Hutchins is to enter the Harvard Law School.

'93.—Mr. Harry G. Fabyan of Portland, lately graduated from the Boston University Law School, has just been admitted to the Suffolk County bar, Massachusetts.

'94.—Plaisted has entered the Albany Law School.

'94.—Andrews has been spending the summer in Paris.

'95.—Quimby has entered the Boston University Law School.

'95.—Mr. Hoyt A. Moore, who was recently

chosen principal of the High School in Ellsworth, has tendered his resignation as superintendent of schools in that place.

'95.—Mr. George C. Webber has been chosen principal of the Academy at Hampden Corner.

'95.—Hicks has entered the Boston University Law School.

'95.—Ingraham has just returned from Europe, where he has been enjoying the summer vacation.

'96.—Many of the undergraduates have been inquiring as to what the members of '96 were doing, now that they have finished college. Below is a list of their present occupations: Andrews, Foster, Frost, C. G. Fogg, Lyford, Leighton, Smith, and Plumstead, are at their respective homes, not having decided as yet what occupation to take up. Bailey is studying law in Bangor; Baker is teaching at the Eliot High School; Bass is teaching at Wilton Academy; Bates is gymnasium instructor at Colby; Blodgett is in a Chicago business house; Bradbury is teaching at Kingman; Burbank is assistant instructor in physics at Bowdoin; Clough is taking a post-graduate course in mathematics at Clark University; Coburn, Soule, and Thompson are to enter the Bowdoin Medical School; Crossman holds the position of Assistant in Biology and English Literature in the New Hampshire State College; Dana is in the manufacturing business at Westbrook; Dane, Fessenden, and Libby are at the Secretary of State's office at Augusta; Eastman and Ordway are at the Harvard Law School; W. W. Fogg is in the office of the *Portland Transcript*; Gilpatrick is attending the Andover Theological Seminary; Hebb is in the insurance business; Knight is in business in Brunswick; Kyes and Warren are to study medicine at Johns Hopkins University; Marston is Assistant Principal of the Skowhegan High School; Minot is with H. C. Baxter & Bro., this fall, as paymaster; Mitchell is at Freeport in business; Newbegin is studying law at Defiance, Ohio; Oakes and Ward are with the Carter Ink Company of Boston; Peakes is reading law at Dover; Pierce is studying law at the Columbian University, Washington; Robinson is teaching in Falmouth; Small is principal of a New Hampshire high school; Stone is teaching in Denmark; Willard is with the Temple Street Quartet of Boston.

The total registration of the Freshman Class at Yale College has been officially announced as follows: Academic, 348; scientific, 158; showing a total gain of 38.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF KAPPA, OF ♣ Y.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Frank Whitman Ring, of the Class of '69; and

Whereas, Psi Upsilon has in his death lost a most valued brother and one who has ever been devoted to the interests and welfare of our fraternity, be it

Resolved, That while humbly submitting to the decree of Almighty God, we do deeply mourn our loss and extend our deepest sympathies to his bereaved relatives; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

F. J. SMALL,
J. F. DANA,
W. S. M. KELLEY,

Committee for the Chapter.

College World.

HAST THOU FORGOTTEN, DARLING?

Hast thou forgotten, darling,
The days of long ago,
The joyous hill, the meadow,
The wood where orchids blow?
Hast thou forgotten, darling,
The glow of childhood's dream,
The vows we plighted then, dear,
Beside the silver stream?
Hast thou forgotten, darling,
Our love's encircling light,
The shining of whose glory
Makes e'en the darkness bright?
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
The days of long ago;
The shadows of the evening
In silence whisper low.
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
My lonesome heart replies.
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
The strain in echo dies.

—Bates Student.

Three debating clubs, the McKinley, Palmer, and Bryan, are being formed at Yale in the Class of '99. The clubs will meet weekly to debate on their respective platforms.

By a vote of 215 to 140, the congregation of Oxford College rejected the resolution to allow women to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Bryn Mawr, as well as Wellesley, is to have an athletic field. It will contain grounds for golf, tennis, and basket ball, and a bicycle track, which will be arranged so that it can be flooded in cold weather for skating.

Lacrosse is being agitated at Leland Stanford University this year. There are strong indications that a team will be formed.

A resolution was adopted by the executive committee of the Princeton University Athletic Association, recently, that no man who has attended recitations or lectures in any other college or university shall be eligible to represent Princeton in any branch of intercollegiate sports unless he had been a *bona fide* student in Princeton one full collegiate year.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 28, 1896.

No. 8

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Our Glee Club organization in past years has always been one of high standing, and has compared favorably with the glee clubs of other colleges; yet there seems to be one element lacking, without which the glee club is severely handicapped. At Bowdoin the club is not given a fraction of the moral support which our athletic teams have, while it needs fully as much backing in this line as the athletic teams. All the more should the glee club have an abundance of mental support because it asks for no financial aid, and is about the only self-supporting—in fact, money-making—institution in college. We do not crave advertisement at Bowdoin, but a certain amount is indispensable, and it is erroneous to say that the glee club does not advertise as much as our athletic teams. The glee club reaches an entirely different class of people from our foot-ball teams, but a class fully as important, however. The clubs of other colleges are made much more of than here, and we should turn over a new leaf and let our club know that its success will be hailed with as much rejoicing as is customary to give our other college organizations when they return successful. Let the candidates for the glee, banjo, mandolin, and guitar clubs go into their work with a will, and aim

at perfection, knowing that the college is at their backs. We have musical talent of a high character in college; leaders have been selected who thoroughly understand the work required of them, and all that is now needed is moral backing, with which, our glee club will be able to go ahead in earnest and make a record far in advance of those made by glee clubs of former years.

THE library privileges which we enjoy here and which we know are unexcelled by any colleges of our class, should be used, not abused. The ORIENT has been informed recently that it is quite a common occurrence at present for students to secretly take away from the library reference books which have been placed upon the reserve shelves, and to keep these books for long periods of time, often an entire year, so that the library authorities have no traces of these books, and the other students are crippled by being deprived of their use. There may be a score of students who wish to consult a particular book, but only the one who has monopolized it can have the benefit of it. We all have equal rights here, and should one student presume to be so selfish as to hinder his college mates from getting all the benefit possible from his college course? And this practice is not confined to any one student by any means; there are indeed many who regularly do this without realizing how great a wrong they do their fellow-students. Something must be done to stop this evil, and we hope that a "word to the wise is sufficient," for the ORIENT believes that it is done more in a spirit of thoughtlessness than in a spirit of selfishness.

THE foot-ball management has requested the ORIENT to urge the students to be prompt in the payment of their subscriptions, as it is hoped that the season may be a financial success. Everything has to be

supported, and it is the pleasant duty of each student to contribute as much as he is able to the proper support of the team. If each will but do his best, the result need not be feared, and the season of '96 will be a glorious one in every particular.

OUR foot-ball season has now reached the half-way mark, and the last half already is well under way. We may now glance backward and see what has been accomplished by the team of '96. Defeat by a college team has been administered but once, and that by a team which stands on an almost equal footing with the "big" teams of the country. The season opened with somewhat of a surprise in the Maine State game, but nevertheless with a victory, though the score was hardly up to expectations. Our next game followed in the footsteps of the first, a victory won by rather a close margin, for the Tufts team played a far better article of foot-ball than they had formerly been playing. The third game was a tie, but amounted to almost a victory, as Amherst had an exceptionally strong team. As all expected, we were defeated by B. A. A., but by hard playing against heavy odds we scored on them, and scored not by a fumble or fluke, but by good foot-ball of the most approved character. There is a good deal of question in the mind of the ORIENT whether it is a good plan to play such a team as B. A. A. Perhaps it would be advisable to give up playing B. A. A. in the future, and stick to strictly intercollegiate games. Our team generally gets badly used up, and there seems to be no especial credit to be gained in playing B. A. A., when there are an abundance of college teams anxious to play us, and against whom we have a far better chance to win. The Colby game was the best played game of the season in some respects, though the score could have been doubled easily enough. Colby was severely chastised, for her hopes

were high, in fact too high to be practicable, and she returned home burning to be revenged later in the season. As to this, time only will tell, but the ORIENT will lose no sleep in worrying about the result of the next Colby game. Our team went to Williamstown, knowing that they were to meet the best college team they had as yet lined up against. We were defeated, but the team played a plucky game and showed up well. There is but one fault to find with the team so far, that is, after playing one fine game, there seems to be a dangerous tendency to let up a little on the next game; this is ruinous to foot-ball as to every other branch of athletics. Each game should be played in the hardest possible manner, with utter disregard to the games which may have preceded. This ends the season up to date, so that the remainder is but a matter of guess-work; certainly if the team does as well in the last part of the season as they have in the first, a glorious record will be the result. Every team we have met has outweighed us, and weight is of prime importance in foot-ball, but surely we have the best of coaching, the team is willing to work, the college is at its back, and now the season of Bowdoin's '96 foot-ball team has reached its half-way mark with flying colors, while everything points to the season's ending even better than it was begun.

PRESIDENT HYDE, in his talk at chapel a week ago Sunday, spoke of the need of practice in debating, a feature of college education fallen into oblivion here, and suggested that some debating organization be formed. All of us have had more or less experience with debating clubs in our preparatory schools, and have come to look upon such clubs as tiresome and decidedly uninteresting. While there is nothing more wearisome than a dry, prolonged debate, there too is nothing more exciting and more

full of interest than a sharp, heated controversy between two good reasoners. Also as a school for self-control, debating clubs are unexcelled, as they teach a man that his opinion is not always the only one, and that there are others of equal weight. President Hyde mentioned the fact that to their debating qualities such men as Lincoln, Reed, and Russell, owed their success, and he impressed upon us in no feeble tones the desirability of forming a debating society at Bowdoin. A debating society formed and carried on in the right manner could become a permanent success with us, and we all would derive untold benefit from it. There is no need of a debating club becoming tiresome if a time limit is used, and the speeches made short and to the point; indeed anything, no matter how interesting it may at first prove, becomes fatiguing after being lengthened into almost endless discussion. Let this matter be acted upon at once by some of our more energetic students, and they will be quickly supported by the students in general. The ORIENT hopes this matter will not be dropped here, but that this winter Bowdoin may have a prosperous and interesting debating club.

BELOW we publish a clipping, written by one of the editorial staff of *Harper's Weekly*, which appeared in the columns of that paper at its last issue. This pays high tribute to President Hyde, and goes to show that his advanced ideas on education are both appreciated and respected by those who lead the country in this line of work.

The erstwhile boy President of Bowdoin College must have nearly reached the age of wisdom (which Thackeray put at forty years), and his views on education, which have always been intelligent, are now entitled to the respect due to matured experience. President Hyde, in his annual report to the Bowdoin trustees, declares that the next step forward in college education will be in the direction of greater personal attention to the individual student. He thinks the weak spot now is the lack of personal

contact and oversight. His ideal of college education is Mark Hopkins at one end of the bench and James Garfield at the other, and his method of approaching the realization of that ideal at Bowdoin is to employ tutors who will pay personal attention to individual students, and interest them in their work, and keep them up to it. He thinks that in the physical sciences this is largely done already in connection with laboratory work. He believes that if the study of the classics is to survive, the same intimate personal methods must be applied to it. He declares that for the majority of classical students "Latin and Greek, as taught in our colleges to-day, in spite of the earnest efforts of the able men who are teaching it, are the most enervating and debilitating mental exercise in which they engage during their entire college course"; and he adds:

Let these men look forward with absolute certainty to reading a considerable consecutive passage to a tutor who will insist on a thorough appreciation of the force of each Greek or Latin form and phrase, and its idiomatic and elegant equivalent in English, in a hand-to-hand encounter where no adventitious aids, whether in print or in pencil, or even hastily transcribed upon the tablets of a mere unintelligent memory, can be made to serve, and the study of Greek and Latin, from being the idle farce it is at present, will become the highly disciplinary and intensely profitable exercise it ought to be. From this time forward Greek and Latin will have to stand upon their merits in the college curriculum. Potentially the most valuable, they are actually, when required of large classes, the least valuable courses taught in colleges to-day.

These are interesting views, and fit to be considered and discussed by educators. President Hyde is evidently not content to lead his horse to water, but proposes to make him drink. It is a good intention, but of course the practical difficulties of it are considerable, even in a college which has money enough (as no college seems to have at present) to hire all the tutors it needs, and which can find tutors fit for its work in such numbers as it may require.

William Morris.

ON the third day of October, 1896, there died a man famous alike as a poet, an artist, and a socialist,—William Morris.

He was born at Walthamstow, near London, in 1834. Educated at Marlborough College, and afterward at Exeter College, Oxford, and possessing a large fortune inher-

ited from his father, he had, from the first, ample means for gratifying his artistic and literary taste. In the beginning of his career he turned to painting, and then to architecture, but in neither did he meet success, and his first book of poems, published in 1858, attracted but little attention; but when, in 1867, his epic, "The Life and Death of Jason," appeared, it was felt that England had gained a new poet, and from that time on there was no doubt as to what was to be his work in life.

In person, William Morris is described as "a stout, sturdy, stalwart man, with ruddy face, who looked frankly out upon the world with bright blue eyes. His grand, massive head" was covered with "a shock of grey hair tumbled about in wild disorder, while upper lip and chin were covered with grey moustache and beard." He wore "a black slouch hat, black sack coat, and a most picturesque blue shirt with collar to match." A stranger meeting him would have taken him for an old sailor, and nothing pleased him more than such a mistake.

Poetry was not his only work. As the head of a firm for the manufacture of artistic decorations, he not only furnished the capital and business enterprise, but also contributed his own taste and talent in the designing of wall-papers and stained glass. Later, he added to this a printing establishment, and delighted to issue from his press books in dainty limited editions, or reprints of the early English classics, so that the "Kelmscott Press" came to be noted for the beauty of its work.

During the later part of his life he was an avowed and sincere socialist, and he made his home at Hammersmith the headquarters for that movement. He felt that the present social conditions are hostile to freedom in art, and he firmly believed that only in communism and in mutual labor for the mutual benefit, is to be found the remedy for the

evils which he considered due to the present "class system" and state of "industrial war."

But after all, it is not as the artistic designer of stained glass, nor as the successful business man, nor even as the warm-hearted, if mistaken, socialist, but as the poet that William Morris most interests us. Who can take up the "Life and Death of Jason" and not see before him the good ship Argo bounding o'er the waves, and not hear

". . . the washing of the seas
And piping of the following western breeze
And heavy measured beating of the oars;"

and who can read a tale from "The Earthly Paradise" and not find new delight and beauty in the old Greek myths?

Chaucer was his model, so far as he had one, and he seemed to take delight in the good old Saxon words. His subjects, too, he chose from the past, and he found special pleasure in the old Norse legends and Icelandic sagas. "He was," says a reviewer, "a singer with his back upon the future, his face beaming into the past;" and we may add in the words of Stedman: "His poetry is wholly removed from self, breeding neither anguish nor disquiet, but full of soft music and a familiar olden charm."

Probably the most noted of Morris's poems are the two already mentioned, "The Life and Death of Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise." The first of these has for its central theme the old Greek legend of the Golden Fleece; and when we have read through its seventeen books of rhymed pentameter we feel as the ancient Grecians must have felt on hearing Homer in their native tongue. The Earthly Paradise is an even longer poem, and consists of a collection of classical myths and mediæval legends. A party of voyagers setting sail to find an earthly paradise, are stranded at last in a far western land. Here they are made welcome by the king and, at his feasts, they relate the stories they have learned at home, while

we, the readers, seem to stand beside them and to listen to their tales, forgetting everything else in the beauty of the dream.

Among the remaining volumes of Morris's poems may be mentioned "The Defense of Guenevere," his earliest work; "Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond," published in 1872; "Æneids of Virgil, Done into English Verse," and a translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, published in 1875 and 1887 respectively; and "Poems by the Tray," a collection of shorter verses, which appeared in 1892.

Then there are his books written in mingled verse and poetic prose: "The House of the Wolfings," "The Story of the Glittering Plain," and "The Roots of the Mountains," and "that most exquisite prose poem," "The Wood Beyond the World," and finally his last volume, the publication of which was announced only the day before he died, "The Well at the World's End."

Besides these he translated from the Icelandic, in collaboration with M. Eiríkr Magnússon, "The Story of Grettir the Strong;" "The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs," and "Three Northern Love Stories."

He has also written much in support of socialism, and among his publications in this line may be mentioned the series of lectures entitled "Signs of Change," and the "utopian romance," "News from Nowhere." But from these dreams of the future we gladly turn back to dreams of the past and listen at the feet of the poet who sings:

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy regions stay
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."

President Eliot of Harvard prophesies that college fraternities will in time cause American universities to be broken up into colleges after the English plan.

The Land of Evangeline.

YOU enter Nova Scotia through a narrow gate-way. A strange bulwark is this North Mountain, extending to left and right as far as the eye can reach, the straight precipitous coast line offering no harborage, no cleft or break in the primeval forest by which to pierce the interior, except this narrow gap of half a mile in width through which the tides of the Bay of Fundy ebb and flow like a mill race. As you pass under the shadow of mighty cliffs, you catch a first glimpse of the paradise within, the valley of Acadia.

Stop for a moment and call to mind the armaments which have passed through. Charnisé and La Tour, whose hatred the storms of Fundy could not separate; the daring pioneers of France, and the stern Puritans of New England, who waged for a century and a half the warfare of race and religion, for the possession of this fertile soil.

But recollect that we are on a peaceful mission. The great steamship—what a wonder she would have been to the warriors who sailed these waters in the old times—bears on her stern, it is true, a warrior's name, the great German hero of the Protestants—a name not out of place on an English keel. But over the paddle-boxes is another name and an inscription in bold letters of gold. This is not called the land of D'Aulney Charnisé, or Claude de la Tour, or Kirk, or Phipps, or Winslow. The name savors not of war. No blood-stained pirate or dauntless Puritan captain holds the key to this mountain gate; but to a sweet, unhappy girl, of another faith and race and time, a stranger poet has given dominion over Acadie. This is "The Land of Evangeline."

The Annapolis Basin spreads out before us, calm as an inland lake, and the steamer rests at the long pier at Digby. Barrels and barrels of apples stand ready to be shipped, and word comes from up the valley that all

the wood in two counties has been used to prop up the fruit trees; for, whether it be a special favor of Heaven in honor of this record year of the reign of her Gracious Majesty, or whether it be that the sunshine of St. Eulalie has blessed the orchards with an abundant harvest, sure it is that the year is one to be long remembered by the fruit growers of Acadia. And as to cause or reason, you may decide that according as you are a loyal subject of the queen or of the poet.

At the head of the Annapolis Basin stands the old fort, the Port Royal of the French, which guarded the fertile lands of the valley above. Here was the scene of many a bloody encounter, and more than once the destinies of an empire were weighed in the balance here. Six times the fortress was taken by the English. Then a thoughtless monarch, valuing but lightly the blood of his provincial subjects, would cede back the stronghold to the French; until in a few years, when the quarrel was renewed, he found it convenient for his welfare in America to send his Yankee warriors against Port Royal again. At length, conquered and re-christened for all time, the old fort swore perpetual allegiance to the British crown.

It was while imprisoned here, we remember, the good old Notary Public of Grand Pré had consoled himself with his favorite story of the statue of Justice and the necklace of pearls, which, in his simple faith that right would prevail, he told to quiet the angry murmurs of Basil, the blacksmith.

To-day a single cannon asserts Her Majesty's authority, and the fort stands powerless to stem the tide of invading tourists which sweeps past its southern wall; while under the ramparts, the little town of Annapolis Royal struggles desperately but proudly with the most grandiloquent name and, barring one exception, the most ancient history on the American continent.

Having passed the cannon in safety, we enter a land of peaceful plenty. Roads strewn with apples lead the way into the heart of Acadia. As we follow the fertile valley, protected always by the dark wall of the North Mountain, at last what was the Annapolis valley becomes the Cornwallis valley and descends gently to the shores of the Basin of Minas. For here at last the North Mountain, which seemed endless, breaks off abruptly in the grand promontory, Blomidon, and the Bay of Fundy, which all the way from Digby Gut has been baffled in its effort to penetrate this placid vale, now rushes around this headland with the mightiest tides of the world and flows over miles and miles of flats, until it reaches the dikes, where once more it is forced to pause and retreat from its unavailing charge against the rescued meadows of Grand Pré, stretching out in safety below the water's level.

Here is the true country of Evangeline.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley."

Here on the shores of the Minas Basin it is claimed is the most fertile soil on the continent; certainly the deepest. It seems without bottom. Where the rivers cut through a hill-side, you see a bank perhaps fifty feet in height, all of the same red mud. "Why," say the inhabitants, "we have tilled the soil here for more than two hundred years without the need of enriching it." And such a climate! Protected by Blomidon from the storms and fogs of the Bay of Fundy, the summer comes the earliest and rests the longest here.

A happy spot indeed, and blessed should have been the calm lives of these Acadian farmers of the old days, behind the dikes, in the midst of their orchards, surrounded by their herds. The poet's words haunt us,

and pictures of that peaceful Acadia fill the imagination. Looking from my window a September evening, down over the loaded orchard, across the meadows and dikes toward Blomidon, I fancied the years had gone back to the Acadian era, and the men of Evangeline's race, her friends and kindred, still peopled this happy land. Surely the scene before me was the same. There was "the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows." Then

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

All was the same as it must have been on that blissful evening when the betrothed lovers sat whispering by the window, the last happy evening before the blow was struck, in this very month of September, nearly a century and a half ago.

My reverie is broken by the scream of a locomotive and a flash of light from car windows, as the "Flying Bluenose" rushes past along the dikes, toward Halifax.

So everywhere and always the delusion of time and race is presently broken by the surroundings. Trace with antiquarian zeal the narrow dikes, unmistakably the work of the French; you will find likewise the broader and straighter walls, built by the stolid spades of the English; and under the protection of them both, an Anglo-Saxon race pastures its herds and tills the soil. The few giant willows which perhaps marked, here and there, an Acadian threshold give shade now to a hostile people. You are pleased to find the old French name of Grand Pré still alive, but hear the native pronunciation and the disappointment is greater than was the pleasure; while it is completely submerged by the names of villages round about—Horton, Windsor, Port Williams, Kentville, Canning, Kingsport, and Wolfville. Wolfville, indeed! What strange irony of fate to place

such a name here, behind the very dikes of Grand Pré. When old father Leblanc used to amuse the children, and, no doubt, make their hair stand on end with his stories of the Loup-Garou of the forest, he little thought that the Loup-Garou himself would presently fall upon them in his terrible might. Few, indeed, are the traces which the exiled race has left behind. Look for some game or custom to remind you of the past; you see instead a game of Rugby football, for Wolfville is a typical college town of our own day. Wander down on the meadows at sunset; out across the level field rides a twentieth century farmer's boy on his bicycle to drive the cattle home.

You try to find consolation in history. Then the climax is capped. You turn to the little history of Nova Scotia, published at Halifax and used in the schools throughout the Province, and read the following in regard to the expulsion of the Acadians:

"The poet Longfellow made it the subject of the well-known and beautiful poem, 'Evangeline,' which is much better poetry than history. It would make one believe that the Acadians were a most virtuous, harmless, and deeply-injured people; and that the wrong-doing was all on the side of those who sent them out of the country."

Then it goes on to set forth in detail their sins of omission and commission which made their punishment necessary.

But whether the act was just or unjust concerns very little now. The poem will never lose its charm; and whatever race cultivates the soil, it is still the land of Evangeline.

Down on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, on St. Mary's Bay, there is a little settlement of Acadians. Exiled from their native land, they wandered back in after years to find a home as near as possible to their beloved Acadia. Here, and here only in Nova Scotia, you find yourself among a people of the last century. Isolated by race

and faith from their neighbors, they still keep alive in their language, dress, and custom, the old Acadian life. Here, as you ride down the one street of their interminable village, you can see, to-day, Evangeline, clad in a long black cloak and hood, and her dark eyes glance up with a start of surprise at sight of a stranger from the modern world.

They tell you at Weymouth that the prettiest girl in all Nova Scotia is a little French girl, a recent bride down there in the Clair District. So here's a wish that to this Evangeline of to-day may come the joy and peace which were denied to our Evangeline in the hard, hard years when might was right.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Summer Girl Again.

"I'll tell you how it was, old man,"

The Junior sadly said.

"I met her in the mountains

And completely lost my head.

I walked with her and talked with her,

Played tennis, fished, and drove,

And one day screwed my courage up

And told her of my love.

She said she'd love to marry me,

It would be so romantic.

(When I think what a fool I've been

It nearly makes me frantic.)

But I must tell no one, she said,

Till I returned to college.

The matter must be surely kept

From her dear papa's knowledge.

Well, school began; I had to leave

My fair one, and I took

A tender last farewell from her

Beside a mountain brook.

I wrote just seven letters, Jack,

Six brought me no reply.

The seventh brought her wedding-card—

That's all, old man,—good-bye."

A Necessity.

A leaf with actions antic
Danced in the autumn breeze.
A Freshman chased it, frantic,
At a pace that made him wheeze.
As he passed, I heard him murmur
As his hat flew from his head,
"I've got to catch that horse-leaf,
Or I'll have to 'take a dead.'"

The Athlete.

The ancient athlete learned to win
Or die. And well he learned. But in
These days athletics nobly give
The lesson how to win and live.

A Disaster.

Two students took two girls to row
Upon the river wide.
Their boat tipped upside down, and so
They fell into the tide.
But, sad though this disaster was,
This one strange fact was noted,
Though both the students sank like stones,
The girls were chips—and floated.

The Mountain Town.

A year ago we walked together,
Merry maid with eyes of brown,
In the mellow autumn weather,
Through the mountain-shadowed town.

Happy in the present pleasure,
Side by side we lingered long;
Life throbbed to a single measure;
Nature sang love's sweetest song.

That was in the last October;
Now I walk those streets alone.
All around is drear and sober,
Plashing rain and winds that moan.

Long the year with all its changes
Since I saw those eyes of brown;
And the clouded mountain ranges
Weep above the shrouded town.



Nason, '99, was badly hurt last Thursday morning at the depot. The engine of the eight o'clock train going north struck him in the thigh, lifted him from his feet, and threw him heavily to the ground within a few inches of the wheels of the train. His head was hurt severely, and it was feared that his spine received injury. The accident was mainly due to the negligence of the railroad employee whose duty it is to keep the tracks clear. The service of the Maine Central Railroad here in Brunswick is an insult to the town and to the travellers passing through, who have to judge the town and college only by the "depot" and its service.

Stubbs, '95, was on the campus several days last week.

L. P. Libby, '99, has been elected chapel organist for the ensuing year.

Godfrey, '99, who has been very ill for a fortnight past, is out again.

'Ninety-eight had its *Bugle* photo taken recently on the Art Building steps.

What weather! Even the sand banks of Brunswick have drunk their fill.

Bates, '96, physical director at Colby, was in attendance at the Colby game.

The Chess Club held a business meeting in President Small's rooms last week.

Laycock, '98, has been elected as the representative of the non-society men on the *Bugle*.

The leaves are fast falling from the trees, and the campus is taking on its fall appearance.

A large delegation from Colby accompanied the Colby team Wednesday and tried several cheers.

Goodell, '93, was in attendance upon the Colby game. He has just returned from a trip abroad.

There seems to be need of the Sophomore Praying Band in the case of a few of the Freshman Class.

Umbrella thieves got in their work during the rainy weather, and especially during last Wednesday's game.

The new chapel at Wellesley, given by Clement S. Houghton, will cost \$100,000.

There are 68 men on the Harvard track-athletic team.

The Freshmen have elected the following officers: Chapman, President; McCarty, Secretary; and Harris, Treasurer.

Not enough praise can be given Mackey for the good that he has done the foot-ball team and the line in particular.

There was an opening at Will's dry goods store last week in the new block. College orchestra furnished the music.

Alpha Delta Phi took advantage of the beautiful moonlight nights last week and went down to Gurnett's for a supper.

Professor Woodruff represents Bowdoin at the meeting of the Association of New England Colleges held at Tufts College this week.

Captain Horne has been getting out his material for next year's track team looking it over. Rather cold weather for running pants!

Several gunning parties have been out lately in the woods around town, but from all accounts there are fully as many guns as birds.

It was pleasant to notice that nearly all the reports of last Wednesday's game spoke of the new field as the Whittier Athletic Field.

The electric road is running regularly now between Topsbam and Brunswick. It will probably not be run around the campus this fall.

The press box in front of the grand stand on the athletic field has been filled to overflowing with press representatives every game this season.

Last week G. B. Webber formally opened his new studio and parlors in the new block. The Bowdoin College orchestra furnished the music.

The surplus energy of the college, when the 'varsity is away, finds expression in sundry foot-ball contests between local teams of questionable skill and unpronounceable names.

Quite a number of sub-Freshmen were in attendance at the Colby game. It was a good game for fellows that are coming to college next year to attend. There's nothing like the "first love."

Topsbam Fair drew a large number of students, as usual. The trotting of Triangle was not up to his usual standard. He is getting to be rather an old horse to buck against the younger ones; but he still finds his victims.

An excellent example of advanced journalism occurred in one of the Portland papers' account of the Colby game, Wednesday. It spoke in glowing terms of the playing of one of the substitutes who

did not go onto the field at all. Evidently the story was written before the game.

Nights now are rather chilly for riding all by one's lonesome, but just ideal to create sympathy in a "limited" party. The livery stables have done a good business this moon, and none complain of their horses being hard driven.

President Hyde represented Bowdoin at the Princeton celebration last week. Friday night he attended the reception given in honor of the professors from foreign universities attending the celebration, by the University Club of New York City.

The following is from the *Portland Press* of recent issue: "The Fayerweather will case, in which Bowdoin and several other colleges are interested, will be heard in the New York Court of Appeals October 20th. The lower courts have decided in favor of the colleges."

A good many of the college Nimrods have been scouring the surrounding woods for game this fall. They all report excellent hunting; in fact one can hunt for almost any game that he feels inclined to in the woods about Brunswick. There is little or no underbrush to conceal the hunted or impede the hunter.

The subjects for the third themes of the term, which will be due October 29th, as posted by Professor Mitchell, are as follows:

JUNIORS.

1. A Plan for Increasing the Interest in Debating at Bowdoin.
2. Three of the Strongest Arguments Against (or in Favor of) Free Silver.
3. Shakespeare's Villains.

SOPHOMORES.

1. Our New Field for Athletics.
2. Why I am a Republican or a Democrat.
3. Thackeray's "Henry Esmond."

Rev. Edward C. Guild has presented the college library with a collection of fifty volumes of German plays, poetry, and fiction, illustrating the various German dialects, and more especially the Bavarian dialect. The gift is a very valuable one, as the collection represents a large amount of thought and time in its selection.

The College Glee Club and Banjo and Guitar Club are rehearsing regularly now. The prospects for an extra good club are very promising. Every student should see to it that his own town enjoys the clubs some time during the season. There is nothing that advertises the college more than a fine glee club, except perhaps a bad one.

The *Intercollegiate Athlete* is meeting with excellent success among the students. An agreement whereby a generous part of every subscription obtained in Bowdoin shall be given to the new athletic field, was made between Dr. Whittier and Mr. Pendleton. Canvassers were appointed by Dr. Whittier to take subscriptions in their respective ends. The offer is a very generous one, and all will do the athletic field a favor and have the pleasure of the best intercollegiate periodical published, by subscribing at once.

The American Republican College League has adopted a design for the students and alumni of the different colleges throughout the country. The campaign button has been discarded, and instead, a pin of the regulation pennant order has been adopted. The background will be composed of colored enamel, and the shade will correspond to the different colors. Thus the pin for Yale will have a blue background, for Bowdoin white, and so on. The letters A. R. C. L. will in all cases be engraved near the staff of the pin. The word McKinley will run lengthwise. The design was awarded by competition. Mr. Edward J. Henning, of the University of Wisconsin, who has charge of the national college campaign, has established the headquarters of the American Republican College League in Chicago at the Auditorium, from which place this official college campaign pin and literature will be supplied to all the colleges of the United States.

Athletics.

B. A. A., 26; Bowdoin, 6.

Bowdoin played B. A. A. on the South End grounds, October 14th, and was defeated by the score of 26 to 6. In the first half B. A. A. had everything her own way, and her heavy line accomplished wonders. Bowdoin seemed dazed, and when Curtis made a touchdown from the kick off, Bowdoin's hopes fell. In the second half, however, Stanwood scored a touchdown by a brilliant end run, and the Bowdoin team settled down to work. B. A. A. could score but once in this half, and the Bowdoin line held their heavy opponents remarkably well. The game on the whole was rather one-sided, but Bowdoin with her light team did well against such heavy odds. The line-up is as follows:

B. A. A.		BOWDOIN.
Horton.	Left End.	Capt. Stearns.
Barter.	Left Tackle.	Stockbridge.
Richards.	Left Guard.	Gould.
Capt. Russell.	Center.	Shute.
Dyer.	Right Guard.	Spear.
LeMoine.	Right Tackle.	Murphy.
Butler.	Right End.	Veazie.
Ingram.	Quarterback.	Monkton.
Anthony.	Left Halfback.	Stetson, Kendall.
Knowlton, Nickerson.	Right Halfback.	Stanwood.
Curtis.	Fullback.	Clarke.
Touchdowns—Stanwood, Knowlton, Anthony 2, Curtis.		
Goals—Clarke, Curtis 3. Umpire—Mackie of Harvard.		
Time—20 and 10-minute halves.		

Bangor H. S., 6; Bowdoin Second, 0.

Bangor High School defeated the second eleven at Maplewood Park on the 14th, by the score of 6 to 0. The result was due to Bowdoin's poor offensive work and entire lack of team play, rather than to Bangor's playing. The Bowdoin team was picked in a hurry and had never lined up before, while the Bangor boys had been practicing steadily for weeks. Bangor won the game on Bowdoin's bad fumbling.

Portland H. S., 12; Bowdoin Scrub, 6.

A team comprising an impromptu foot-ball aggregation went to Portland on the 17th and lost a game with the Portland High School by a score of 12 to 6. The Portland boys were very light, and had the scrub team had any foot-ball qualities they should easily have won the game. The scrub went to Portland just as the second eleven went to Bangor the Wednesday before, more to have a good time than to play foot-ball, and both teams returned sadder but wiser crowds, after having learned the lesson that to play foot-ball a certain amount of practice and team play is necessary.

Bowdoin, 12; Colby, 0.

Bowdoin has again proven the incapacity of Colby to score against her. Colby came down confident of winning, but Bowdoin got her old spirit up and her colors are still flying.

Without doubt, more interest was manifest in Wednesday's game than in any game ever played in Maine. The papers generally had prophesied that Colby would either tie the score or win from Bowdoin. That Colby was unusually strong and that Bowdoin was no stronger than last year and perhaps weaker was the common belief, even at Bowdoin.

With the possible exception of the Amherst game, a week ago Wednesday, the game was the

best exhibit of science shown by Bowdoin this year. It was a magnificent exhibition of foot-ball on both sides. The score of 12 to 0 does not express anything as to the nature of the game. From the first rush the game was manifestly Bowdoin's, for at no time was her goal in danger.

The work of the light Bowdoin line was a surprise all around. The center, which was supposed to be very weak, proved a match for Colby's center men. Spear, '98, was a tower of strength at guard opposite 240-pound Brooks. Shute, '97, handled Thompson easily at center, while for a crippled man French, '97, did very acceptable work. Bowdoin's ends were again invincible. Captain Stearns and Veazie early convinced the Colby backs that the ends were uncomfortable places for gains. Colby's tackles were stars; Putnam at left tackle was in every play and did fine work in advancing the ball. Shannon, for a man that weighs but 127 pounds, did surprising work at left end; but the right end was the mark for the Bowdoin backs.

Stanwood, '98, played the best game. His sprinting was excellent, considering the condition of the ground and the wet ball, and his running and dodging were easily the feature of the game. In the line plays Clark was in his usual good form. He found no trouble in bucking Colby's line whenever called upon. Kendall's game was not so vigorous by reason of his lame leg and ankle. He was not used a great deal, but he managed to make good gains every time. Moulton did fine work at quarter; his this year's game is far superior to his last year's. Gibbons and Hook played the best games for Colby behind the line. Gibbons is a heavy and hard player of a good deal of speed and a good head.

Promptly at three, Gibbons kicked off to Bowdoin's 10-yard line. Stanwood advanced the ball 15 yards before he was brought down. On the third down Stanwood was forced to punt. Alden caught the punt on Colby's 50-yard line, but fumbled and Veazie got the ball. Murphy made two fine gains of five yards each around the left end, and Clark bucked the center through right guard. Then the ball was given to Stanwood and his interference started around the left end again. For 5 yards he kept behind his protectors, then with a spurt he started on his own hook, with the Colby fullback before him, waiting to tackle him, and Gibbons in hot pursuit. He dodged Tupper easily and had a clear field and 30 yards before him. The race was a pretty one—handicapped by the ball, Stanwood had to run his prettiest to shake off

the slower Gibbons. In just four minutes after the ball was put in play, Stanwood scored the first touchdown for Bowdoin. Clark kicked the goal. In the rest of the half the ball was kept in the middle of the field, Colby using her revolving wedge play almost entirely and Bowdoin trying her whole repertoire, but especially line plays. Murphy made 20 yards and Clark made 20 yards at another time. Kendall and Veazie did some excellent tackling; especially noticeable was Kendall's work. Time was called on Colby's 45-yard line. Time of half was 20 minutes.

Clark kicked off to Gibbon on Colby's 20-yard line. Gibbon, with splendid blocking and good dodging, rushed the ball for nearly 30 yards, which was the only long gain made by Colby in the game. A criss-cross tackle play sent Putnam for 15 yards around left end. Tupper, Alden, and Putnam each made 5 yards, and then Bowdoin took a brace and held them on third down. Clark ploughed through Scannell for 15 yards and Stanwood made another 25-yard gain around right end. Then the play that was so successfully used with Maine State was tried. The blocking, and Kendall with the ball, started around the right end, met Veazie and gave him the ball, and, before any one knew what was up, Veazie had cleared the field of all save the fullback, whom he dodged but could not escape. On the 10-yard line Tupper brought down his man. Colby then got the ball and immediately lost it again. Colby took a stand for one down, and then Clark went through Brooks and Thompson like an arrow and landed safely on the other side of the goal line, and kept up his good record by kicking the goal. Score—Bowdoin 12, Colby 0.

Stanwood's punting and the tackle plays of Colby kept the ball swaying back and forth for the rest of the half. At one time Bowdoin rushed the ball to Colby's 5-yard line, but Colby got through and seized the ball on a fumble. Then Tupper, to free his goal from danger, punted down the field for 40 yards. Time was called on Colby's 40-yard line.

The summary:

BOWDOIN.		COLBY.
Stearns.	Left End.	Shannon.
Murphy.	Left Tackle.	Putnam.
Spear.	Left Guard.	Brooks.
Shute.	Center.	Thompson.
French.	Right Guard.	Scannell.
Stockbridge.	Right Tackle.	Chapman.
Veazie.	Right End.	Lamb.
Moulton.	Quarterback.	Hook, Doughty.
Kendall.	Left Halfback.	Alden.
Stanwood.	Right Halfback.	Gibbons.
Clark.	Fullback.	Tupper.

Score—Bowdoin 12, Colby 0. Umpire—Perry, Brown, '91. Referee—Corbett, Harvard, '93. Linesmen—Patterson, ex-Colby, '98, and Coggan, Bowdoin, '97.

Williams, 22; Bowdoin, 0.

Williams defeated Bowdoin on the 24th at Williamstown, by the score of 22 to 0. The teams lined up on the Weston field at 2.45 P.M., and from the start it was plainly Williams's game, as Bowdoin's line was unable to check the fine interference. When Williams had the ball she carried it the length of the field, without fumbling or losing it. With the exception of Chadwell, who is laid up with a fractured rib, Williams presented her strongest team of the season.

A strong wind blew throughout the game. Much punting was indulged in by both sides, and apparently neither had the advantage.

Most of Williams's gains were made through Bowdoin's centre and tackles. For Bowdoin, Stearns and Veazie played the best game, and protected their ends well, while Clarke bucked the line for good gains.

Bowdoin kicked off. Williams got the ball, and, by successive rushes, advanced to Bowdoin's three-yard line. Here Bowdoin got it on downs, and put it back to the center by a strong punt. After an exchange of punts, Williams again took the ball steadily toward Bowdoin's goal. Denman was given the ball at the 15-yard line, and gained 10 yards. Then Branch was pushed over the line for the first touchdown. Rutter missed an easy goal. For the rest of this half the ball was kept well in the centre of the field, both sides indulging in punting.

Williams kicked off in the second half, and got the ball again by blocking Bowdoin's punt. Here Williams fumbled and Bowdoin again punted, putting the ball in the centre of the gridiron. Then Bowdoin seemed to weaken, and Williams carried the ball by five yard gains to the goal. Denman made the touchdown, and Rutter kicked the goal. Williams 10, Bowdoin 0.

Two more touchdowns were made in this half by Fifer and Denman, and Rutter kicked both goals. These touchdowns were the result of continual gains through Bowdoin's line, which seemed wholly unable to break up the interference. The Williams centre men had little difficulty in making holes for the backs, and Bowdoin seemed in poorer physical condition than Williams. The line-up was as follows:

BOWDOIN.		WILLIAMS.	
Stearns.	Left End.	Whitney (Howard).	Lee.
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.		Wright.
French.	Left Guard.		McGowan.
Shute.	Center.		Lotz.
Spear.	Right Guard.		Fifer.
Murphy.	Right Tackle.		Rutter.
Veazie.	Right End.		

Moulton.
Stanwood.
Kendall.
Ives (Clark).

Quarterback.
Halfback.
Halfback.
Fullback.

Ryan.
Denman.
Branch.
Templeton.

Score—Williams 22, Bowdoin 0. Touchdowns—Branch, Fifer, Denman 2. Goals from touchdowns—Rutter 3. Umpire—Chadwell. Referee—Mackie. Linesman—Williams, 1900. Time—20-minute halves. Attendance—500.

Y. M. C. A.

Hewett, '97, led the regular Thursday meeting on the 15th.

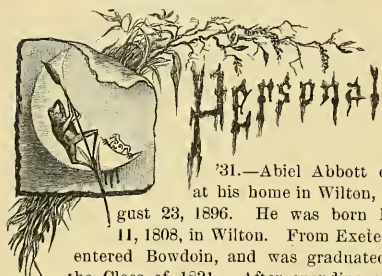
Dr. Hatch, at the Sunday afternoon meeting on the 18th, gave a talk on "Christianity as Related to Economics." He showed how the second of the great commandments, "Love Thy Neighbor," was the foundation of all political and social science. His talk was most interesting as well as practical, and he says what is needed in these days of hurrying and activity is practical religion, for the practical, every-day man who has no time for the religious theories and discussions of the day. Dr. Hatch spoke with great force, and his talk will be remembered by all who heard him.

Poor, '99, conducted the weekly meeting on the 22d.

The state convention of the college Young Men's Christian Associations was held with the Colby Y. M. C. A. at Waterville on October 16-18. Although Bowdoin is not a regular member of the state organization, she sent as delegates Poor, '99, and Robinson, 1900. The principal speakers at the meetings were J. R. Libby of Portland, who delivered an address on the Y. M. C. A. from a business man's standpoint, and gave an account of his twenty years' work in Y. M. C. A. circles; Hon. W. B. Miller and H. O. Williams of New York, who gave interesting talks, the former giving special attention to Bible study, and the latter to the great work now being done by the Y. M. C. A. in forming the railroad employees into clubs, with headquarters in the principal cities of the country. This system is being introduced at present into the Maine Central system, and permanent quarters are to be established in Portland. Dr. D. C. Robinson of Bangor gave a talk on gymnasium work as related to the Y. M. C. A. President Butler of Colby delivered an address. The meetings were made of more than special interest by the fine vocal selections of Miss Marion Monroe Rice of Boston. In the evening a collation was served in the vestry of the Baptist Church, and very apt speeches were made by those

present, Mr. Miller's stories keeping the company in a constant uproar of laughter. The convention was well attended, and through the kindness of Mr. Libby, was brought to a fitting close by an extended tour on the electric cars around Waterville and its points of interest.

Rev. Mr. Thomas of the Free Baptist Church spoke before the Y. M. C. A. at the Sunday meeting on the 25th. His address was to the point and listened to by all with much interest.



'31.—Abiel Abbott died at his home in Wilton, August 23, 1896. He was born May 11, 1808, in Wilton. From Exeter he entered Bowdoin, and was graduated in the Class of 1831. After spending some time at home and in teaching at Beverly, Mass., he entered the Harvard Divinity School and was graduated in 1837, but never entered upon the active duties of his profession. The next few years he was occupied in various ways, making his home in Wilton. In January, 1842, he joined his older brother Ezra (Class of 1830) in Virginia, and was engaged in teaching in that region till June, 1846. He then returned to Wilton and engaged with his brother Harris in the manufacture of potato starch for six or seven years. He then taught for a year, 1854-55, in Connecticut. The next twenty years were spent in Wilton, where he was employed at various kinds of work. For twenty years he held the commission of Justice of the Peace. In 1849 he served as Representative in the Legislature. As a surveyor of land he was widely known through the surrounding country. He was deeply interested in the schools, and they owed much to his efforts in their behalf. Business interests took him to Minnesota in 1876, where he remained for nearly six years. The remainder of his life was quietly spent at his old home in Wilton. As a teacher he proved very successful, and had not he and his brother foreseen that a serious upheaval was impending between the North and the South in regard to slavery, it is probable that he would have remained in Virginia, teaching, for an indefinite

period. He retained to the last months of his long life a remarkable vigor of mind and body, and was always keenly alive to all matters of public interest. He was never married.

'34.—The library has received a little volume of able sermons, under the title of "Patmos," by Rev. Charles Beecher.

'35.—The following is taken from the latest number of the *American University Magazine*:

The claim is often made that Bowdoin College has produced more eminent men in proportion to the number of her graduates than any other American college. The most distinguished member of the Class of '35 and one who should be named with the half-dozen living graduates of the college who rank among the foremost men of the day, is the venerable Henry Varnum Poor. His reputation has been made as a student of public affairs and as a writer on economic and political subjects. Such a man does not receive the public notice that comes to the politician, but his work is the basis of all political and social reforms.

Mr. Poor, after being graduated from Bowdoin, went to Bangor, Me., where he began to practice law. He never formally abandoned his profession, but he will be remembered not as a lawyer, but as one of the pioneer investigators of the unprecedented economic conditions arising in the United States from the development of the railroad system. His life has been one of laborious effort to acquire and give to others an intelligent view of questions of public economics. His most substantial achievement has been the publishing of his monumental works on the industry and finance of the United States, together with the periodical known as *Poor's Manual of Railroads of the United States*, which is the oldest journal of its kind and leads all other railroad publications. His books are all of them standard works, and have influenced the history of the United States and public legislation during the past twenty years. The book that he is now preparing will probably close his life work. It is upon the Monetary History of the United States. In this he will bring the knowledge and experience gained by many years of study and active participation in legislation to combat, as far as possible, the theories that are now menacing the established system of national finances.

Henry V. Poor was born in Andover, Me., December 8, 1812. His father was Sylvanus Poor, born in Andover, Mass., March 7, 1768, a descendant of Daniel Poor, one of the first settlers of that town and one of the early emigrants to the Commonwealth. On September 7, 1841, Mr. Poor married Mary Wild Pierce, daughter of Rev. John Pierce, D.D., of Brookline, Mass. In 1849 he moved to the City of New York to take charge of the *American Railroad Journal*, the publication of which he continued up to 1862. In 1868 he began the publication of the "Railroads of the United States" in connection with his son, Mr. Henry W. Poor of the New York banking firm of Poor & Greenough, by whom it is still continued.

Upon the breaking out of the war, Mr. Poor published "The Effect of Secession Upon the Commercial Relations Between the North and South and Upon Each Other." During the war Mr. Poor published a great many articles in various newspapers in vindication of the policy and strength of the North, contributing about one hundred articles to the *New York Times*, the greater part of which were printed as editorial matter. In 1877 Mr. Poor published an elaborate work of six hundred pages, entitled "Money and Its Laws," in which all the various theories which had prevailed in reference to it were fully set forth, as well as its nature and function. In 1878 he published a work entitled "Resumption and the Silver Question," in which he undertook to show the disastrous consequences which would result from the remonetization of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1, silver having recently fallen more than 10 per cent. in value. He also urged the retirement of the greenbacks as a currency representing debt instead of capital, and as an inflation of the circulating medium, certain to drive gold out of the country to such an extent as to embarrass its industrial and commercial operations. In 1876 Mr. Poor published the "Three Secession Movements in the United States," written to show that Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate for the presidency, had earnestly advocated the doctrine of the right of any state, upon its own motion, to secede from the Union. In 1878 Mr. Poor aided in drawing the memorial of the committee representing the banks of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, remonstrating against proposed monetization of silver. At the same time he supplied an article to the *North American Review*, showing the necessary consequences of such an act. In 1879 he published "The Union and Central Pacific Railroads and Their Relations to the United States," the purpose being to show that the country was greatly the gainer by the advances made to these companies should the whole amount advanced to them be lost. In 1888 he published a work of over two hundred pages, entitled "Twenty-two Years of Protection," which is extensively used as a campaign document. In 1892 he published "The Tariff: Its Bearing Upon the Industry and Politics of the United States." Of the first work 23,000 were published.

In 1862 Mr. Poor was chosen secretary of the incorporators of the Union Pacific Railroad, who met for the purpose of organizing. Mr. Poor soon resigned the office as incompatible with his other duties.

In 1864 Mr. Poor removed to Brookline, Mass., where he has since resided, spending a portion of the year at Andover, Me., on the spot selected by his maternal grandfather, and occupying the house erected by him in 1791.

47.—Rev. Crosby H. Wheeler, D.D., a well-known missionary of the American Board, died at Anburndale, Mass., October 11, 1896. He was born in Hampden, Me., September 8, 1823. After being graduated from Bowdoin in 1847, he taught for a year or two and then entered the Bangor Theologi-

cal Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1852. The same year he was ordained into the ministry and placed over a society at Warren, Me., where he served four years. Then, offering himself to the American Board, he was accepted and sailed for Smyrna in January, 1857. Six months later he arrived at Harpoot, there to remain save for occasional visits to this country. He was the founder and first president of Euphrates College, and through this institution and in other ways he worked most successfully for the good of the Armenians. He married Susan A. Brookings of Woolwich, who aided him greatly in his missionary work. Together they published works to help the cause of the college at Harpoot, and they visited this country in the interest of the college. The following letter, signed by eight graduates of Euphrates College, Harpoot, Turkey, and one graduate of Central Turkey College, Aintab, Turkey, shows the esteem with which he was held by the people among whom he labored: "We, the eight Armenian ministers of the Gospel, graduates of Euphrates College, laboring among our countrymen in various cities of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, convened at a ministers' meeting at 3 Allston Street, Boston, do hereby express our heartfelt gratitude to you, who have been the cause of our mental and moral education. Your memory will be everlastingly with us. We hope you will live in and through us. Yours was a life of self-denial and patient diligence. The world has been blessed by your life and work. God grant that our country may secure the desired freedom, so we may go back and continue the work which you began and continued so nobly and which is now in such a sad condition."

63.—The report that Hon. A. R. G. Smith had become a silver man and joined the Bryan forces must have been a political fabrication. Dr. Smith is still, as he always has been, a staunch Republican and a firm believer in the gold standard.

77.—Dr. Henry H. Smith was tendered a reception at Machias before leaving for New Haven, Conn., where he will practice medicine in the future.

Ex-85.—Thomas Leigh, Jr., is on a stumping tour for the Republican party in the western states.

Ex-85.—Walter Mooers, who was graduated from the Boston University Law School, last spring, has been admitted to the bar and has opened an office in Boston.

89.—Rev. Edward R. Stearns and Miss Frances E. Voter were married at New Vineyard, September 15th.

90.—Rev. Walter R. Hunt has left his pastorate

over the Unitarian Church at Duxbury, Mass., to take a position as assistant pastor of the largest Unitarian Church in Baltimore.

'92.—At a meeting of the Law Students' Club of Portland, Thomas H. Gately, Jr., was elected president. W. M. Ingraham, '95, was elected a member of the executive committee.

'94.—F. E. Briggs is teaching school at Bluehill.

'94.—C. A. Flagg has a permanent position with the New York State Library Staff at Albany. Last June, in the civil service examinations, he took very high rank.

'95.—J. B. Roberts is engaged in the study of law at Albany.

'95.—Harvey W. Thayer has been appointed instructor in French at Maine State College.

'95.—John G. W. Knowlton is playing behind the line on the B. A. A. foot-ball team.

College World.

F. E. Steere, Brown, '94, who coached the Bowdoin ball nine last season, is in business in New Bedford.

The largest institution of learning in the world is the University of Berlin, with an enrollment of 8,343 students.

Compulsory chapel attendance was abolished at Lehigh University with the opening of the college year. The students are reported to have expressed great joy at the announcement.

Rutgers College is going to try the plan of absolute self-government for the students.

The Hartford County alumnae of Mt. Holyoke Seminary have pledged themselves to raise funds to replace the structure recently burned.



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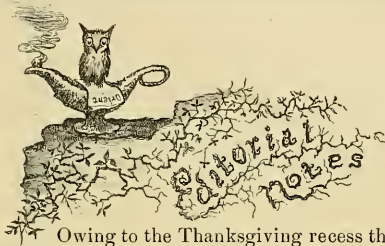
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Owing to the Thanksgiving recess the next number of the ORIENT will appear a few days earlier, and contributors will bear this in mind in sending in their work.

NOT long ago the scientific world was startled by the discovery of the much-talked-of X-Ray, but it was reserved for a Bowdoin professor to invent apparatus by which the wonderful rays could be brought into practical use, a feat almost equaling the original discovery. Not content with resting on these laurels, another son of Bowdoin, also a member of the Faculty, has proceeded further in philanthropic and scientific researches, this time, however, in a new direction. A surprising result has followed; the new disinfecting lamp, after having been put to the severest and most practical tests, has clearly demonstrated its utility, and is at present being brought into general use by leading sanitary experts throughout the country. Every Bowdoin man in the land may have a just feeling of pride in this, the most recent of the scientific achievements of Professor Robinson.

ACCORDING to custom, the Athletic Association will soon meet to elect a captain and a manager for the coming season's track team; but before this is done the ORIENT wishes to offer a protest against the

method now in vogue of electing the captain of the 'varsity team. It is all very well for the managers of the various organizations to be chosen in mass-meetings, in fact it is the only proper manner; but there seems to be no reason, except that of precedent, for the captain to be thus elected. The foot-ball team, the base-ball team, the crews of former days, all chose their own leader, and why should the track team be deprived of this right, this privilege in fact? The members of the team know the individual worth of one another far better than a crowd of students hastily summoned together to perform this responsible duty. An error in this choice may severely handicap, may indeed ruin a season's work, simply because the right man was not in the right place. Other colleges think best to leave this matter to their teams; why should not we? The question of what constitutes the 'varsity track team now comes before us. Is it the Worcester or the Waterville team? In the mind of the ORIENT it is the Worcester team which really holds this position, inasmuch as it comprises the pick of all the candidates, and as the Waterville team has among its number a good many inexperienced men, who are taken more for practice and experiment than for their real athletic abilities. We trust the Athletic Committee may consider this question, and in case it finds favor in their eyes, the ORIENT hopes to see the captain for '97 chosen by the 'varsity team of '96.

CLASS rivalry and spirit are both commendable and desirable in their proper places, but when they find expression in frequent rushes and "scraps" after the morning chapel exercises, it is time that restrictions be placed upon them. Even before the service is really at an end, cries of "Rush 'em out" and "Hold 'em in" are heard, and then ensues a grand *mêlée* pushing back and forth until one side or the other gains the advan-

tage. To say nothing of the loss of our own self-respect, how must this look to an outsider, who comes here in an impartial state of mind, knowing nothing of our ancient "customs," which are thus perpetuated? To say the least, this is below our dignity as college men, and moreover frequent appeals have been made to us by the Faculty to cease these unwarranted rushes and to reserve them for a place more suited to their character. Let us behave as is fitting while at chapel, and if the spirit of the under classes needs some vent for its exuberance, let them renew the old practice of having a cane rush, or better, let them try their prowess at the rope-pull which was postponed from the first week of the term. Whatever is done, let chapel rushes be blotted out from our programme of the morning service.

QUITE often the ORIENT makes appeals to its friends and supporters for aid in obtaining material for its columns, but rarely does it make a direct appeal for support financially. As all in college and some out know, the present board of editors have succeeded in obtaining a room in which to carry on the work, and also where those interested in other college journals can come and read them. We have done this both with a view of giving others the benefit of what we enjoy and of increasing the interest in our own paper, but we will not be able to finish the work thus begun unless others lend a hand and help. For this reason we ask that all in, and also all out of, college, who are indebted to the paper, go to the Business Manager and pay the amount due. If all pay, the ORIENT will be put upon a satisfactory basis, and the room will be properly furnished. If these subscriptions are not paid there is a danger that our paper, which has so nobly defended and so zealously advanced the college interests for a quarter of a century, will be forced to sus-

pend publication. Shall sister institutions point the finger of scorn at us, while they jeeringly remark that there is not life enough left in our once active body to issue a successful publication?

- We must fix up the room, else it will be taken away, and it will be a long time before another can be obtained. We must pay our publication bills, else we suspend publication. We must have the support of all, or we shall lose one of the things that affords us much interest and gives us a name among institutions like our own.

Walk up to the business manager "unduned" and pay your old subscription even if it causes you to economize for a week or two. We must not let fall what our fathers raised.

DURING the last few years there has been an increased demand for college stories, and to meet this, certain undergraduates, sometimes graduates, have taken it into their hands to gather up the various traditions, customs, and historical items, and to print them in an attractive and readable volume. These books have not met the demand, but have rather stimulated it, so that already such dainty volumes as the "Harvard Stories," and "Princeton Tales," have appeared and found a ready sale, not only on account of their sentiment and associations, but also for their intrinsic literary value.

Surely Bowdoin has an almost unlimited supply of traditions upon which to draw, and why should she not produce as valuable a book as certain of her younger, in truth as certain of her older, sisters have? Such a book would serve the triple purpose of preserving the good old traditions of the past, of encouraging college spirit at present, and of showing to young men about to make a choice of their *Alma Mater* that Bowdoin has as glorious a past, as successful a present, and as brilliant a future as any of the col-

leges of the country. There ought surely to be some Bowdoin man who would undertake this important work, especially since there are enticing prospects, not only of literary fame, but also of pecuniary reward, a feature of much importance in these days of the "survival of the fittest."

Delta Upsilon Convention.

THE sixty-second annual convention of the Delta Upsilon fraternity was held with the Tufts Chapter, at Tufts College, October 22d and 23d. The business sessions were, however, held at the Quincy House, in Boston, and here also were the headquarters of the different convention committees. A reception was given the delegates in the hotel parlors, on the evening of the 21st, by the alumni of the fraternity living in and around Boston.

The roll call Thursday morning showed every chapter, save one, represented. The Chapters of Harvard, Technology, and Tufts attended in a body. The Colby chapter also had a delegation of ten men present.

The first day of the convention was occupied with the reading of the chapter reports and the usual routine of business. At 5.30 P.M. lunch was served to the delegates and visiting brethren, at the Tufts chapter house at College Hill. At 7.30 P.M. the public exercises were held in Goddard Chapel, Tufts College. The history of the fraternity was given by Willard S. Small, Tufts, '94, and the oration by President Beniah L. Whitman, Brown, '87. At the close of the exercises a reception was given in Metcalf Hall to the visiting delegates and friends, by the charming and comely co-eds of the college.

Friday morning the adjourned business session was resumed. Representatives from the Phi Rho society of Wesleyan University were present, and for the third time applied

for a charter to the fraternity. Final action in the matter was deferred until the next annual convention.

At 1.30 P.M. came final adjournment, and after having dined, the delegates proceeded in a body to visit the chapter houses of the Technology, Tufts, and Harvard chapters. Lunch was served by the Harvard brothers.

At 8 P.M. a party of two hundred Delta Upsilon men attended the Tremont Theatre and witnessed Frank Daniels, in "The Wizard of the Nile." Beautiful banners of the "gold and blue," with the fraternity monogram inscribed thereon, had been suspended from the boxes on either side by zealous friends of Delta Upsilon among the fair sex. The leading lady of the opera was also gowned in a smart costume of the fraternity colors, and when she appeared before the foot-lights she was received by the boys with three rousing rounds of cheers. Between the acts, the orchestra rendered several selections of Delta Upsilon music, fraternity songs were sung, and the different chapter yells given.

The banquet was held at the Nottingham, directly after the theatre party, Professor John F. Genung, Union, '70, presiding as toast-master. Responses were made by A. A. Gleason, Harvard, '86; Ellis J. Thomas, Williams, '88; Hubert C. Wykoff, California, '97; H. E. Starr, Brown, '97; and several others. Words of advice and encouragement as well as of mirth and merriment stirred the heart of every delegate, and each and every one returned home determined to impart a new life and vigor to his own wee chapter, and make it, if possible, the shining light of the whole fraternity roll. George S. Bean, '97, represented the Bowdoin chapter.

The Harvard-Princeton debate will be held at Princeton, December 5th. The choice of a subject belongs to Princeton.

The Guardian of "Sweet Saints."

BOUND northward from Saint Agnes, we had planned on supping with the fat little inn-keeper at Mayberry Downs on Aston stream, but as good fortune would have it, the rear tire of our tandem became attached to a tack. Saint Michael only knows how a tack ever found its way to this land of carpetless floors and turkey maids. My mate, the poet, was for stopping at the parish house to recuperate body, soul, and wheel. Methinks, on consideration, the presence of an institution of the Holy Catholic Church influenced him wonderfully, and certainly the name did have a comfortable sound, the Convent of Sainte Refugia.

It was nearly four by the dial on the little church of Sainte Francesca, eight miles back, and we had a good two miles—a peasant told us 'twas "four meels good, if it pleases, sir"—to the home of the pious priest. The local ideas of distance were always to be taken at about half price.

The sight that was unfolded to us as we came over the last hillock, of a small bit of plain nestled away in hovering arms of two green hills—and green hills of fair Scotia, too—of a double row of gray stone buildings with a large court-yard between, and gardens and lanes and the cosiest little gray chapel, quite took away every reason for attempting to reach Mayberry Downs, which was ten miles distant, on a temporary patched tire. The only house except the convent buildings was the snug little stone cottage of the deacon in charge. No answer came to our repeated knocks, so we decided to make the necessary repairs on the wheel and await the coming of our hoped-for host.

The sweet-toned and soft chimes had celebrated the angelus, and the little line of black-robed figures had come out of the chapel, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, before the personage, whose hospitality we were about to tax, made his appearance along

the trim lane that connected his cottage with his charge. We were both startled; we had expected an old man and gray, with tottering step, and murmuring prayers by the yard. Instead, a young head of closely-cropped light hair, and a face which seemed to us far too beautiful to grace a convent wall. The figure was that of an athlete, but bent in deep meditation.

Despite our rising and doffing our caps as he neared the cottage, he appeared not to notice us, and entered his humble door. But later he came out, and, apologizing for his rudeness, bade us enter. The first room was as innocent of ornament as the cold stones of his cottage; but another room into which he took us showed us not the cowed priest but the college man; for here in one corner was a cosy divan, on which lay a Class of '89 pillow and numerous "sister" pillows, and overhead hung German rapiers, foils, broadswords, and, as if to crown all, a Cuban machete with half of the blade gone. But what attracted our attention most was a tattered Cuban flag gracefully arranged about a full-length photograph of a tall athletic soldier with curly light hair, dressed in the uniform of a Cuban lieutenant. The pictures of college cricket teams and foot-ball teams were all in favored places. After our rather reticent host had left us to our evil devices, we espied the same light head and well-knit frame in every picture, and especially evident was it in a large picture of a boat's crew, that hung under crossed oar-blades over the large stone fire-place. A curtain of deer skins hung between this odd den and the chamber. The effect of these decorations on the bare plaster walls and floor was delightfully unique. Fur rugs and mats gave a peculiar warmth to the room, and a roaring fire in the fire-place sent a glow over all the walls as we sat on the rugs and ate our barley porridge.

I suppose the silence that held sway while

we were eating was what they call an eloquent silence. We were so deeply moved by the circumstances that could send a man of seemingly so worldly a temperament to a life-long exile in a land where no man knows his neighbor and where all luxuries are foreign, so deeply moved that we could but respect the silent meditation of our host. I never thanked the day that I bought a little college pin more in my life; for that alone unsealed for a minute the lips of our clerical hero of romance. He seemed almost to tremble in his endeavor to conceal his story. Having gathered up the earthen porridge bowls, he went to an old leather chest and from the bottom brought forth a common briar pipe of bull-dog pattern and a can of tobacco, and holding them up, he said: "Gentlemen, you bring me the vision of a merry past, a past that was buried with this dear old friend of my college days, two years ago. You, save the bishop, are the only gentlemen I have seen in that period."

The human machines who ride a century every day for a month do not smoke, I am told; but the real tourist who does not ride to see how much he can ride, but to see how well he can ride, never fails to add to his five or ten pounds of luggage his faithful pipe, or rather he takes his pipe and then adds as much baggage as he cares to carry so far.

The beams of satisfaction that floated across and settled on our host's face made our own dumb sympathies more appreciated. And a magnificent sight he was as he lay outstretched on a mammoth bear skin, his well-knit body and trained muscles plainly defined in the knickerbockers and white silk blouse that he wore under his long outdoor robe with its cowl.

Suddenly he seized the brown cloister cloak and bade us walk with him to the convent garden for a breath of air, he said, but rather, I think, for a diversion from the conversation, which was rapidly nearing the fatal

goal of his romance. "Gentlemen," he said, as we entered the garden, where peach and almond trees rustled softly in the gentle breeze and where all was made sweet with jessamine and rare jonquil, "every foot of this precious plot is hallowed by the hands of the chaste maidens here, whose only recreation lies in digging and making beautiful this garden. Six years ago I was as unfit to be guardian of so many sweet saints as either of you. Old Yale never fitted me for such work. My parents were Baptists." In such short and unconnected sentences our strange entertainer talked and walked all the while.

"Such things often send a man to the devil," answered the Yale man of '89 to our curious gazing at a small portrait, done in water-color, of a divinely beautiful woman, whose large black eyes seemed to wonderfully stimulate a fellow's emotional senses. In the margin with the artist's name was "The Countess of Monesco."

A Midnight Sail.

ONE Sunday night, while at boarding school, I went to bed as usual and was soon lost in slumber in the land of Nod. After sleeping what I supposed to be a very long time I was awakened by the rising bell, but, curious to say, it rang with an uncommonly business-like sound, and seemed to be quite close to me. I opened my eyes and looked upward, and to my great astonishment beheld not the ceiling, but a towering mass of ropes, spars, sails, and rigging. Fore and aft I could see the red and green lights on the bow and stern of what seemed to be a great ship. The bell struck eight times while the watch called out "eight bells," and I knew it was midnight. Suddenly something struck me in the head and I knew no more till a rough hand seized my shoulder and a man's voice said, "Here, captain, here is one of those dirty stowaways." I felt very weak, but managed to stammer out to the captain

that I was a St. Paul's boy, and that I had no idea how I got aboard the ship. Taking me for a half-lunatic he insisted I was a stowaway, and sent me down to the cook to shell peas.

Thus we sailed some three weeks, till about the 17th of August we were off the Island of Sumatra, when from a little bay, several Malay natives put forth and gave us chase. They were evidently pirates and would make short work if they caught us. Rapidly they gained upon us and at last were but an eighth of a mile away, when a Malay coming out on the bowsprit and making a trumpet with his hand, shouted, "Sagamos-tarratomki punto sonalio," which the interpreter said meant "Heave to." Our captain took no notice of this polite request, but they steadily overtook us and came alongside. At once they began to board our ship, black, ferocious-looking men with knives as sharp as razors. A terrible struggle ensued, during which I was knocked senseless. Upon regaining consciousness I found myself lying on a Malay boat, where I could hear my companions groaning and weeping as they thought of the terrible fate before them, that of walking the plank. At last our eyes were unbandaged and we were placed in line. Every sixth man was butchered, while the rest were led one by one to a plank projecting over the side, from the end of which they were cast headlong to the hungry sharks below. One by one we were led to our fate and pushed into the sea. Despite my cries and groans I was brought out and prepared for this cruel death. As I struck the water with a tremendous splash—just then a loud voice exclaimed, "Shut up, do let us have a little sleep to-night!" Awakening, I found myself in bed wet to the skin by a glass of water which some one had thrown over me to stop my talking. I got up, changed my clothes, and never again ate the combination of hash and griddle cakes for supper.

Bowdoin Verse.

- Modesty.

"I do not like the fall," said she,
And blushed so fair,
"For then on every bush and tree
The limbs are bare.

"But Nature's rash immodesty
In spring is gone,
For then the limbs of every tree
Have bloomers on."

An Open Letter.

Dear Ma :

I wish I were at home.
I don't think I like college;
I never thought it was so hard
This searching after knowledge.
Some fellows they call Sophomores
Keep me in constant terror.
I dare not say my soul's my own
For fear I'll make an error.
They make us all take off our hats
And bow when'er we pass;
We wouldn't do it, but, you see,
They have a great big class,
While ours is small, and, furthermore,
We have no self-reliance,
For we have only one big man,
While all the Sophs are glaunts.

The Juniors I can't understand;
There is no use denying
That they are all good friends to us,
Yet they are always trying
To get us in some scrap or rush;
I really wish they wouldn't.
We have to go, but sometimes, ma,
It seems as if we couldn't.
If they are friends I cannot see
What pleasure can be found
For them in watching Sophomores
Bang us poor Freshmen round.

The Seniors I don't know at all.
I guess they're pretty old,
And great friends with the Faculty—
At least that's what I'm told.
They don't have much to do with us,
It makes me feel quite small.

Some of them, I begin to think,
Don't know I'm here at all.
Well, I must close; just one thing more,
Please send at once some "mun."
I'm almost strapped. No more to-day.
Good-bye,
Your loving son.

Cuba—1896.

Night, and the darkness of hell;
Flashing of fires;
Hideous fiends that yell,
Crushing in mad pell-mell
Children and sires;
All that glory and gain
May be the boast of Spain!

Wasted from shore unto shore
Through the long years;
Trodden by armed hosts o'er;
Stained by her patriots' gore;
Dripping with tears;
Every field of cane
Hissing defiance to Spain!

Outraged queen of the seas,—
Hear ye her call?
Bleeding and crushed to her knees,
Pleading to every breeze;—
Shame on us all!
Never may triumph again
Sit on the banners of Spain!

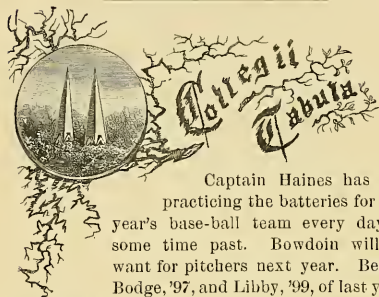
O for the morning light
Over the sea,
Guiding those in the right,
Making forever bright
Cuba the free;
Scorning to dust again
Tyrants and fiends of Spain!

A Question of Height (?).

When I with Phillis so petite
Am walking out upon the street,
And see admiring glances cast
At her by each one who goes past,
I think small girls are best.

And when with Maude, so queenly tall,
I promenade around the hall,
And know I'm drawing many a glance
Of envy as we tread the dance,
I think tall girls are best.

But when on Grace I chance to call,
Who isn't short nor very tall,
But simply Grace; well, if I tried,
I couldn't be more satisfied,—
I know that Grace is best.



Captain Haines has been practicing the batteries for next year's base-ball team every day for some time past. Bowdoin will not want for pitchers next year. Besides Bodge, '97, and Libby, '99, of last year's team, there are, for next year, Williams, '98, Greenlaw, '99, and Bacon, 1900.

Tennis has gone.

Levi Turner, '86, was on the campus last week.

Neagle, '99, has returned after several weeks absence.

The annual catalogue of the college is to come out soon.

1900 had a very effective banner swaying aloft at chapel recently.

In their new class sweaters the Freshmen appear quite "up to date."

Rev. R. K. Sewall, '37, lately made a short call upon his *Alma Mater*.

The Senior and Junior Divisions in Latin are reading Tacitus this year.

But one more game and Bowdoin's foot-ball season of 1896 is at an end.

The Greek Division of the Sophomore Class is reading Euripides this term.

The Freshman foot-ball team played Thornton Academy at Saco, November 7th.

Ice has formed several times around the water pipes. Get in your winter's coal!

Wheeler, '98, was engaged in special telegraphic work in Portland on election night.

Chamberlain, '93, of the Harvard Medical School, was on the campus last week.

Hull, '97, was away week before last coaching the Fryeburg Academy foot-ball team.

Many of the students celebrated the victory of McKinley by patronizing the electric.

President Hyde was the representative of Bowdoin at the recent Princeton celebration.

In the absence of L. P. Libby, '99, Baxter, '98, officiated as organist at last Sunday's chapel.

Quite a number of the students attended the Republican celebrations at Portland and Bath.

Professor Woodruff has been conducting a competitive prize examination in the New Testament.

The heavy rains caused the library to leak a trifle, but Mr. Simpson & Co. soon remedied the evil.

The students are looking forward with high expectations to the Thanksgiving recess. Only two weeks longer to wait!

The Republican students are elated, as well they may be, over the election returns. Their rally surely was not in vain.

The jury has decided that the expenses of the observance of Hallowe'en be appended to the term bills of the Sophomores.

Pay your foot-ball subscription, and if you have not been interviewed, walk up and volunteer to help out the association.

The foot-ball team returned from their long absence much tired out and glad to get back, though all reported a pleasant trip.

Adams Building is being decorated with a sidewalk, which adds greatly to the convenience of pedestrians in that vicinity.

Still they are called the Class of Nineteen Hundred. Can not some briefer appellation be found which will find popular favor?

The Freshman division in drawing is making rapid progress, and the course already has proved itself a most practical success.

Professor Woodruff represented Bowdoin at the meeting of the Association of New England Colleges, held at Tufts week before last.

The chapel bell was minus a tongue after Hallowe'en, but a hammer judiciously used by Mr. Simpson served as an effective substitute.

White, '97, has for some time been sick and out of college. This fact, perhaps, accounts for the late dilapidated condition of the chapel choir.

Rev. Mr. Cutler, Class of '83, formerly instructor of English Literature at Bowdoin, addressed the students in chapel, Sunday afternoon, October 25th.

Professor Garcelon of Auburn has begun his

winter's work in banjo, mandolin, and guitar instruction, and several students have joined his classes.

Massachusetts climate seemed to have a bad effect upon the foot-ball men. Nearly all of them contracted rheumatism, and some were quite broken up with it.

Among the late arrivals at the library are the following:

Sir George Tressady (2 vols.), Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
The House, Eugene Field.
France in the XIX. Century, Elizabeth W. Latimer.
La Belle Nivernaise, Alphonse Daudet.
Tales of Fantasy and Fact, Brander Matthews.
Dictionary of Modern Greek, Gannaris.
Books and their Makers in the Middle Ages, Putnam.
Gymnastics, Stecher.

The library has also purchased a complete set of the works of Stevenson. It includes, besides his longer stories and romances, his short stories, his essays, books of travel, and his poems and ballads. This addition will be generally appreciated.

Thanksgiving is almost here. One thing that most Bowdoin men are thankful for is that they will eat a good fat McKinley turkey instead of a lank Bryan fowl, this fall.

There should be a big crowd go up to Lewiston to cheer the foot-ball team to victory. Bates will take the brace of her life, and old Bowdoin will need to use all her spirit to win.

The Bowdoin orchestra is doing a lucrative business at local assemblies. It has been engaged to furnish music for the Poverty Ball on November 25th, which promises to be a grand success.

"Are you going down to hear the returns?" was the question of the day, Tuesday, and many of the students took advantage of the opportunity and heard of McKinley's victory on special wires.

The number of books taken from the library in October was 821; on the 26th 95 were charged, the largest number of any one day; 26 books a day throughout the month, on the average, were charged.

The Sophomore Class has elected its list of speakers for the prize declamations on December 17th: Briggs, Cram, L. L. Cleaves, Dana, Dutton, Jennings, Lavertu, Moulton, Nason, Philoon, W. H. Smith, Sturgis.

The electric cars are at last able to cross the railroad track and spin around the college campus. Their merry buzz is often useful in arousing the nodding student to a realization of his surroundings during the long and dreary hours of recitation.

'Ninety-nine sprung its "turkey" supper at about half-past eight, Monday evening. They made lots of noise and, as customary, left the remains of the turkeys, in way of bones and dressing, scattered around the chapel, as a proof of the occurrence.

The sentiment of Golden Autumn has been rather charred by the burning of the leaves on the campus. The efficient services of the Brunswick Fire Department were not needed this year to quench the conflagration. Perhaps Mr. Simpson burned the leaves in the day time for this particular reason.

The Library Building Fund has just received a bequest of \$8,000 from the trustees of the late Joseph Walker estate, of Portland. Mr. Walker left his estate for "educational purposes in Cumberland County." Owing to the present financial depression the market value of these securities is about \$5,000.

The last themes of the term will be due November 17th. The subjects are as follows:

JUNIORS.

1. William Morris's Social Views.
2. The Place of the Bible in Literature.
3. Trial by Jury: Is It a Failure?
4. College Education for Business Men.

SOPHOMORES.

1. Some of My Friends in Fiction.
2. A Description of a Painting in the Art Building.
3. Should the President be Elected by Direct Vote of the People?
4. How the College Student Wastes His Time.

In the "Literary Digest" of October 31, 1896, President Hyde's theory of the "Fall of Man" receives consideration and justly attracts much attention. This is but one of the many instances in which the Faculty of Bowdoin have been recognized in the literary and scientific world as authorities in their respective branches of learning.

The lecture season has just commenced, and Bowdoin bids fair to have as large a quota of lecturers upon the platform as usual. Among the lectures already scheduled are, Professor Chapman, on Robert Burns, at Deering, October 29th; and on March 15th, before the Central Club of Bangor. Professor Robinson will also deliver a lecture upon the X-rays before this club December 1st. Gen. J. L. Chamberlain will address the Deering Club, November 12th, on "Gettysburg."

There are in the neighborhood of twenty candidates for the Mandolin and Guitar Club. The Banjo Club will be separate from the Mandolin Club

this year for convenience in the selection of music. Most of the concert selections are not arranged for both banjo and mandolin and so have to be specially arranged. This task has always been an expensive and laborious burden to the leaders in the past.

The ORIENT is in receipt of this open letter which is self-explanatory. The foot-ball team by this is made to realize that its success is as carefully, perhaps more carefully, watched by alumni than by under-graduates, if such could be possible.

ALBANY, N. Y., October 30, 1896.

Editors of the Bowdoin Orient:

At the monthly meeting of the Bowdoin Club of Albany, last night, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, We, as Bowdoin Alumni, have watched with much interest the record of the Bowdoin eleven which, although handicapped in many ways, has pluckily upheld the honor of old Bowdoin against their heavier opponents;

Resolved, That it seems fitting for us to take this opportunity to express our appreciation of their good work.

C. A. FLAGG,

R. P. PLAISTED,

J. B. ROBERTS,

Committee for Bowdoin Club of Albany.

The Deutscher Verein, which was organized last year by the Senior German Division, will be continued this year by '97. The Verein met last Thursday evening with Professor Files, and the following officers were chosen: Vorsitsender, H. M. Varrell; Schriftivart, P. W. Davis; Hassenwart, C. L. Blake. Meetings will be held monthly with the different members of the Verein. The members are to furnish original papers upon the German authors, and these are to be read at the Verein meetings.

The observance of Hallowe'en was kept by '99 in a somewhat different manner than has been usually the custom. The class should be congratulated on not attempting to block up the chapel vestibule as has been the custom for years. The attempts are never successful and always mean a large bill of expense. The Muses were disturbed from their altars in the Temple. Grotesque and terrible were the examples of Sophomoric art upon its sacred walls. But the irrepressible disciple and successor of Mr. Booker outdid '99 with their own colors, and noon brought forth a miniature Massachusetts Hall, done in red by a true-born artist.

The new college debating society, to be known as the George Evans Debating Society, was duly organized last Wednesday in the Senior room in Memorial Hall. All members of the college are eligible to membership. All interested in debating

should hand their names to the secretary and become active members of the society. Professor Mitchell of Rhetoric has been especially active in its organization, while Professors Chapman and Johnson are also deeply interested. The following officers were elected at the organization: President, Philoon; 1st Vice-President, Dutton; 2d Vice-President, Thompson; Secretary, L. P. Libby; Treasurer, W. T. Libby; Executive Committee, Philoon, Briggs, Dana, Greenlaw, L. L. Cleaves. All the officers are from '99.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the architect, artist, and writer, will read from his own works, in Brunswick, on Thursday, November 19th, under the auspices of the Saturday Club. Mr. Smith ("Hop" Smith, as his friends call him) has a beautiful painting in water colors in the Art Building, entitled "Afternoon on the Riva." He will, it is expected, arrive in Brunswick in the afternoon and so be able to look through the Art Building. This is an exceptional opportunity for the students as well as for others to see and hear one of the most brilliant writers of the day. Later in the year Professor Hutchins will lecture before the Club on the Roentgen ray. Another attraction offered by the Saturday Club, this fall, is some personal recollections of Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier, by Julia Ward Howe.

While target shooting, recently, with a friend in Groveton, Vt., Captain Horne of the track team was accidentally shot through the muscles of his leg, between the thigh and knee. The bullet, which was of 32 calibre, went in near the thigh joint, and continued its course lengthwise of the leg. For the reason that it is not known how far down the bullet proceeded, the doctors have been as yet unable to remove it. There is little doubt but that the accident will terminate Captain Horne's hurdling career. What this would mean to Bowdoin's athletics it is impossible to estimate. That Captain Horne was only at the beginning of his athletic prowess, it is certain. While numerous victories have been his, every one felt that even more and greater were to be his before he should choose to close his glorious career upon the cinder path. The 10 or 15 points that were confessedly his at Worcester next year, are small in comparison with the influence and impetus that a man of such ability would put into every other man of the team. Captain Horne has undoubtedly brought more distinction to Bowdoin in field athletics than any other man, and perhaps more than any other man in any of the other branches of athletics.

The rally of the Bowdoin College Republican Club, Wednesday night, was an ideal college rally with unbounded enthusiasm. At 7.30 the college Republicans, having assembled in front of Memorial Hall, marched in a body 200 strong to Town Hall to the stirring strains of "Old Phi Chi" and the Bowdoin yell, the cheering being continued until all were settled in the seats reserved in the front of the hall. The Bowdoin College orchestra played at intervals throughout the evening. When the president of the club, White, '97, arose to open the meeting, nine rousing "Rahs" were given for McKinley and Hobart. And when President White introduced President Hyde as the first speaker of the evening every college man in the hall arose and gave him an ovation long to be remembered. President Hyde's remarks embraced the five great questions confronting the American people, namely, the tariff, pensions, civil service reform, arbitration, and currency. In closing, President Hyde said that this year the Republican party stands for justice to all, while the Democratic party stands for repudiation and for favor to a class, regardless of law and honor. The closing paragraphs of President Hyde's remarks were loudly cheered. President White next introduced Hon. Orville D. Baker of Augusta, Bowdoin, '68. Mr. Baker's address was resplendent with brilliant flashes of eloquence and rhetoric. From the very first he was thoroughly in touch with the college sympathies. Often the applause prevented him from continuing for a considerable time. His address was that of a college man to college men, and without doubt was one of the finest ever heard in Brunswick. The currency question received the weight of Mr. Baker's attention, and he gave a clear and concise statement of the question, interspersed with frequent stories and anecdotes which kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. His comparison of the fluctuation of the commercial value of silver with the ever-flowing tides of the ocean of nations was most eloquent. At the close of Mr. Baker's address the students arose in a body at the signal of Merrill, '98, who led all the cheering of the evening, and gave three rousing cheers for Mr. Baker. An informal reception was held after the meeting, when the members of the club were presented to Mr. Baker.

The West Point Cadets number 332, including one foreigner, receiving instruction by special order of Congress.

Athletics.

Dartmouth, 26; Bowdoin, 10.

Bowdoin was defeated by Dartmouth on the 28th by the score of 26 to 10. The game was desperately fought from start to finish, and the weakness of Dartmouth's line was very evident. Bowdoin made repeated gains through the tackles, and on a criss-cross play, Veazie made a brilliant run of 75 yards, and scored a touchdown. The Associated Press dispatch says: "Comparing the teams of this and last year, Bowdoin is much stronger, and Dartmouth weaker. The Dartmouth team is especially weak on the offensive, and must wonderfully improve if they win the tri-collegiate series. The Bowdoin men are stocky and quick, playing the game for every bit there is in it."

Bowdoin kicked off and Dartmouth made several good gains through the line. After seven minutes' play, Eckstrom secured the first touchdown, and McCormack kicked the goal.

In this half two more touchdowns and goals were secured by Buell and Edwards, and the ball was in the possession of Dartmouth when time was called. Score—Dartmouth, 18; Bowdoin, 0.

During the first half Bowdoin seemed dazed, but when the second half opened she began her last year's method of losing in the first half but tying the score in the second. Dartmouth kicked off and soon obtained the ball on downs, when Buell was sent over the line for another touchdown. The goal was missed.

On the next kick-off, Bowdoin caught the ball and tried the criss-cross. Veazie repeated his Maine State performance, and dashed across the line for a touchdown after a run of 75 yards. Clarke kicked the goal. The Dartmouth team had now become "rattled," and soon after the next kick-off they lost the ball on the 35-yard line. The Bowdoin team now braced up wonderfully and Stockbridge and Clarke made some long gains. Clarke's bucking the centre was phenomenal; by 5 and 10 yard gains he slowly but surely pushed the ball over the goal line for the second touchdown, but he failed at the goal. Dartmouth was given the ball for holding on the next play, and soon her backs had gotten it down near the posts, and Crolius made a touchdown but no goal was kicked. Dartmouth had the ball when time was called. The Bowdoin men played a steady up-hill game and

have the satisfaction of being the first team to score against Dartmouth on their new Alumni Oval.

The line-up was as follows:

DARTMOUTH.		BOWDOIN.	
Keeley.	Left End.	Capt. Stearns.	
Brown.	Left Tackle.	Stockbridge.	
Place.	Left Guard.	Gould, French.	
Tanner.	Center.	Shute.	
Walker.	Right Guard.	Spear.	
Edwards.	Right Tackle.	Murphy.	
Cavanaugh.	Right End.	Veazie.	
Capt. McCornack.	Quarterback.	Moulton.	
Perkins, Boyle.		Kendall.	
Eckstrom, Whalen.	Left Halfback.	Stanwood.	
Crolius.	Right Halfback.	Clarke.	
Buell.	Fullback.		

Score—Dartmouth, 26; Bowdoin, 10. Touchdowns—Buell, 2; Eckstrom, Edwards, Crolius, Veazie, Clarke. Goals from touchdowns—McCornack, 3; Clarke. Umpire, Dr. Edward Jones. Referee, Prof. E. H. Carleton. Linesmen, Ryan and Brett. Time, two 25-minute halves. Attendance, 500.

Bowdoin, 10; Andover, 0.

Bowdoin lined up against the Andover team at Andover on the 31st, and defeated them by the score of 10 to 0. The contest was too one-sided to be of much interest, since Bowdoin had everything her own way, and had it not been for the team's crippled condition the score would have been much larger. Andover started with the kick-off, and Bowdoin advanced the ball to the 35-yard line, where they were held for downs. Barker punted, but, as Bowdoin muffed the ball Halladay secured it, and Barker punted again. Stetson, who was standing behind the goal line, caught the ball, thereby making a touchback. Andover claimed it was a safety, but referee Brett did not allow it as such. Bowdoin scored six points in the first half, Clarke making the touchdown and kicking the goal. In the second half Clarke again scored after the ball had been up and down the field many times. He missed the goal. Clarke's playing was the feature of Bowdoin's game. Stanwood and Ives also gained much ground.

Bowdoin played a swift, steady game, but fumbled badly on punts. Andover soon found out it was useless to try either the line or the ends, so resorted to punting. Murphy was compelled to retire on account of a dislocated shoulder.

The line-up was as follows:

BOWDOIN.		ANDOVER.	
Stearns.	Left End.	Schreiber.	
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.	Ellis, Funk.	
French.	Left Guard.	Bartley.	
Shute.	Center.	Halladay.	
Spear.	Right Guard.	Clemons, Ellis.	
Murphy, Gould.	Right Tackle.	Simmons, Swift.	
Veazie.	Right End.	Wheeler.	
Moulton.	Quarterback.	Quimby.	
Stanwood, Stetson.		White.	
Kendall, Ives.	Left Halfback.	Elliott.	
Clarke.	Right Halfback.	Barker.	
	Fullback.		

Score—Bowdoin, 10; Andover, 0. Touchdowns—Clarke, 2. Goal from touchdown—Clarke. Umpire—Brett, Bowdoin. Referee—J. H. Knapp of Yale. Time—50m. Attendance—600. Linesmen, Ames of Andover, and Wiggin of Bowdoin.

Thornton Academy, 22; Bowdoin, 1900, 0.

The Freshman foot-ball team was defeated by the Thornton Academy boys at Saco, 22 to 0. The Freshmen were unable to make any considerable gains, while Thornton gained at will. Chapman and Clark played the best game for 1900. Although a number of Bowdoin supporters were present they had no opportunity to make themselves known.

The line-up was as follows:

THORNTON ACADEMY.		BOWDOIN, 1900.	
Emery.	Right End.	Goodwin.	
H. Cole.	Right Tackle.	Willard.	
Wentworth.	Right Guard.	Merrill.	
Guptill.	Center.	Russell.	
Hatch.	Left Guard.	Call.	
J. Dow.	Left Tackle.	Gardiner.	
Boyker.	Left End.	Chapman.	
Armstrong.	Left Halfback.	Clark.	
Bradford.	Right Halfback.	Levensaler.	
Cole.	Quarterback.	Spear.	
Dow.	Fullback.	Babb.	

Score—Thornton Academy, 22; Bowdoin, 1900, 0. Referees—Fairfield, Bowdoin, '99; Hodgdon, Thornton, '95. Linesmen—Trombly of Thornton, and Webster of Bowdoin. Time—40 minutes. Attendance, 500.



Russell, '97, led the meeting on October 29th.

Professor Houghton delivered the address before the Y. M. C. A. at the Sunday meeting on the 1st. His subject was the "Defects of Excellencies," and in the course of his remarks he told how almost all people have some good points, but that there should be a constant struggle to keep these good points from lapsing backward, inasmuch as they are surrounded by temptation and strife.

Robinson, 1900, led the Thursday meeting on the 5th, and several new members from '98 and 1900 were admitted to membership.

The annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. was delivered by Rev. Mr. Cutler of Bangor, at the Congregational Church on the 1st. Mr. Cutler's remarks were listened to most attentively by all.

Rev. Mr. W. F. Holmes of the Baptist Church addressed the Sunday meeting on the 8th. The gist of his address was that we should not be content with being Christians ourselves, but should endeavor to make other people Christians. This is the first time Mr. Holmes has addressed the college Y. M. C. A., and he was much enjoyed by all.



'26.—There came to the library last week a handsome little volume, entitled "Haunts of Wild Game, or Poems of Woods, Wilds, and Waters," by Isaac McLellan.

Although one of Bowdoin's oldest graduates, being now ninety years old, Mr. McLellan fully retains his vigorous powers of mind, and is still as fond as ever of all out-door sports and of the cultivation of the gentler Muse. Willis and other distinguished writers have given Mr. McLellan the credit of being in many respects the finest poet in America, and we readily agree to this estimate as soon as we come in touch with the delightfully keen aroma of wood, lake, and trout brook. The volume contains nearly half a dozen pictures of the author taken at different periods of his life. It is a valuable collection of the literary work of one of Bowdoin's most famous as well as most loyal and loved sons.

'33.—Prof. Samuel Harris of Andover Seminary preached in the Yale chapel, November 1st.

'37.—Rev. Rufus K. Sewall visited the campus on Friday, October 30th. He recently has written an exceedingly interesting account of his day's experiences, and reminiscences of his own former college days, which were published in full in the *Bath Independent*. He tells about his visit to the new athletic field and his first sight of a modern foot-ball game, which did not greatly please him. On the contrary he speaks with much warmth of the beauty and impressiveness of our chapel service. In speaking of this he quotes Talbot, '39, who wrote in 1837:

"That chapel bell—that chapel bell!
How dire a tale its echoes tell
Of luckless nights, of sleep bereft,
And drowsy beds at sunrise left."

'43.—The Hon. Silas Briggs Hahn, who died at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., on Sunday, October 25th, was born in Monmouth, December, 1819. On leaving college he taught the academy in Belfast for two years, then read law in Boston, where, after being admitted to the Suffolk bar, he practiced for fifteen years. In 1865 he went to Colorado and settled in Central City, and there continued in the practice of his profession. While in Colorado he

served two terms as senator of the territorial legislature, and also served in the council of Colorado. He was president of the school board in Central City and superintendent of schools for his county. In 1880 he removed to Syracuse, where he led a retired life. His first wife, who was Miss Caroline S. Dwight of Vermont, having died, he married, soon after his removal to Syracuse, Mrs. Lottie E. Hurd, daughter of Mr. L. L. Beecher of Syracuse, who survives him. Mr. Hahn left no children. His body was interred in the Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Ex-'44.—Joseph E. A. Smith, historian, author, poet, and veteran editor, died at his home in Pittsfield, Mass., October 29th, aged 74. After a boyhood spent in Bangor, Me., and three years of study at Gorham Seminary, Joseph Smith entered Bowdoin College. His health gave out at the end of his junior year. After a struggle for strength to finish the course, he was compelled to leave college and entered the law office of Appleton, Allen & Hill, of Pittsfield, where he remained two years. Then he lost his health, and at the home of his father, now removed to Boston, underwent six months' heroic, old-fashioned treatment, which effected a permanent cure. Mr. Smith employed his leisure hours in writing for papers, for the dailies at Bangor, during the Clay-Polk campaign, for the *Excelsior*, a literary organ of the Sons of Temperance, for the *Washingtonian*, and the *New Englander*. His work was in the line of poems and sketches of natural scenery and in writing words for music. In the latter work Mr. Smith was an adept. He had a happy faculty in setting rhyme to song. In 1847 he moved to Lanesboro with his father, and went very frequently to Boston, whither he was called to write special articles of a descriptive and critical nature for the papers and set words to music. Later for many years he was editor of the *Pittsfield Eagle*. Mr. Smith has done his most valuable and lasting work outside of newspaperdom. His services to Pittsfield have been invaluable. He has given the city one of the best local histories. His "History of Pittsfield," and his various contributions to the historical literature of the country, are recognized by historical experts of New England and New York State as correct and valuable statements of the early history of a region made especially interesting by its proximity to the New York line, its connection with early Dutch settlers of eastern New York State, and its part in furnishing troops for the battle of Bennington and other border engagements and campaigns of the Revolution.

'48.—Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, D.D., represented

Andover Seminary at the sesquicentennial celebration of Princeton University.

'58.—Hon. Franklin M. Drew was elected Judge of Probate and Insolvency for Androscoggin County for the third time, having been unanimously re-nominated, at the late State election.

'59.—Rev. Henry M. King of Providence has recently published an interesting historical study, entitled "A Summer Visit of Three Rhode Islanders to the Massachusetts Bay in 1651."

'68.—Frank Eastman Hitchcock was born in Damariscotta, March, 1847. After his graduation from college, he engaged in teaching in Portland two winter terms, meanwhile pursuing his medical study with Drs. S. H. Tewksbury and S. C. Gordon. He later attended the Portland School of Medical Instruction and the lectures of the Medical School of the college, graduating in 1871. He began professional life in Portland, but in a few months removed to Rockland, where he has continued practice for the last twenty years. He has been city physician of Rockland, surgeon-general on Governor's staff, member of the American Medical Association and of the Medical Association of Maine. The Rockland Public Library and Rockland Hospital were started largely through his energetic efforts. In 1878 he married Emily White, daughter of John S. Case, but left no children. Dr. Hitchcock died October 25th of Bright's disease.

'81.—Frederick C. Stevens, who has just been elected to Congress from the fourth Minnesota district, is a native of Rockland in this state, and was graduated from Bowdoin College in the Class of 1881. He is well known to many in this part of the state. He was a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity. Mr. Stevens was popular in college, a fine scholar, clear writer, and a ready speaker. He was one of the best boating men ever in Bowdoin and was an enthusiast in the sport. He was always much interested in politics, and his ability was recognized when he was in college. He read law with Hon. Albert Paine of Bangor, and then moved to Minneapolis, where he has been in the practice of his profession ever since. Mr. Stevens's friends are certain that he will make his mark in the lower house of the national body.

'84.—Charles C. Torrey, Ph.D., Instructor in Hebrew at Andover Seminary, has been appointed by the trustees as Hyde lecturer on Foreign Missions for the current academic year. In addition to the ten lectures prescribed by the statutes, he will give an elective half-course on missions, and

direct the students in the investigation of special topics in mission history and administration.

'87.—Edward C. Plummer, A.M., has an article in the November number of the *New England Magazine*, entitled "Bath, the City of Ships." It is a very interesting narrative, comprising all the most interesting features of the history and development of Bath into what it is to-day, "an up-to-date American city." It is copiously illustrated with cuts of scenes and residences about Bath, and there are also two excellent portraits of Arthur Sewall, and Gen. Thomas W. Hyde, '63. The pictures, which are all excellent, were taken expressly for this article, which, coming out at the time it did, has been read with much interest.

'91.—Croswell is taking a post-graduate course at Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

'95.—French has entered Clark University.

'95.—J. G. W. Knowlton of the Harvard Medical School, who is playing foot-ball on the B. A. A. team, has been doing good work there. The *Globe*, speaking of him, says: "The B. A. A. have a gilt-edge recruit in Knowlton. He is a good line-breaker and runs low and hard. He will make a fine partner for Anthony, who is the best rush-line half back in the country."

BOWDOIN'S OLDEST GRADUATES.

The death of Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone of the Class of 1820, has removed, within the last collegiate year, the man upon whom for a long time rested the distinction of being Bowdoin's oldest alumnus. Upon Richard William Dummer of '23, the honor of being the senior graduate has now fallen. Mr. Dummer is a lawyer, and resides in Grover, Douglas County, Kansas. After graduation he studied law for a while in Kennebec County, Maine, and subsequently with his brother in Beardstown, Illinois. Later he settled in Kansas. On the 17th of last September Mr. Dummer was 94 years of age, being something like a year the junior of Dr. Stone at the time of his death.

Every Bowdoin class from 1823 to that which graduated sixty years ago, in 1836, except those of 1827, 1828, and 1830, still has living representatives, making in all 34 survivors of 11 classes who have seen at least three score anniversaries of Commencement day. Many of these have been the interesting subjects of sketchy biographies by newspaper writers all over the country.

The only survivor of the Class of 1824 is Fred-eric Waite Burke, now in his 91st year. Of Long-

fellow's classmates of '25 the only one remaining is Hon. James Ware Bradbury of Augusta, the oldest living former United States Senator, and the oldest Bowdoin alumnus in point of years, being Mr. Dummer's senior by three months and seven days. His contemporary, Isaac McLellan, '26, of Greenport, N. Y., who is nearing the age of 91, is known everywhere as America's oldest poet. Ex-Governor and ex-United States Senator Alpheus Felch of Michigan, a particular favorite of western newspaper men, who died last June just before the completion of his 92d year, was the last survivor of the Class of '27.

Now we come to the old classes boasting of more than one living member. From '29 are Alexander Rogers Green, aged 88, John Fairfield Hartley, 87, and Dr. William Wood, 86. Of the Class of '31 there is still left Prof. Joseph Packard, aged 84, of the theological seminary at Fairfax, Va., a brother of Bowdoin's beloved professor, Alpheus Sprig Packard, and a man of equally engaging and charming personality. His surviving classmate is John Rand, 85. Dr. Cyrus Augustus Bartol of '32, is still, at the age of 83, one of Boston's most illustrious divines, and John Copp, 87, is also a survivor of this class.

Four of the five living members of the Class of '33 are clergymen: Rev. Dr. Samuel Harris, aged 82, of Yale, formerly president of Bowdoin; Rev. Ebenezer Greenleaf Parsons, 83; Rev. Dr. John Pike, 83; and Rev. Dr. Benjamin Tappan, 81. With Nathaniel McLellan Whitmore, 84, they all had a delightful reunion at the centennial Commencement two years ago.

Except for Edward Woodford, aged 86, all of the survivors of '34 are also clergymen: Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, 85, ex-president of Robert College, Constantinople, whose voice is still raised in behalf of the persecuted Armenians; Rev. Chas. Beecher, 81; Rev. Henry T. Cheever, 82; Rev. Elijah H. Downing, 86; and Rev. Daniel C. Weston, 81.

The Class of '35 still rejoices in the presence of these members: Henry V. Poor, the great railroad authority, 84; Rev. George L. Prentiss, 80; Hon. Josiah Crosby of Dexter, 80; Charles E. Allen, 81; Lieut. Commander William Flye, 82; and ex-Congressman Timothy R. Young, 85.

And in conclusion, the Class of '36, with six survivors, of whom, although sixty years out of college, three are as yet under the age of 80: Ex-Governor Alonzo Garcelon, Hon. George F. Emery, Hon. Thomas S. Harlow, Rev. Aaron C. Adams, John Goodenow, and Rev. David B. Sewall.

Many of the above thirty-four, by reason of distant residence and the infirmities of advancing age, will never stand on Bowdoin's campus again. Many of them visited their *Alma Mater* at the great celebration of 1894 for possibly the last time. In the hearts of the undergraduates and the younger alumni there must exist a feeling of pride and satisfaction at the long survival of these venerable men, by whom the influence of our cherished institution has been so bountifully blessed.

Book Reviews.

[Foot-ball. Walter Camp and Lorin F. Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.]

Many volumes of small capacity and still smaller usefulness have been written on foot-ball by certain enthusiasts of the game, but a book such as this, containing every conceivable point worked out to the most minute details, would never have presumed to make its appearance had it not at its back the two authorities on foot-ball who stand pre-eminent in this line of study, Walter Camp and Lorin F. Deland. Upon taking up the volume one is struck by its artistic finish, which shows that no care or expense has been spared to make it complete in every respect.

Beginning with the history of foot-ball among the Greeks and Romans, tracing its progressions step by step to the time of Shakespeare, and thence on to modern times, the authors give a complete and comprehensive account of the origin and development of the present game of foot-ball, as it is played so extensively in the colleges and schools of America.

The accessories of the game, the field, the plays, and so forth, are all explained with great care, so as to enable uninitiated spectators to appreciate the game in its finer points. Perhaps the most important chapter of the entire work is that in which the moral and physical benefits to be derived from the game are discussed. Surely there could be no stronger arguments in favor of foot-ball than are here presented. In fact they are overwhelming in their force.

After giving an account of their experiences in foot-ball, the authors take up first, the method of forming a team; second, the individual players and their duties, both on the offensive and defensive; third, individual work and team work; fourth, coaching and new plays; fifth, the manner of getting the most out of a team; sixth, the signal code; and last, the system of training to be used. Rules for officials are also given, as well as the Intercollegiate Rules for 1896.

The book is fittingly brought to a close by an elaborate series of diagrams illustrating every possible play, the study of which will not only make a man a better foot-ball player, but will help him wonderfully to think clearly and reason questions out logically. This book shows years of preparation and hard work; is the strongest argument for foot-ball in existence; is of very reasonable price, and should be in the hands of every coach as well as player who wishes to excel in the finer points of the game. It is a work of the highest merit, and to Messrs. Camp and Deland are due the thanks and gratitude of the thousands of foot-ball enthusiasts scattered throughout every state and territory of the Union.

(Rhymes by Miss Edith Leverett Dalton. Darnell & Upham, Boston.)

Miss Dalton's second appearance in print is a volume of rhymes even daintier in its spotless robe than her first, "A Slight Romance." Her little songs are refreshingly free from the morbid sentiment and cloudy mysticism which too often pervades the thought of young writers of the present.

Evidently Miss Dalton is not only a dear lover of the woodland and the sea the snowy mountain tops, and the green meadows, but she enters with personal sympathy into all the varied moods of nature and culls from them strength for the present strife, and faith for future fruition of better things.

There is a cheer and courage in her verses which lifts us out of the petty turmoil and narrowness of life to the clearer skies and broader spheres beyond this uneasy world. It is this which fills with inspiration the closing stanza of "To a Lad":

"He waiteth, whose glory no mortal can see,
He watcheth for that which thy life work shall be;
His angels are waiting to welcome with song—
Oh, strengthen thyself that thou mayest be strong!"

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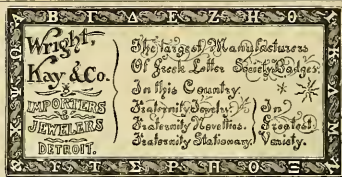
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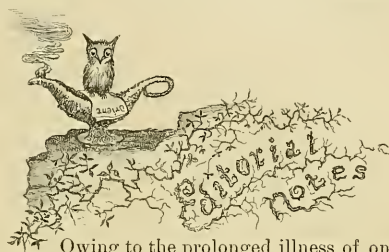
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Owing to the prolonged illness of one of our editorial board, Condon, '97, it has been thought advisable to elect a new member to the board, so that the working force of the ORIENT might not be reduced. Accordingly L. P. Libby, '99, has been chosen, and he will have charge of the Y. M. C. A. department in this and the coming issues of the paper. To our new member the ORIENT extends the hand of fellowship, and trust that his new duties will prove both interesting and instructive.

THANKSGIVING has again come around, bringing her customary store of pleasant recollections and good cheer. Without realizing it, we are fast approaching another of the twelve milestones which mark our college career, and it behooves us to stop a moment and ponder over what we have already accomplished in our journey. To those who have that self-satisfied feeling, the ORIENT extends congratulations, but to those who inwardly feel that but a fraction of what should have been accomplished has been, the ORIENT gives the hand of brotherhood. Still there is yet an opportunity to reform during the short time before Christmas, and each and all can, by constant application in the three weeks to come, make up for some of the time

which has been wasted in idleness. To all, the ORIENT extends its best wishes for the happiest Thanksgiving of their lives, hoping that it will serve as a powerful stimulus to work during the remainder of the term. May all have "a good fat turkey to last them all the year."

THOUGH too late to be of any use this season, there is a matter which, if mentioned now, may serve as a reminder in the future. We mean the selection of competent officials for our intercollegiate athletic contests. The exhibition of the so-called officials at one of our recent foot-ball games was atrocious, and in coming games should be carefully guarded against. If there is anything which so dampens, in fact so annihilates true sport, it is unfair officials, whose scruples are easily overcome by personal feeling, and whose decisions are influenced by prejudice. No official, moreover, should be selected who has not sufficient force of character to restrain him from imbibing too freely before the game, for he is just as criminal as the one who deliberately stifles his conscience. The ORIENT hopes to see the officials chosen in the future with a little more care; let those be selected who have demonstrated their ability in previous contests, and let experiments which are apt to prove costly be guarded against.

THE foot-ball season has come to an end, and, as we look back and review it, we are surprised at its varying character, its numberless ups and downs. The season has been one of surprises; what generally has been looked for has never happened; it has been the unexpected that has come upon us. Several of the games considered beforehand as "easy" were anything but that, while other of the harder games resulted in most agreeable surprises. A summary is given in this issue. From an athletic standpoint the season, on

the whole, has been a decided success, though every team played has been heavier than our own. Unquestionably Bowdoin holds the championship of the Maine colleges, while creditable showing has been made against the teams of the triangular league, and one of the strongest teams of the country, B. A. A., has been scored against by straight foot-ball.

As an indication of the opinion in which our foot-ball ability is held by outside colleges, the invitations from both Harvard and Yale speak volumes. Although it was not deemed expedient to accept these at the times they happened to be sent, it is hoped that next season will see Bowdoin play both these teams, but at times more favorable than offered this year. The team has been well captained and each man has done all in his power to make the season a success, having nothing but the best interests of the college at heart.

From a financial standpoint, the season has been less successful; but this is due to the prevalent financial depression of the country, which is felt just as much in a college organization as elsewhere, and not to any fault in the management of the team. The management has been conducted, to use a much-abused phrase, on strictly business principles, and no expenditures have occurred which have not been absolutely necessary. Economy has been the motto of the season, but no economy, however strict, can lessen the bare expenses of running a team. The subscriptions have fallen off a large percentage from those of last season, while unfavorable weather also has diminished the gate receipts at certain games. Both the managements of the team, athletic and financial, are to be congratulated upon the season's closing so satisfactorily; and let all remember that it is very easy to criticise when on the outside, but as soon as one assumes the reins of management himself,

mountains of difficulties arise which it is no easy matter to surmount. The foot-ball season which has just closed will stand on record as one of Bowdoin's brightest, and each and all should be well pleased at the result.

WHY do not the press representatives, of which there are not a few in college, form a Press Club? This oft-repeated question is, nevertheless, one of importance, and also one which would mean not merely another club added to our list, but another working organization which would be of benefit to all concerned. The Press Club has become an important factor in the up-to-date college of the day, and its influence is unquestioned. College news is made more official, more comprehensive, and any narrowness of view which may arise from individual prejudices is obliterated in the meetings of a well-ordered and active Press Club. Bowdoin has taken her place among the foremost colleges of New England, and news about her should be official as well as interesting. The ORIENT would like exceedingly to see a progressive, hustling club established among us, that would see to it that no unreliable or undesirable college news should creep into the columns of the various newspapers represented at college.

A STEP in the right direction has just been taken by the Sophomore Class in forming the George Evans Debating Society. For years this step has been under consideration, but no class has had the right spirit in regard to it. Every class was willing some other should take the step, but was unwilling to assume the responsibility itself, with the result that the cause has greatly suffered. Now '99 has made a bold move, and she deserves the credit for so doing; and also she deserves the united support of the college in carrying out her scheme. This is a col-

lege affair, not that of a class, and no man is doing his duty who shirks whatever little responsibility may come upon him by joining the new society. It is unnecessary to defend the cause of debate; it needs none; and now let every man in college, from the Senior to the Freshman, also the specials, hand in their names and become active and enthusiastic supporters of our newly-founded society, to which the ORIENT wishes long life and prosperity.

Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention.

THE fiftieth convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held in Nashville, Tenn., November 12th and 13th, with the Central Tennessee Alumni Association, and though so far south, was favored with a large attendance. Of the thirty-five active chapters twenty-eight were represented by one or more delegates each, besides a goodly number of alumni.

The convention opened Wednesday evening, informally, with a reception to the visiting delegates in the parlors of the Duncan Hotel, the headquarters of the convention. Notwithstanding that many of the representatives had not yet arrived, those who were present were given an enthusiastic greeting and enjoyed the fruits of true southern hospitality. The gates of the city were thrown open to them and they were made to feel at home, and although gathered from so far distant quarters, they were linked together in the strong chain of fraternal sympathies.

The rooms resounded with their hearty songs and cheers until far into the small hours of the night, when all adjourned for the morrow with many sincere thanks for the kind reception given them by the home chapter from Vanderbilt, and the Alumni Association.

On Thursday morning, after some little delay, the convention was formally called to

order at ten o'clock, and the usual routine of business attended to. At noon an adjournment was made to the State Capitol, where the picture of the unusually large number of assembled delegates was taken. Another business session in the afternoon finished the regular order of the day, and the full-dress reception, tendered by the University Club of the city, was next prepared for. At about nine o'clock the club rooms began to assume a gay appearance, which constantly grew gayer, until nearly three hundred were present. Neatly-arranged bunting and flowers making a beautiful background for the even more beautiful costumes, to say nothing of the ladies wearing them, graced the halls. After lunch was served, those who cared to dance were given the opportunity and many embraced it, entering in with genuine fraternity spirit. All voted the reception a grand success and one long to be remembered.

Another business meeting was held Friday morning, after which the convention formally adjourned. No business of special importance was acted upon, but the fraternity again showed its conservatism in regard to establishing new chapters. Several requests from minor institutions were passed over without action. It was voted that the next convention be held at Chicago with the Northwestern Alumni Association.

After the adjournment of the last business meeting, the delegates, on Friday afternoon, were given a chance to see more of the city and the local university by going the rounds on three large tally-hos. After driving to the university grounds, they were taken to the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition grounds, which are now being laid out for next year, and then across the Cumberland river into East Nashville. Many public institutions and private residences were lustily cheered in passing, and the echoes of hearty Deke songs were slow in dying through

the long streets. In the evening about a hundred and twenty-five sat down to the banquet, where a feast of food, song, mirth, and wit was served. Order was called by the president of the association, James R. Winchester, and the toast-master, Dr. T. D. Mitchell, Colby, '84, was introduced. Toasts, full of fun and wit, were responded to by G. W. T. Price, Alabama, '48; Thomas H. Norton, Hamilton, '73; C. Murray Rice, Columbia, '91; W. R. Webb, Columbia, '64; Morton B. Howell, Virginia, '55; Jefferson McCann, Vanderbilt, '92, and others. At the close, all joined hands in the bonds of brotherhood and gave a rousing farewell cheer for the fraternity and the fiftieth convention. Among all were the ties of fraternal sympathies strengthened and linked more closely together. Theta Chapter of Bowdoin was represented by H. M. Varrell, '97.

His Ideal Girl.

AT ten o'clock on the morning of a certain day in November, young Paul Milton was still in bed. He had been to a swell dance given by a prominent society woman the evening before, and as a result was now indulging in the unwonted luxury of not getting up to breakfast with the family. He was very tired and so comfortable that he hated to even think of getting up. His thoughts were all of the last night and of the good time he had had. When he closed his eyes he seemed to see the gay ball-room just as it had been at two o'clock that morning. He could hear the clear notes of the orchestra, whose enticing music caused the feet of even the dignified patronesses to tap the waxed floor restlessly. The scent of flowers lay heavy upon the air and was wafted about by the gauzy fans and airy gowns of the ladies. The great hall was lighted by electric lamps, delicately shaded, set in fantastic patterns across the ceiling, and

great mirrors along the walls reflected the lights overhead and the gay scene upon the floor. Everywhere were potted plants. Palms concealed dainty *tête-à-tête* seats in the corners, and cut flowers and plants bedecked every available space. At one end of the hall, in a small alcove, were daintily decorated tables where deft waitresses served punch and cakes. The supper room, upstairs, had its tables as elegant as beautiful china, cut glass, and an abundance of flowers could make them. One might step between portieres on one side of the room and look down upon the dancers from a tiny gallery, or watch the musicians in their arbor-like balcony just across the stairway.

Such were the memories that Milton was loath to scatter by turning to the prosaic duties of his toilet. But at last he slowly dressed, and went down stairs. He had just finished his breakfast, and was reading his paper, when there came a rap at his study door. In answer to his "come in," a thick-set young fellow, with eye-glasses, entered. He was Joe Pennell, who lived next door, a frequent and unceremonious caller. In response to Milton's invitation, he seated himself near the table and smiled across at his friend.

"Well, Paul, did you have a good time last night? Wasn't everything great?"

"I should say I did have a good time, Joe," was the answer.

"Won't you have one?" as he offered his visitor a box of cigarettes.

"No, thanks, not this morning. I see you're just up. Pretty hard tussle to get out of bed, wasn't it? I wanted to lie still and think of the good time I had—and the girls!"

"Ah! Joe, there were some awfully pretty girls there, weren't there? Didn't Miss Chase look stunning? and that little Miss —, I've forgotten her name—but you know who I mean, the dark girl, short, that

wore the pale green dress with low neck and short sleeves—oh, confound it! what was her name?"

"Eleanor Wheelan, you mean?" "Yes, that's the name. She looked beautifully, didn't she?"

"Yes, and that friend of your cousin's—"

"Oh, but she's a queen. Miss Mellor—odd name, isn't it? She was the belle, though, last night all right! I danced with her once or twice."

"Let's see your card, will you, Paul? Did you fill it?" For answer, Milton reached over to his dressing stand and handed the order to Pennell. His caller glanced over it and then ejaculated, "Well! Who is 'D. M.' Paul?"

"Why, Miss Mellor, of course."

"Oh, yes. But are you aware of the fact that you had her for six dances?"

"What? Six? Why, I didn't realize that. You see my cousin has given me lots of hints as to what sort of girl her 'Dorothy' was, and then introduced me last night."

"And you liked her immensely at first sight, I suppose. Does she equal your ideal girl, Paul?" Now Paul Milton's "ideal girl" was a standing joke amongst his friends. He often asserted that when he found his ideal, he would marry her, or —. He never completed the statement.

Paul, himself, was tall and light, so his friends insisted that he ought to marry a girl nearly his opposite in physical traits.

For his own part, he often said that his ideal was a tall girl; one who could dance, play the piano and sing, and keep house. She must have a lovable disposition, and if beautiful, so much the better. But, to use a stock expression, her qualities must surpass her charms.

At this question of Pennell's, Milton was surprised to feel his face grow red, and was, perhaps, a little provoked, too. He thought of Miss Mellor as a charmingly natural and

pretty girl, and had enjoyed her very much at the dance. She was rather tall, slender, and graceful; and her rich brunette complexion was heightened by the deep yellow of her ball gown, and by the chrysanthemums trimming her waist. Even before being introduced, Milton had noticed her as the most striking girl on the floor, and had wished that he could meet her. Now, too, he remembered how his cousin Nan had said that "Dolly was just as good as she was pretty," and began to believe that she was very much like his ideal after all. He had heard so much about "Dolly" that he felt that he knew her quite well already. Pennell noticed Milton's embarrassment and smiled to himself. He accepted his friend's answer that Miss Mellor was no more his ideal than anything at all, with well-concealed incredulity, and soon took his leave.

Paul Milton had a notion that he would know his future wife when he first met her, and he had to confess that "Dorothy," as he thought of her before the morning was over, had given him a very surprising and peculiar feeling at their first meeting.

After dinner he took his cane and started out for a walk. Before he realized it, he was passing Dorothy's house, and glancing at a window, saw her smiling out at him. He bowed and passed on, while a sudden thrill went over him. A little further on, Paul felt for his handkerchief, and, as luck would have it, drew out with it a tiny square of white silk, bordered with lace. He recognized it as "her handkerchief," which he had taken for her, while they were dancing. The sight of this tiny bit of finery fixed Milton's thoughts for the rest of his walk. So absorbed was he that several of his friends were greatly surprised at not having their bows returned.

Once at home, Paul went to his "den" and, spreading out the little handkerchief before him, fell into a deep reverie. His

cousin Nan happened in just before tea, and asked for him. She was told that he seemed ill or disturbed, as he had said but little to any of the family all day. So Nan said she would run up stairs and cheer him up. She found him with his head on his hands, leaning over a table on which she saw a dance order, a few flowers, and a small, much-tumbled lady's handkerchief. Paul did not hear her enter, so when she bent over his shoulder, he started violently. "So you're dreaming over last night, are you?" she asked, seating herself on the arm of a couch. "You cut me dead this afternoon."

"Did I? Why, Nan, you know I didn't mean to, but somehow I haven't noticed any one—hardly any one, I mean—all day. I have been trying to straighten out my ideal girl."

"Paul! You didn't meet her last night?" And leaning over his table, Nan caught sight of several "D. M.'s" opposite dances on his order. "How did you like Dorothy?" she asked. "Like her!" Paul rose to his feet in his excitement. "Why, Nan, she's completely captured me!"

"So she's responsible for your cutting your old friends, is she? I wish I hadn't introduced you."

"But I thought you said you wanted me to meet her, Nan, she was so lovely?"

"Yes, Paul, I did. But I do wish you hadn't fallen in love with her, of all girls—at least, not now."

"Nan! you said——"

"I said she would make some one a good wife. That was some time ago."

"And you've changed your mind? What's the matter with her?" demanded Paul, as he stepped in front of Nan and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "Wouldn't she make me a good wife? She's nearer my ideal than any other girl I've ever seen, so far as I can make out—and you're the only one I'd tell!" Poor

Nan slipped from the arm of the couch to the floor and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh, Paul!" she sobbed, as he bent over to lift her up. "Why have you been so hasty? Why couldn't you wait before getting so deeply in love? She's engaged, Paul,—she's engaged. He is away in South America now, but they're to be married at New Year's. It was announced a month ago, while you were away, but I thought—you—had—heard of it!"

In Paul Milton's bachelor apartments there hangs a small gilt frame with a lady's handkerchief in it. It hangs near his writing table where he can see it many times a day. His callers sometimes ask its history, but on such occasions he only says, "That, sir, is to remind me that the old proverb, 'Look before you, ere you leap,' is an excellent rule in more ways than one."

Grillen.

IT WAS in that old German city of Leipzig, when I was at the University, that I heard this odd bit of a story, which has been handed down by the students from year to year.

It was a winter's evening, study hours were over, and we fell to talking of Goethe and of his master-piece, "Faust." You know the story itself is an old folk-lore tale, and existed long before Goethe turned it into his poetic measures. Well, in the indefinite past there lived a student at the University who had brooded for hours over that tale until he seemed fascinated by it. Soundly he was laughed at by his fellow-students, one day, when he declared his belief that the main facts of the story were actually true, and that a man had really summoned the evil one from the infernal regions and gained his companionship by promising that his soul should be paid as the price. Haughtily scorning their jeers, he told them his

purpose of putting the matter to a test. So serious was his manner that, for an instant, his comrades were startled, but soon the discussion was forgotten.

That night, as the clock from a neighboring tower struck out the hour of twelve and the chimes all over the city re-echoed the password, the German student turned low his lamp till he was scarcely visible in the little light that came from the faint, blue flame. Then, with a voice which startled even himself, he exclaimed: "Spirit of Evil, if thou exist, appear to me. My soul shall be the recompense."

The next morning people spoke of the fearful thunder clap that rolled over the city at midnight. Or, as some say, the fearful roar of an earthquake. Be that as it may, the students at the University looked in vain for their comrade in the days that followed. Weeks passed by and he was soon forgotten; save one night, when a student, passing by the vacant room, saw a face, hideous, yet seemingly like that of the missing student, which appeared at the window-pane for an instant and then suddenly vanished.

Every night the old bachelor took out from the ragged envelope a little letter, worn out by its repeated readings. He read it through, slowly, and then put it gently back. As he did so a tear fell, but he did not brush it away. People said that the old bachelor had never loved; but the letter was a confession of love which no one, save himself, had seen. It was too late to send it now.

The Art Building door closed slowly, and the click of the lock told that the building was deserted. Twilight settled down, and then gloom. All was quiet and still until, suddenly, to and fro in the dusk, a few tall figures began to move hither and thither. Laocoön and his sons put down their fearful serpent and cast aside their anguish and distress. Augustus stepped lightly down from

his pedestal and swung his royal staff high to the ceiling and, catching it, would hurl it upward again. He was expert at this, never failing to catch it on its descent. Then the Dying Gaul arose and carried on a brilliant flirtation with the Venus of Milo, while Niobe and Hermes gossiped about the day's visitors till Dionysus began to cry. Artemis grasped the arrow for which she had been reaching all day long, and handed it to Apollo that he might again try his skill at marksmanship. By some mischance, he struck the howling Dionysos on the head so that the latter was stunned. When he came to he forgot to cry, so that 'twas not so unfortunate after all. Merrily they passed the night and on the morrow each returned to his accustomed duties; the Gaul to suffer from his wound; Laocoön to take up his coil; and each to mount his pedestal. So that when the building was re-opened, each was as composed and quiet as if nothing had happened.

As a youth he was not wholly bad. People said that he was only wild. But that was enough. As time went on and the temptations of life grew stronger and stronger, he plunged deeper and deeper into sin. One night, after a drunken bout, he sat silently in his bed-room, which would have been entirely dark save for the flood of moonshine which poured in through the window and fell like a silver pathway across the carpet. The shadows of the leaves flitted in the stream of light back and forth, as the trees swayed to and fro in the breeze. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a figure which was formed by the interlacing of the light and shadows. Its form kept changing. Now it was in the shape of a skull, with the shadows of two leaves for the eye-sockets, and now it changed to a blazing cross, with the shadows for a background. From one to the other it was continually changing, as if

both were striving for supremacy. Intently he watched the contest till, at last, the breeze sank down and only the glowing figure of the cross remained. Then the man sat and thought for a long time. Words long since forgotten came back to his memory. Days when he was younger and less sinful came up before him. Then he sank before that cross and, on the morrow, went forth into the world to battle again. And people wondered, as time went on, what had so changed him.

Bowdoin Verse.

Astronomical.

"What are the stars that never set?"
The learned Prof. inquired:
"Roosters!" the answer that he met,
While Prof. and class expired.

A Thanksgiving Song.

Slowly the dark clouds sail;
Weirdly the wild winds wail;
Clad in her sable veil,
Sad is November:
Shut from the cold severe,
Around the turkey here,
The blessings of the year
Let us remember.

Heap high the festal board
With all you can afford;
Have the "old Massie" poured;
This is Thanksgiving:
Be jolly while you may;
For the next Thanksgiving day
No more may be your way
Among the living.

Away with Grief and Pain;
Let Misery be slain,
And Peace and Friendship reign
Alone together.
For thus, more than by prayer,
Will you please your God, and share
A better fate in fair
And stormy weather.

The All-Around Man.

In the fall he played at foot-ball,
And played the season through.
In winter he played a banjo,
And sang in the Glee Club, too.
In the spring he swung a racquet,
And base-ball, too, played he.
In one year he graduated
With the degree "G. B."

The Lover's Complaint.

Where the river winds by yonder rock,
I stood, as the shadows lengthened round,
And watched, as a shepherd his frisking flock,
The waves along the margin bound.

As the sun on the horizon beamed,
The dark clouds that around him lay
To my melancholy fancy, seemed
Death-angels seizing on their prey.

The sun now disappeared from sight
Enveloped in a fiery blaze;
And, frightened by pursuing night,
He slowly gathered in his rays.

As the twilight deepened, one by one
The tiny stars peeped from above;
And, fairest of all, sweet Hesper shone,
The star of beauty and of love.

And, as I gazed on her ruddy ray—
Speaking of love that is true and tried,
I thought of one who is far away,
And wished she were at my side.

I wished she were at my side
As true as but a year ago;
And on my cheek a tear I dried,
And wondered that I loved her so.

A year ago her dark brown eyes,
Turning to mine their tender gaze,
Caused new hopes in my life to rise,
And seemed a blessing on my days.

Those rising hopes to earth are hurled;
That blessing from my life has flown.
Of my only solace in this world
Bereft, I bear my grief alone.

As through the faint-illuminated night
Rolls on the river to the sea,
So sweeps my life through gloom and blight
To mingle with eternity.

But to me, though our lives lie far apart,
Though her soul no more communes with mine,
In the inmost recess of my heart
Undying Love shall rear his shrine.

Rosebuds.

She plucked a rosebud by the wall
And placed it in his outstretched hands;
It was love's token, that was all,
And he rode off to foreign lands.

He kept the rosebud in his breast,
And when the battle charge was led,
They found him slain among the rest;
The rosebud stained a deeper red.

But she, beside the wall that day,
A rosebud gave to other hands;
Nor thought of that one borne away
By him who rode to foreign lands.

The Three Counts.

There were once three counts, as I've been told,
Who, after their earthly possessions were sold,
To square up their gambling debts,
Fell to debating on what they should do—
(The same, I imagine, as I would, or you)
And figuring up their assets.

The first was a fellow of honest intent;
He got a hand-organ and at it he went
And lived by the sweat of his brow.
The second was also a well-meaning man,
He came to our city and sold the "banan".
He owns lots of property now.

But the third of these counts didn't care much
for toil.
While his two former chums did labor and toil
He managed to live on his face.
He had no intention of earning his bread.
Said he, "An American heiress I'll wed,
And save myself, thus, from disgrace!"

So, all of these counts to America came,
You know there are others who've done just the
same,

And for our loved shore set sail.
Now, the first is a highly respectable chap;
The second reclines in Dame Luxury's lap;
While the third serves a sentence in jail.



Bowdoin assisted the town right graciously in celebrating the sound money victory. The town committee furnished torches and fireworks; the students, their presence in the procession for three hours. But it only comes once in four years. The procession was very elaborate. Brunswick simply outdid herself. One man even went so far as to say that there was considerable life shown down town. As the ORIENT pretends to be a recorder of important and startling facts, it will certainly record the aforesaid exhibition of life. A cavalcade of 35 horsemen, in grotesque costumes, led the procession. Immediately following was the gallant French band, resplendent in their cloth of gold and vermillion. Then came the line of floats and decorated teams, among which special mention should be made of the "Snow-Farm" steamboat, William McKinley, the winner of the prize. All were tastefully gotten up and original. The Harpswell Brass Band which, by the by, was well named a *brass* band, reminded the weary, half-dead members of the Bowdoin contingent that theirs was to do or die. Faint and indistinct rumblings from a gallant drum corps furnished enthusiasm for the first two ranks of Freshmen directly preceding. Little Joe Mahoney, in martial attire, marched at the head of a youthful column of yaggers. Little Joe was surely a feature. The gaily-decorated bicycles were especially worthy of commendation. The business places and residences along the line of march were prettily illuminated and "bebuntinged." Brunswick was frightfully disturbed from her slumbers.

The *Bugle* Board recently posed for its picture at Webber's.

Howard, '98, has returned from an extended sickness at home.

Minot, '96, visited at the campus recently, and attended the Bates game.

There will be a few to remain over the Thanksgiving recess in Brunswick.

The first snow of the season fell November 13th. It did but little damage to traffic.

Many of the students are preparing and planning to go out teaching this winter.

Look out for colds; the thermometer dropped 40 degrees in 24 hours last Wednesday.

The time on which themes were due was extended until the 24th of this month.

'Ninety-seven held a class meeting of a somewhat turbulent character on the 9th.

Uncle Bradbury, the ginger ale vender, reports business picking up since the election.

The annual catalogue of Bowdoin College came out this week. It is larger than last year's.

Below is published a list, for reference, of the publications regularly received at the College Reading-Room:

Harper's Weekly.	New York Tribune.
Frank Leslie's Weekly.	Christian Mirror.
Puck.	Kennebec Journal.
Judge.	Lewiston Journal.
Truth.	Biddeford Record.
Life.	New York Sun.
Scientific American.	New York World.
Youth's Companion.	New York Globe.
London Illustrated News.	Public Opinion.
Illustrated American.	Christian Herald.
Portland Press.	Christian Register.
Portland Argus.	Portland Advertiser.
Portland Evening Express.	Boston Globe.
Boston Herald.	Boston Journal.
Boston Transcript.	Bath Times.
Bath Independent.	Bangor Whig and Courier.
Bangor Commercial.	Northern Leader.

The records of the strength-tests of the Freshmen, while commendable, fall very much behind '99's record, last year.

The Sophomore Prize Declamation comes December 17th, this year, the night before college closes for the holidays.

News from the Garcelon case is expected every day, now. It will be a relief all around when the courts finally decide the case.

The college orchestra are finding plenty to do these days. Before the season is over every one of them will be rolling in wealth.

A merry party of Zetes and Psi U's went down to Conant's the night of the 17th and returned in the small hours of the morning.

Ex-President Joshua L. Chamberlain spoke before the Woodfords Club of Deering upon "The Battle of Gettysburg," last week.

The college Republican Club received an invitation from the Bath Republican City Committee to

assist in their McKinley celebration, but the invitation was declined with thanks.

A very pleasant hop was given in the court room, last Wednesday night, under the management of Holmes, '97, and Elliot, '97.

The janitor has recently refilled the gasoline tanks. It's a shame that so much gas that is now going to waste might not be utilized.

The Maine Journal of Medicine has just been received. It is an excellent magazine for those who intend studying that profession.

The following newspapers are represented in college this year, by the appended list of correspondents:

Kneeland, '97, Portland Argus.
O. D. Smith, '98, Portland Evening Express.
Marble, '98, Kennebec Journal.
Baxter, '98, Portland Press and Portland Advertiser.
R. L. Marston, '99, Lewiston Journal.
Sinkinson, '99, Portland Sunday Telegram.
Wheeler, '98, Boston Globe and United Press.
Scott, '98, Associated Press.
Coggan, '97, Lewiston Sun.
Hutchins, '98, Bangor Commercial.

The approaching gymnasium work brings mingled pleasure and consternation to the various classes. It is much easier if it is looked upon as a pleasure.

Just before the Colby game an impromptu football meeting was held after chapel, on the 9th, and a committee was appointed to collect a general assessment of 50 cents to defray coaching expenses.

The *Bugle* editors are watching every one with feline eyes to discover an excuse for slugs. So don't be too good or too bad; too smart or too stupid. They are tyrants against whom there is no redress.

The examiners from the Faculty for the Bowdoin preparatory schools are: Thornton Academy, Prof. William A. Houghton; Fryeburg Academy, Prof. Frank E. Woodruff; Washington Academy, Prof. William A. Moody.

Bowdoin has been especially fortunate in the way of accidents during the foot-ball season. With the exception of a few sprains, the team is in excellent condition, and will live longer and better for having played foot-ball.

President Hyde has been concerned in deciding the question of rural schools for the State of Maine. He has entered into the matter with his usual vigor and forethought, and his words upon the subject have been felt throughout the State.

The Varsity foot-ball team went to Webber's on

the 18th, and had its picture taken. After the picture, a meeting was held and W. W. Spear, '98, was elected captain. The *ORIENT* congratulates him upon the honor of being captain of the Varsity, and wishes the best of success to him and his team of '97.

Under classes this year have shown considerable lack of pushing ability by not arranging foot-ball games with the leading fitting schools of the state. Nothing is better for class spirit than this, and good class teams advertise the college a great deal. Why have not the Freshmen played the Colby Freshmen as in former years?

At a meeting of the General Athletic Association of the college held in Memorial Hall, last Friday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, O. D. Smith, '98; Vice-President, H. N. Gardner, '98; Secretary, R. L. Marston, '99; Treasurer, R. S. Cleaves, '99; Director, Philip Palmer, 1900; Manager, T. L. Pierce, '98. The captain of the track-athletic team is to be elected by the team instead of by the student body as in former years.

At a meeting of the Base-Ball Association, held in Memorial Hall, Friday last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. L. Lynch, '98; Vice-President, J. D. Sinkinson, '99; Secretary, R. R. Morson, '98; Treasurer, H. W. Laneey, '99; Director, S. P. Harris, 1900; Manager, P. P. Baxter, '98; Scorer, L. L. Cleaves, '99. The election was very free from any unpleasantities whatsoever. Stetson, '98, represented the General Athletic Committee and warned the student body not to permit scrub teams to leave the campus to play outside teams. The newspaper reports would have the public to believe that the teams were regular Bowdoin teams which, of course, is unjust and brings down dishonor upon the college.

The American University Magazine, under the head of "The Voice of the Colleges in the Presidential Campaign," in giving the views of the Faculties of the American colleges upon the money question, says: "Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Me., where Justice Fuller, Speaker Reed, and Senator Frye were graduated, is represented by letters from President William DeWitt Hyde, D.D., and Professors Henry Johnson, Ph.D., William MacDonald, H. C. Emery, W. H. Houghton, F. C. Robinson, and George T. Files. The president is a Democrat, but will vote for McKinley. He favors the gold standard, as most of the others do. Professors MacDonald, Woodruff, and Houghton will

vote for Palmer. The former favors international bimetalism, which Professor Emery opposes in any form."

The George Evans Debating Society held its first fortnightly meeting Tuesday evening, November 17th. The attendance was rather larger than was expected; and this fact, together with the hearty manner in which the disputants entered into the discussion of the question, shows that the George Evans Debating Society is not simply a transient fad—a creature of a week, or a month, or a year—but an institution that is destined to assume a place in the liberal education of the students of Bowdoin College, and one that has come to stay. The question for discussion was as follows: "Resolved, That the victory of Japan over China was for the interest of civilization." The principal disputants were Rollins and Neagle on the affirmative, Dutton and Woodbury on the negative. The vote of the house on the merits of the question showed a considerable majority in favor of the affirmative. All members of the college are eligible to membership. The secretary has already received a great many applications for membership from the Senior, Junior, and Freshman classes. All who desire to become active members of the society by the beginning of next term, should hand their names to the secretary before December 1st.

Athletics.

Bowdoin, 6; Colby, 6.

Bowdoin met Colby for the second time this season at Waterville, November 11th. The game resulted in a score of 6 to 6, the nearest a defeat that Bowdoin has received in all the games ever played with Maine colleges. "The wet field, the crowd, Bowdoin's crippled condition from the Massachusetts trip, and the officials were all of material aid to Colby, and in the face of such discouraging circumstances Bowdoin put up a very creditable and plucky game. Colby showed marked improvement over its game here earlier in the season, but had no license to play us to a tie, even on their home grounds and on a slippery field. For the first time this season our team was systematically and unmercifully roasted by officials, and in the first half this was enough to take the heart out of any eleven.

The game was played in a driving rain, and the men were too cold and wet to put up their best game. End runs, on which our team mainly relies, were impossible. It was the magnificent punting of Stanwood and the quick work of our ends in blocking Tupper's attempts to punt, that saved the game for Bowdoin. Early in the first half a blocked punt gave Bowdoin the ball on Colby's five-yard line and a touchdown was certain; but unjust decisions robbed Bowdoin of the ball and 60 yards, and for the rest of the half Colby slowly but surely pushed the disgusted and disheartened Bowdoin men down hill through the slimy mud for a touchdown. Once scored on, the Bowdoin boys were aroused, and for the rest of the game outplayed Colby at every point. At the close of the half Bowdoin had the ball a dozen yards from Colby's goal.

Bowdoin scored about the middle of the second half by two long punts of Stanwood and holding the heavier Colby team for downs. The game closed with the ball on the 35-yard line in Bowdoin's possession. The game was clean throughout and no one was injured.

The teams lined up as follows:

BOWDOIN.		COLBY.	
Stearns.	Left End.	Pike.	
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.	Putnam.	
Freuch.	Left Guard.	Brooks.	
Shute.	Center.	Thompson.	
Spear.	Right Guard.	Scamell.	
Gould.	Right Tackle.	Chapman.	
Vezzie.	Right End.	Lamb.	
Moulton.	Quarterback.	Hooker.	
Ives.	Left Halfback.	McFadden.	
Stanwood.	Right Halfback.	Gibbons.	
Clarke.	Fullback.	Tupper.	

Score—6 to 6. Time—20-minute halves. Referee—Guy A. Andrews, Maine State. Umpire—Charles McCarty, Brown. Linesmen—Brett, Bowdoin; Wellman, Colby. Attendance, 500.

Bowdoin, 22; Bates, 0.

The Bowdoin eleven played its last game of the season at Lewiston with Bates, November 14th, and, as usual, found Bates an easy victim. The score was 22 to 0, and it could have been made larger. It was a perfect day and a big crowd was out, over one hundred Bowdoin boys cheering their team on to victory. The Bates team was the heavier, but was outplayed and outclassed in every respect. Bowdoin went into the game with a snap and dash that meant victory, and at no time did Bates stand any show of scoring. The playing of our team was marred by numerous fumbles which, however, did not prove costly.

Clark kicked off for Bowdoin, and Putnam advanced 12 yards before being downed. Bates

was held on downs and the ball was in Bowdoin's possession on Bates's 35-yard line. One or two short rushes were made, and then Stanwood circled the left end for 25 yards.

Repeated line bucking brought the ball nearly to Bates's goal line, and Stanwood was pushed over for a touchdown. Clark kicked the goal. Hinkley kicked off to Kendall, who advanced 25 yards. Bowdoin then advanced to Bates's 50-yard line, where they were held on downs. Pulsifer then made 25 yards on a fake pass, the only long gain by Bates.

Bates was forced to punt on the 35-yard line, and Bowdoin soon did the same thing; but the superiority of Stanwood's punting carried the ball well into Bates's territory on the exchange.

Repeated rushes by Bowdoin soon resulted in another touchdown made by Stanwood. Clark kicked the goal. Bowdoin was enabled to make another touchdown before the half was over, by fast playing around the ends and outside the tackles.

Kendall carried the ball over the line, and Clark again succeeded in the try for goal. Bates did a little better on defensive work in the second half, and with a few good gains by Pulsifer and Putnam prevented Bowdoin from scoring until nearly the end of the game.

The ball went over once more, however, and as Clark failed in the try for goal, the score was 22 to 0. At the end of both halves Bowdoin was close to another touchdown. Kendall and Stanwood were good ground gainers, and the latter's punting was a feature. Bowdoin's ends did especially star work. Hinkley's punting, on the other hand, was very poor. The line-up:

BOWDOIN.		BATES.
Stearns.	Left End.	Wright.
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.	Tetley.
French.	Left Guard.	Wentworth.
Shute.	Center.	Saunders.
Spear.	Right Guard.	Bruce.
Gould.	Right Tackle.	Sturgis.
Veazie.	Right End.	Stanley.
Moulton.	Quarterback.	{ Purrrington.
Kendall.	Left Halfback.	{ Pulsifer.
Stanwood.	Right Halfback.	Putnam.
Clark.	Fullback.	Pulsifer.
		Hinkley.

Score—Bowdoin 22, Bates 0. Touchdowns—Stanwood 2, Kendall, Clark. Goals from touchdowns—Clark 3. Umpire—Chapman of Colby. Referee—Sawyer of Maine State College. Linesmen—J. L. Reade and N. S. Coggan. Time, 25-minute halves. Attendance, 800.

Bowdoin, 1900, 22; Freeport High School, 0.

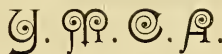
The Freshmen went to Freeport on the 18th, and defeated the High School boys by the score of 22 to 0. The game was loosely played on both

sides, but the Freshmen braced up at times and occasionally had some good team work. The High School boys were not in the game from the start, and were outplayed at all points.

SUMMARY OF FOOT-BALL, 1896.

October 3d—Bowdoin 12, M. S. C. 6.
 October 7th—Bowdoin 0, Amherst 0.
 October 10th—Bowdoin 4, Tufts 0.
 October 14th—Bowdoin 6, B. A. A. 26.
 October 21st—Bowdoin 12, Colby 0.
 October 24th—Bowdoin 0, Williams 22.
 October 28th—Bowdoin 10, Dartmouth 26.
 October 31st—Bowdoin 10, Andover 0.
 November 11th—Bowdoin 6, Colby 6.
 November 14th—Bowdoin 22, Bates 0.
 Games won—5. Games tied—2. Games lost—3. Points won—82. Points won by opponents—86. Games were cancelled by M. I. T., Tufts, and Exeter, all three of which Bowdoin would certainly have won.

Owing to the ORIENT going to press earlier than usual, on account of the Thanksgiving recess, the report of the Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game will not appear till the following issue.



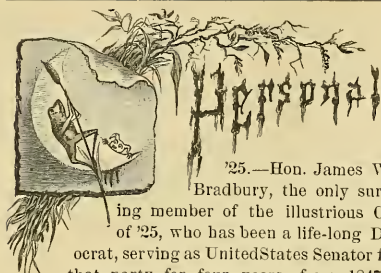
The Thursday meeting on November 12th was led by Marsh, '99.

Professor Files delivered a most interesting and instructive address to a very attentive audience in the Y. M. C. A. meeting of Sunday, November 15th. The subject of his discourse was "Prayer." He said that prayer has always been a powerful factor in human progress, and that it could not fail to prove a means of elevation to all who practice it with sincere hearts. His talk was sound, practical, and, illustrated as it was by anecdotes from actual life, it could not fail to appeal forcibly to the minds of an assembly of young men such as those to whom it was directed.

The Thursday meeting of November 19th was led by Holmes, 1900.

The University of Pennsylvania is getting out a book of songs composed mostly by her students and alumni.

Harvard University is taking steps to build an infirmary for sick students. The running expenses of such an institution may be estimated between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year. A general assessment is proposed to meet this.



'25.—Hon. James Ware Bradbury, the only surviving member of the illustrious Class of '25, who has been a life-long Democrat, serving as United States Senator from that party for four years, from 1847-53, voted the Republican ticket in this fall's elections.

'33.—The library has just received a theological work, entitled "God the Creator and Lord of All." The work is by the Rev. Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., professor of systematic theology in Yale University. Mr. Harris was President of Bowdoin from 1866-71. After resigning the presidency, he was immediately called to the position at Yale which he now occupies. The book is in two volumes, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

'34.—The *Illustrated American* for November 7th has a picture of Robert College, Constantinople. Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of the college, gives a very interesting account of the college and its work in his book, "My Life and Times," published a few years ago.

'58.—Edwin Reed has gone to Europe to investigate the authorship of the so-called Shakespearian plays. After visiting the home of Shakespeare, he will study the archives in the Vatican, British Museum, and other libraries of the continental cities.

'60.—Judge J. W. Symonds, who recently sailed for Europe, expects to remain about two months in Italy.

'60.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed has an article in the November number of *The Forum*, entitled "As Maine Goes, so Goes the Union," in which he shows the important place that Maine holds, through having her state election in September. He says that although Maine has sometimes failed to voice the sentiment of the Union, yet she is so good an indicator of the result of the following November election, that the result of her September elections is looked forward to with great interest.

'62.—At a recent meeting of the Maine Historical Society at Portland, Rev. Henry O. Thayer read an article entitled "The Wiscasset Tragedy. A Page of Indian History."

'62.—We publish below, from the columns of the *Lewiston Journal*, the following sketch of Major A. L. Varney, '62, which was written by his classmate, Gen. C. P. Mattocks:

Major Almon L. Varney, of the Ordnance Corps of the regular army, is one of the rare appointments of civilians to a position in that high branch of our military service; and the fact that his appointment was made as the result of a severe examination into his qualifications after he had served a full term in the Volunteers, makes a sketch of this officer's military career all the more instructive and interesting.

The father of Major Varney was Joel Varney of Windham, Me., a prosperous farmer of that town.

The Varney family of Windham all descended from the original English immigrant, who resided for a time in Ipswich, Mass., and died in Salem, Mass., in the year 1654.

Major Varney was born in Windham, Me., April 5, 1839. He was fitted for college at Westbrook Seminary, Westbrook, Me., and entered Tufts College in 1858, remaining but one year, when he entered Bowdoin College as a Sophomore, being a member of the Class of '62, which sent a larger percentage of its members to the war than any other class which graduated there, among whom were Frederick H. Beecher, lieutenant 16th Maine Volunteers, afterwards a lieutenant in the regular army, killed in one of Sheridan's Indian campaigns; Col. Melville A. Cochran, now commanding the 6th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Thomas, Ky.; Lieut. George W. Edwards of the 16th Maine, killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 12, 1862; Brevet-Major William E. Donnell, adjutant of the 20th Maine Volunteers, who died two years ago, while filling an important position (financial editor) upon the *New York Tribune*; Lieut. Almon Goodwin of the 19th Maine, now a prominent lawyer in New York City; Lieut. Thomas H. Green, killed in one of the early battles of the war; Henry H. Hunt, a member of the 5th Maine Battery, who became a prominent physician and died in Portland within a year; Lieut. Willard M. Jenkins of the 17th Maine, who died of disease in the fall of 1862, soon after he entered the service; Capt. Augustus N. Linscott, who held a commission in a nine months' Maine regiment and is now a lawyer in Chicago; Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Charles P. Mattocks of the 17th Maine Volunteers; Lieut. George E. Moulton of the 13th Maine Volunteers, now of New York City; Col. Joseph Noble, now of the Treasury Department, Washington, with which he has been connected thirty years; Capt. Howard L. Prince of the 20th Maine Volunteers, now the efficient librarian of the United States patent office at Washington; Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Isaac W. Starbird, of the 19th Maine Volunteers, now a prominent physician in Boston; Josiah A. Temple, who enlisted as a private in the 17th Maine Volunteers and afterwards settled in Chicago; Capt. Henry Warren of the 6th Maine Volunteers, who was killed during the Wilderness campaign.

When the 13th Maine Volunteer regiment was being organized, young Varney and his classmate, George E. Moulton, concluded to volunteer their services and were rewarded by being appointed lieutenants in that regiment, Varney as 1st and Moulton as 2d lieutenant, the date of Varney's commission being December 9, 1861. The 13th regiment, which was commanded by Colonel, afterwards General, Neal Dow, served at various points in the Department of the Gulf, including Ship Island, Texas; Louisiana (Red River Campaign); and finally in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia; and Lieutenant Varney participated with his regiment in all its campaigns and battles. In the summer of 1863 he acted as judge-advocate of a general court-martial in New Orleans, and in December, 1863, and January, 1864, filled a similar position at Decrows Point, Texas, and a like position at the headquarters of the 19th army corps at Alexandria, La., in June, 1864. In December, 1864, he was president of a military commission sitting at Martinsburg, Va., for the trial of citizens charged with "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

Major Varney's appointment in the Ordinance Corps dates from February 15, 1865, when he was commissioned as 1st lieutenant, since which time he has been on duty successively at Clinton, Iowa, where he received the arms of the returning Iowa volunteers; Watervliet (N. Y.) arsenal; Watertown (Mass.) arsenal; Cheyenne ordnance department; Leavenworth (Kansas) arsenal; Rock Island (Ill.) arsenal; chief ordnance officer in staff of Major-General Pope, commanding department of Missouri; again at Watervliet arsenal; again at Rock Island arsenal; and again at Watertown arsenal. He is now in command at the Indianapolis arsenal. Major Varney is a member of the military order of the Loyal Legion; of the New England Society of Indianapolis; of the Indianapolis Literary Club; and has recently been elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Major Varney, although leaving college a few months before his class graduated, was, in consideration of his volunteering for the war, granted his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the day of graduation. May 9, 1866, he married Miss Hannah Josephine Gibson of Medford, Mass. He has two sons, Gordon Edward Varney, born February 26, 1867, and Theodore Varney, born January 27, 1874. The former is a graduate, Class of '91, in mining and engineering of LaFayette College, Easton, Pa.; and the latter is a graduate in electrical engineering of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the Class of 1894.

70.—D. S. Alexander of Buffalo, N. Y., was, at the last election, elected to Congress, receiving a plurality of 13,101, the largest ever given from that district.

74.—In Longman's English Classics appears the "Sir Roger De Coverley Papers" from "The Spectator," edited, with introductions and notes, by D. O. S. Lowell, A.M., M.D., English master in the Rox-

bury Latin School. The volume contains an account of the "Tatler" and the "Spectator." A brief life of the authors of the "Roger De Coverley Papers," suggestions for teachers and students, a chronological table, and an appendix, besides the thirty-four selections.

76.—Two years ago, Mr. Arlo Bates delivered a course of lectures on "Advanced English Composition" in the Lowell Free Classes. He now publishes them in a volume, called "Talks on Writing English" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Bates is a well-known novelist and critic, as well as a professor of English, so a work of his is of especial interest and value. The reviews say that his book is as good an introduction to the technical study and practice of literature as at present exists. It is a book not only for writers, but for readers as well. In speaking of methods of study, he well says that in writing, "Patient, painstaking, untiring work is the essential thing." "The student should write with his entire attention fixed upon the technical excellence of his work." Among the many excellencies of the book, this sound advice for young writers is well worth quoting: "Do not write to discover what you think, or how you feel on a subject. These questions are to be settled before writing is begun. In half the themes I read, it is apparent that the writer has been going ahead in a sort of forlorn hope of ultimately learning his own opinions. To be in doubt when one begins, either of where one is bound, or of how the attempt to get there is to be made, is as fatal in writing as in horse-racing. There is a good deal of what might be called the June-bug style of composition. Just as a beetle bangs his clumsy thick head against a window, or a netting, in hope that he may chance to strike a place where he can get through to the lamp within, so the June-bug writer goes banging absurdly down his page, bumping against any obstacle, trusting to fate and the chapter of accidents to show somewhere and somehow a way through. The man who has learned to write does not begin until he has an idea what his way through is to be. The thing clear in his mind, he goes consistently toward it, and his consistency is what is called, keeping the point in view." The above quotation, with the following from the preface, may give some idea of the nature of the work: "I have conscientiously endeavored to make the lectures as practical as possible, stating as clearly as I could those things which would have been most helpful to me, had I read and heeded them twenty years ago. The necessity of holding an audience make fitting

some effort to render the talks entertaining; but I have never consciously said anything for the mere purpose of being amusing, and I have never been of the opinion that a book gains either in dignity or in usefulness by being dull. My purpose has, throughout, been sincerely serious, and if the book shall prove helpful, I shall have attained the object for which it was written."

'85.—Mr. Walter Mooers and Miss Miria Augusta Keyes were married October 29th, at Lancaster, Mass. They will reside in Dorchester, Mass.

Med., '86.—Alfred King has been appointed surgeon, and A. S. Gilson, Med., '94, adjunct surgeon at the Maine General Hospital.

'87.—Merrill has been elected to the Maine Legislature as representative from Portland.

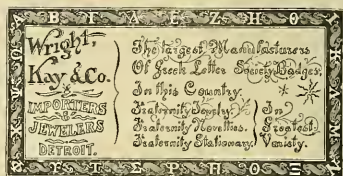
'90.—Dr. Oliver W. Turner of Augusta, and Miss Martha M. Davenport were married November 18th, in Bangor, by Rev. A. E. Kingsley, pastor of the First Baptist Church. The ceremony took place at 8.30 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents on Charles Street, and was attended by quite a large number of the bride's friends. After the wedding a reception was held and the newly married couple left for Augusta on the 11.25 train, where they will reside in the future. The bride is a daughter of Mr. George A. Davenport, and is very popular here. Dr. and Mrs. Turner received a large number of rare and beautiful presents.

'96.—Foster is at Boston University Law School.

'96.—Knight and Lyford are canvassing for a new book, relating to the history and work of the Improved Order of Red Men.

'96.—Leighton is on the road through Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, in the interests of the Clover Medical Co. of Augusta.

'96.—The engagement of J. H. Bates and Miss Townsend of New Haven, Conn., has been announced.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVI.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, DECEMBER 9, 1896.

No. 11.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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After this number the ORIENT will be in charge of the editor-in-chief, who has for some time been absent from college, his place having been taken by the assistant editor-in-chief. The assistant editor wishes to thank the members of the board for their hearty and willing co-operation during the past term, and trusts that the ORIENT has not fallen far short of its former high standard.

THE holidays are fast approaching, in fact almost too fast, and it behooves us to make a few plans in regard to them. Holidays should not be one continual relaxation from all work; something definite should be accomplished in order to make them profitable. One can get really more rest by change of occupation than by absolute inertia. Let each do a little missionary work among friends who contemplate coming to college. Let each show by his own personal actions what a college education does for a man, for one action speaks louder than a hundred words. If, in the coming holidays, we are able to accomplish something definite, and to show our friends what true Bowdoin men are, we surely shall have passed a profitable vacation. The ORIENT wishes a Merry Christmas to all its readers, and trusts that after so complete a change of air and surroundings, we all will

eagerly return to the hard work of the winter term.

AS soon as one season of athletics closes, the management for the next should be chosen. We have a way here, which is decidedly detrimental to our interests, of postponing our elections. Our athletic captains are elected immediately upon the closing of the season, and why should not our managers be also? There surely is nothing like beginning early, especially in making out a schedule. Our managers are severely handicapped by this procrastination. When games are to be arranged with other colleges it must be done early, or else satisfactory dates cannot be had, often no dates at all. Take, for instance, the coming base-ball season; we hope to have a superior team, and would like to play Harvard or Yale, or both, but the management has been unable to arrange games with either, as their schedules are already filled. Had the management been elected earlier, without doubt dates could have been secured, as both teams would like to play us. Moreover, the trips to other colleges cannot be conveniently arranged at this late date. There is nothing that can be done except to guard against this in the future. The next manager to be chosen is the foot-ball; and let us change our habits at once, and by electing him immediately, give him every opportunity to make the season a success.

THE Reading-Room papers are not furnished as a convenient means by which the students' scrap-books can be kept supplied. The publications there on file are the common property of the entire college, and anybody who mutilates them is infringing on the rights of his neighbors. This practice seems to have been growing upon us of late, and should be promptly checked. How aggravating it is to be looking for some particular article, and then find only a large

blank hole. Instead of clipping out articles of especial interest and appropriating them for your own use, let others have the benefit of them as well. The ORIENT sees no more reason why the Reading-Room papers should be mutilated than those in the library, and who would dare think of cutting up a library paper?

THERE have been rumors afloat that our chess players do not intend to enter any intercollegiate contests the coming winter. The ORIENT hopes these will prove only rumors, for our chess players in former years have brought credit both to themselves and to the college, and to stop now, while in the lead, would savor too much of "quitting." By all means keep up chess playing, the most exacting of mental exercises, and this coming season let us defeat our rivals as nobly as we have done in years gone by.

TIME and again have appeals been made by the ORIENT for short stories, poems, and literary articles, but in vain; the space might almost as well have been devoted to some better purpose. We do not intend to beg for articles, we simply offer you the privilege of writing them; the condescension should be on our part, not yours. Be that as it may, we will always be just as glad to receive stories and poems as ever. But a word here in regard to another line of ORIENT work. How can our Personal and Collegii Tabula Departments be satisfactorily filled, when one or two men are supposed to record every minute occurrence among 250 students, to say nothing of our large body of alumni? One man has only one pair of eyes and ears, and surely these cannot catch everything that is going on in college. Give your assistance both to make the ORIENT better and to relieve the overworked editors of a portion of their duties. Send in to the editor any news items or alumni notes which you may chance upon;

don't begrudge a few minutes well spent in helping out the college journal. If you see any chance for improvement in college affairs, write an open letter to the ORIENT, and don't be afraid to sign your full name; you will be respected for having the courage of your convictions. "Many hands make light work" applies perfectly to us, and let each do something, however small, for the ORIENT.

BOWDOIN has never yet been satisfactorily represented in the field of college journalism, but now, after years of delay and planning, something definite has at last been accomplished. A college of our size has ability, both literary and financial, to support two publications, a weekly newspaper and a monthly literary magazine. For years this has been the ideal to which we have looked forward, but which has seemed almost impossible. Nevertheless, after careful planning, half of our ideal has been accomplished, and the ORIENT greets her new sister, the *Bowdoin Quill*, with mingled feelings of welcome anxiety; welcome, for now Bowdoin will be fittingly represented among her sister institutions; anxiety, because of the seemingly insurmountable difficulties which must be overcome ere the paper can be successful. These difficulties will soon melt away, however, if the college gives the *Quill* proper encouragement, and the more difficulties overcome, the more credit will be due the editors of the *Quill*.

The ORIENT, as it stands to-day, is a somewhat unsatisfactory sheet, being a mixture of news and literary articles. The ideal would be to have the ORIENT a news weekly, and the *Quill* a literary monthly. For the coming winter term, however, both are to run in their present courses; thus, should the *Quill* become a fixture, as we trust it may, the ORIENT can commence its new volume as a news weekly.

The *Quill* is to be strictly literary, and is to contain sketches, short stories, literary articles, book reviews and poems. Its columns are to be open to both alumni and undergraduates. In its behalf, the ORIENT extends to all the invitation to contribute to its columns so as to help make it a success. Nothing worthy can be accomplished without hard work, and the *Quill* board, a list of whom can be found in the Collegii Tabula, intends to do everything in its power to put the paper upon a firm and prosperous basis.

The ORIENT appeals to every undergraduate and alumnus of Bowdoin to lend a hand to the enterprising and progressive editors of the *Quill*, both by writing for its columns and by subscribing for the paper. The *Quill*, we are informed, is to make its maiden appearance the middle of January, and thereafter to come out three times per term, at the price of one dollar a year.

Such a step is rather hazardous and experimental, but backed by the right material, it surely will make its mark and bring credit to Old Bowdoin, whose literary reputation of late has been resting far too much upon its past. The ORIENT wishes long life and prosperity to the *Quill*, and may her journey ever grow brighter as time passes on.

From the Sword to the Cowl.

"MAY God be with you on your voyage," murmured Prudence, as Pierre gave her a last fond embrace; then mustering her courage, she sprang through the low door into the quaint sitting-room of the log cabin, leaving her betrothed to make his way back to his ship as best he could. For a full minute Pierre stood as if petrified; then realizing the situation, he cast a longing glance at the one-windowed cabin, and soon was cantering down the road as fast as his somewhat antiquated steed could carry him. The light of the half moon, and the clear-

ness of the autumn air, would have made his journey of fifteen miles, from Topsfield to Boston, an ideal one; but with a heavy heart, what can one enjoy?

Lieutenant Pierre Martineau had just gone ashore from the "Arcadie," the French flagship at Quebec, to get his fortnightly packet of letters from New England. With joyful tread, he hastened to the fleet's headquarters and received his packet; but why was it so small, surely there must be another for him. Alas, his eyes swam as he read the one brief letter from the father of Prudence, which was:

"My cabin and my barn have been destroyed, and my daughter, God be merciful to her, has been carried away in the clutches of those godless savages, the Hurons. Saturday week they burst upon us at the break of day, but now what is left, nothing but a few smouldering ashes and a life of pain and anguish!"

Without noticing the busy passers-by who nodded cheerfully to him, he hurriedly left the citadel, and was soon in his cabin on board the "Arcadie." Resolute of will, and quick in action, Pierre, in the course of the morning, had plotted out his future, and now nothing remained but to put his plans into execution.

In a bobbing canoe sat a sturdy Indian warrior, and in front, his no less athletic companion, clad in the garb of a Jesuit, with its black drapery and its cowl drawn loosely over his head. For full four weeks these two pushed on, through wind and rain, now over waves dancing in the sunlight, and now gliding noiselessly along over the inky waters with not a single lonely star reflected in its surface. Over carry and by falls they toiled together, with scarcely a single syllable between them. Their journey's end found them at a tiny village of the Hurons, on the banks of a quick-running river, over two hundred leagues from Quebec.

Pierre found that a brother Jesuit had recently been established there, and so he, by his frank and dignified manner, was able to win over the confidence of the natives more readily. Though his holy vows bound him to care for the salvation of the heathen, his was a far more sacred mission than to convert these fanatical savages. By careful watching and unobserved explorations, he located Prudence's prison, a small hut of bark, lying close to the river's edge. Without exciting suspicion he administered the rites of the church to her, and still preserving his unknown personality, planned her escape.

The trusty guide of his former trip was given the sacred duty, and on a cloudy, dismal night in July, the two fugitives, the dusky savage and the fair Puritan maid, concealed under the shadow of the bank, made their way down the rapid river on their long journey to the thriving city of Quebec.

True to his holy vows Pierre administered the sacrament to his savage children, while Prudence again was restored to her broken-down father; not the Prudence of former years, whose beauty was the envy of the settlements for miles around, and whose life was a continual flow of happiness, but the Prudence whose eyes were constantly strained toward the eastern horizon, watching for the return of the young lieutenant, to whom she last bade adieu as he left to put to sea in the good ship "Arcadie."

Theta Delta Chi Convention.

THE fiftieth annual convention of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity was held at the new Hoffman House in New York City, November 24th and 25th. It was the largest attended and most successful convention ever held in the history of the fraternity. The banquet took place Wednesday evening in the ball-room of the Hoffman House. Exactly one hundred and forty loyal Theta

Delts took their places about the board. Hon. Willis S. Paine of New York City was toast-master; Col. Jacob Spahn of Rochester, N. Y., delivered the oration; and Rev. Dr. James W. Wightman of Pittsburg, Pa., read the poem.

The Eta Chapter of Bowdoin was represented by N. R. Webster, '81, E. H. Newbegin, '91, B. L. Bryant, '95, John H. Morse, '97, A. A. French, '97, and C. C. Williamson, '98.

The fraternity will celebrate its semi-centennial anniversary in New York City, on the days adjoining Washington's Birthday, 1898. Preparations for this event have been under way for over a year, and it is proposed to make a grand reunion of this anniversary.

Reading.

HAVE we ever realized how marvelous our library is? Do we realize that on its shelves, there have been collected for our use the most precious treasures of our race? Ages before we were born, lived the men who made those records of wisdom, passion, and humor; and year by year, century by century, they have been carefully preserved from the ravages of time. Buildings and monuments crumble; here and there only a ruined arch, or a few broken pillars, remain to tell of the power of Alexander, or of the glory of Cæsar. Right here in our library, however, in a country of which they never dreamt, we possess all that is known, and all that ever will be known, not only of both of those conquerors, but of many others.

A well-selected library such as we have, contains the complete history of mankind from the dawn of civilization to the present day. Besides these, there are in it the records of events and deeds, the choicest fruits of human wisdom, the best poetry, to say nothing of the best stories, of every namable country. Our library may be compared to an intellectual telephone station. As we sit

within its walls, we can listen to Tennyson or Dickens, to Shakespeare or Dante, to Tacitus or Virgil, to Plato or Sophocles, and to the thousands of others to whom the world of to-day is indebted. We are astonished to find that by aid of the telephone, we can talk with people several hundred miles away; but how much more amazing is it, that we can commune with men who died three thousand years ago! We should not treat books as so much binding and paper, but as living persons, as companions and friends, to be loved and revered. Here in our library there are books, that is, companions, which appeal to every worthy faculty in us; and in proportion as we exercise those faculties, we become stronger and more capable of enjoying them.

Think of the library as a place where are assembled all the men who have influenced the world by their writings, and who have brought us to the present high stage of civilization which we enjoy. To-day we can converse at will with each and every one of them.

There need be no fixed rule to guide one's reading. People usually read those things that most interest them, and that is right. One good book suggests another, and this, still others. Remember that your interest will ever crave at each step something a little better than the preceding. Once we all were satisfied with Mother Goose, but did we stop there? Tales of adventure followed, while now we are reading biographies, works of science, history, and should ever be steadily advancing, still bearing in mind the fact, that we can never hope to reach that place where we can say, we have read everything.

Knowledge is boundless, and we do well to remember that our aim should be, not to read the largest quantity of books, but rather those of the best quality. The man of culture is not he who has read the greatest number of volumes, but he who has mastered

and remembered what he has read, and who can make the widest application of his reading. Daniel Webster, it is said, before reading a new book, used to jot down all he knew on that particular subject, so he could estimate just how much he had gained from reading the book. Though an excellent plan, perhaps it is better to write a short abstract after reading the work. Read clearly, with your mind impenetrable to outside matters, that the subject before you may become as if actually alive. Before closing, let me quote from a man eminently fitted to give advice on the subject:

"Readers," says Coleridge, "may be divided into four classes: First, sponges who absorb all they read, and return it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtied. Second, hour-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time. Third, strain-bags who retain merely the dregs of what they read. Fourth, workmen in the mines of Golconda, who gain their own livelihood by finding mogul diamonds for the profits of others."

Bowdoin Verse.

Discontent.

Said Johnny unto Teddy,
Way back in last July,
"I tell you it will be great fun
When snow begins to fly;
For then we'll go a-skating,
And battle with snowballs,
And go off sliding on our oob,
When snow begins to fall."

When autumn days were over,
And winter was hard by,
Said Johnny unto Teddy then,
"I wish it were July,
For then we could go swimming
And rowing in the "crick,"
But now 'tis hateful winter,
It nearly makes me sick."

Between Dances.

It was after the last galop,
And before the final lancers;
The music was soft and low,
And we left the other dancers.

"We will look for my fan," she said,
And into the garden straying,
We gazed at the stars instead,
For a dreamy waltz was playing.

And our eyes were filled with tears,
For parting came to-morrow;
And our hearts were numb with fears,
And our voices dumb with sorrow.

There was time for a single embrace,
As we heard the bars of the lancers,
And we hastened back to our place
In the midst of the happy dancers.

That was many long years ago;
And to-night in the ball-room there,
When the music was soft and low
I stole from the mirth and glare,

And followed a path that led
To the garden, afar from the dancers,
While I dream of the days that are dead,
Between the galop and the lancers.

A Colonial Wooing.

A story has come down to us
From old colonial days,
Which illustrates one instance
Of the very many ways

In which, by some slight artifice,
The disappointed swain
May sway the scornful maiden's heart,
And bring her 'round again.

In the good old town of Haverhill,
Two centuries ago,
A maid and youth did tarry—
Mary Whittaker and Joe.

Joe Whittaker, as you might guess,
On Mary was much smitten;
But to pop the question didn't dare
For fear he'd get the mitten.

So thinking much upon 't, at last
Joe hit upon a plan;
Said he, "She shall be mine to-night,
Or I'll know why, I swan."

His mother did his ruffled shirt,
 His sister did his collar,
 His father polished up his boots
 As bright as any dollar;

Then Joe ragged out his manly form
 In Sunday-school attire,
 And straddled down to Whittaker's
 Like any house afire.

But Joe, ere knocking at the door
 (It may be well to tell),
 Saw to it that a stick of wood
 Lay handy by the well.

Then Joe went in; but having not
 A great amount of push,
 He spent a full three hours
 In beating 'round the bush.

And when at last our hero gained
 The heart to pop the question,
 He'd a look upon his face as though
 He had the indigestion.

Headless of all entreaty,
 And the time he'd vainly used
 For a prologue to his tragedy,
 That cruel girl refused.

Then rushing madly from the house,
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 He heaved the old log down the well,
 And hid behind the sty.

And Mary's heart relented
 As she heard that startling sound,
 And rushing forth she shouted,
 As she searched the darkness 'round,

"Oh Joseph, darling Joseph,
 If still, if still you live,
 Believe my words, my hand, my heart,
 My soul, to you I give!"

And Joseph from his hiding place
 With great thanksgiving heard;
 And flying to her arms exclaimed,
 "I take you at your word."

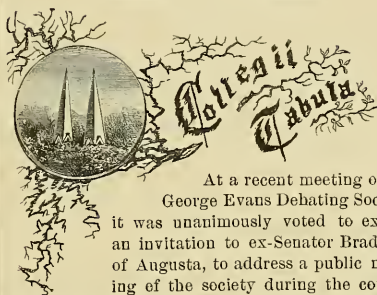
Erelong the two were married,
 And 'tis stated, furthermore,
 That the Whittakers thereby became
 No fewer than before.

That Day.

Was it a dream?
 Or is it true,
 One summer day
 I was with you,
 And heard your voice,
 And all around
 Was heaven?

'Twas weeks ago
 That lovely day,
 When skies were blue,
 And far away
 The sunlight dauced
 O'er summer seas,
 Like silver.

It was no dream,
 And if 'twere so,
 I'd hope that when
 Wild roses blew,
 I'll lay me down
 To dream again,
 In slumber.



At a recent meeting of the George Evans Debating Society, it was unanimously voted to extend an invitation to ex-Senator Bradbury of Augusta, to address a public meeting of the society during the coming winter term, on the subject of debating, and George Evans as a debater.

Hunt, '98, is out teaching.
 Get on your double windows!
 Skating is rather scarce so far.
 Quite a snow storm on the 21st!
 Hicks, '95, was in town recently.
 But one week more and—Christmas!
 The new catalogue is very interesting.
 Dana, '94, was on the campus recently.
 Mead, '95, visited the campus last week.
 E. F. Pratt, '97, has returned to college.

Loring, '98, is very ill with typhoid fever.

Crossman, '96, was on the campus for a day or so.

Young, '98, has been ill at home with tonsillitis.

Webber took a splendid photo of the foot-ball team.

The French ball at Bath attracted one or two students.

E. E. Spear, '98, was absent from college for a fortnight.

The chapel choir, though large, seems to lack proper rehearsing.

Carry your post-office keys to be registered, or you will lose them.

The Freshmen feel much relieved since finishing their work in algebra.

A double quartette rendered the anthem at Sunday chapel, the 6th.

Every one is busy now making up lost work and excusing chapel cuts.

Minott, '98, recently spent a few days visiting friends at Hebron Academy.

Varney, '98, is teaching the Windham High School, for a ten weeks' term.

Professor Lee went to Hallowell on the 30th, to deliver his lecture on Labrador.

Professor Chapman attended the funeral of the late W. W. Thomas of Portland.

Morse, '97, attended the Yale-Princeton foot-ball game in New York, recently.

The "Gibson Pictures," soon to be given, has several students among its posers.

A new stained-glass window has been placed in the chapel to replace a broken one.

Gym work begins next term, and all are looking forward to it with great expectations.

The "midnight oil" is being burned quite generally, now that exams are in sight.

The volunteer choir at the Episcopal Church is composed principally of college students.

A large body of students attended the launching of the twin gunboats at Bath on the 5th.

The annual turkey supper at the Congregational Church was well patronized by the students.

We wonder if the new postal delivery system will bring the college mail to the dormitories.

The Wilbur-Kirwin Opera Co. at Lewiston, proved an attraction to several of the students.

While attempting to get off a moving train, R. L. Mårston, '99, severely sprained his ankle.

The Juniors are taking up "The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement," by Phelps.

Professors Robinson and Hutchins gave their X-ray lecture at Augusta, on the evening of the 3d.

The college orchestra furnished music for the Poverty Ball at Town Hall, on Thanksgiving eve.

Professors Robinson and Hutchins delivered their lecture on the X-ray at Bangor, November 30th.

The list of chapel cuts for '98 in the Science Building, needs prompt attention by some members.

Gardner, '98, has returned from a most successful hunting tour in the woods of north-eastern Maine.

Who were the more surprised at the outcome of the Freshman-Sophomore foot-ball game, 1900 or '99?

Several students attended the illustrated lectures by Rev. H. F. Wood at the Free Baptist church.

About 2,000 volumes are added to our library every year. The library at present contains 56,000 volumes.

A new "Sacred Eight" has been formed, and its members are fast learning to "trip the light fantastic."

Among the stay-at-homes Thanksgiving, were Lord, '97, Merrill and Varney, '98, Haines, '97, and several others.

Professor Rogers of Colby spent some time here recently with Professor Hutchins in experimenting with the X-ray.

The "silver-tongues" of '99 are busy with their prize orations, and their eloquence can be heard at all hours of night and day.

Mr. Alger V. Carrier is now, beside his courses with the Freshmen, giving drawing lessons to the classes in the Science Building.

Professor Johnson has started a voluntary class in Italian for Juniors and Seniors. The class is to begin with the reading of Dante.

The polo games at Bath are attracting quite a goodly number of students. Would it not be a good thing to start polo in college?

French, '97, Morse, '97, and Williamson, '98, represented the Bowdoin chapter of $\Theta \Delta \chi$ at their annual convention in New York recently.

Professor Houghton gave an excellent address at Sunday chapel on the poetry of the Bible, and the reading of the works of the great poets.

The campus was not quite deserted at Thanks-

giving, for several of the students remained to make up back work, or to write themes.

The editorial board of the *Quill* is composed as follows:

P. P. BAXTER, '98, Chairman.

S. E. YOUNG, '98, Business Manager.

W. W. LAWRENCE, '98. T. L. MARBLE, '98.

F. H. SWAN, '98. R. L. MARSTON, '99.

As the winter evenings grow longer, the time for reading and study increases, and let all remember what a fine library we have, and take advantage of it.

The Fayerweather will case is now on trial in the courts at Albany, N. Y. Bowdoin and twenty other colleges are interested, and the result of the case is awaited by all with much interest.

In the Junior course in Political Economy, Dr. Hatch has substituted for the work of the winter term Hadley's new work of Economics, in place of the *Tariff History of the United States*, by Taussig.

It will do no harm, and may do a little good, to publish the following from an exchange:

COLLEGE PATRIOTISM—HOW IT MAY BE HEIGHTENED.

By the Glee Club.

By college songs.

By celebrating field day.

By encouraging athletics.

By college and class yells.

By due regard for instructors.

By wholesome competition.

By college and class colors.

By holding frequent socials.

By supporting the college paper.

The Garcelon will case, after long litigation, has been decided by Superior Judge Frick of California. Bowdoin is to receive her proper share of the bequest, and the effort of the nephews of Mrs. Garcelon has been frustrated.

Professors Robinson and Hutchins have been, of late, performing some very skillful medical operations by means of the X-ray. One of the most skillful as well as successful, was the locating of a bullet that had been lodged in an old soldier ever since the civil war.

By the will of the late W. W. Thomas of Portland, Bowdoin has received five scholarships of \$1,000 each, to aid students seeking an education, "but in no case shall it be given to students using intoxicating liquors, or who are not believers in the Christian religion."

Professor Robinson recently went to Portland, and exhibited his new disinfecting lamp to the

Portland Board of Health. The lamp worked to perfection, and the Board of Health is very enthusiastic over the invention, and believe that it will give Professor Robinson great fame as a bacteriologist.

The following, from an exchange, is self-explanatory:

"President William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin College, Hon. E. F. Webb of Waterville, and Gen. S. D. Leavitt of Eastport, were in session at the Capitol, Wednesday afternoon. This commission was appointed by Governor Cleaves 'to inquire as to the advisability of establishing an additional normal school in central and eastern Maine, and the most advantageous place for the location of said school.'"

The opera "Charter Oak" was given by amateurs before large audiences on the evenings of December 1st and 2d. The opera was a success from start to finish, and brought down great applause. Several students took prominent parts in the cast.

Ex-Manager Morse of the Track Team distributed, on December 1st, the medals won by Bowdoin men at Waterville, last spring. The first and second prizes are very tasteful medals in silver and bronze, on which is an embossed pine tree and the name of the event. The third prize is a badge.

President Hyde, at Sunday chapel, recently, spoke of the meeting of the New England College Association. He suggested that Bowdoin might soon adopt the plan of certain of the other colleges of letting more men in, but weeding them out later. He also spoke of introducing a more general course into college.

The ORIENT does not want to hear the question asked again, "Who was George Evans?" Here is a note in regard to him:

"George Evans was one of the most famous men who made the early history of the college and the state so illustrious. He was born in Gardiner in 1797, and after graduating from Bowdoin in 1815, he studied law and practiced his profession in Gardiner and Portland. At different times he served as Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, and as Attorney-General of the state. From 1829 to 1841 he was a member of Congress, and from 1841 to 1847 a United States Senator. His death occurred in 1867."

The usual Thanksgiving Sophomore-Freshman rush took place at the station, as the 11.30 train was leaving. The rush was decidedly lively, and at times, some brilliant work was done. '99 pretty effectively stopped the Freshmen from giving their new yell, but it was no easy matter. There was a large crowd of upper-classesmen, who now and then

lent a hand to one side or the other. The passengers on the train were as usual very curious to know the trouble, and one individual was very anxious to participate, in so much so, that a little mild restraint was necessary to keep him within bounds.

A very successful leap-year dance was given by the young ladies of Brunswick in the Court Room on December 8th. The dance was very pretty, and the Court Room was filled to overflowing. The feature of the evening was the *début* of several of the college students, who made their maiden appearance in Brunswick society on that night. Particular attention was paid to these *débutants* by the young ladies, and none were allowed to decorate the walls. The fair sex seemed to be out for a lively time, and no doubt they had in mind the fact that another such opportunity will not be offered them for a full seven years.

The second regular meeting of the George Evans Debating Society was held in the Modern Language Room on Tuesday evening, December 1st. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, that Canada should be annexed to the United States," and the principal disputants were W. T. Libby, '99, and Hall, '99, on the affirmative; Nason, '99, and Webster, '99, on the negative. All the speakers appeared well prepared, and forcible and exhaustive arguments were made on both sides. The vote of the society, both on the merits of the question and on the merits of the principal disputants, resulted in favor of the affirmative. After the debate, a business session was held, and it was decided that the next regular meeting should be held one week earlier, on Tuesday, December 8th, to avoid holding a meeting during examination week. It was also voted that, hereafter, the principal disputants should be limited to ten minutes each, for their opening arguments, and five minutes each, for their closing speeches, it being felt that more time should be permitted for discussion from the floor. The question for debate on December 8th is, "Resolved, that the honor system in examinations should be adopted at Bowdoin," the speakers being Marsh, '99, on the affirmative, and Thompson, '99, on the negative.

The following from *Harper's Weekly* is self-explanatory, but suggests that the same plan might be adopted, with success, by the Bowdoin Faculty.

The Faculty of Harvard University has announced its intention to separate from the college students handing in written work not their own, and to post their names on the college bulletin-boards. The offence thus to be dealt

with is familiarly known as "cribbing." The Harvard Faculty has determined and announced that it is dishonorable, and merits public expulsion. The conclusion thus reached is somewhat revolutionary, and the action taken has only been taken with reluctance, and after solemn thought and full discussion.

In old times at Harvard, as in most other colleges where what is known as the "honor system" in examinations does not prevail, cribbing was not regarded as dishonorable, though its expediency has always been freely questioned, even by the patrons of the practice. Only when the examinations were in some degree competitive, as where students were trying for high rank or for scholarships, was cribbing felt to involve dishonor. But conditions are declared to have changed at Harvard. The relations between instructors and students are more familiar than they used to be, and the majority of the students are believed to take their work more seriously than they once did, and to look upon their instructors more as fountains of information and less as hinderances to ease. The Faculty feels that there are certain childish things that ought to be put away from Harvard forever, and cribbing is one of them. Hence this severe penalty for an offence which, it seems, is still very prevalent among the more frivolous undergraduates.

Athletics.

Bowdoin, '99, 0; Bowdoin, 1900, 0.

The annual Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game took place Saturday afternoon, November 21st, in the midst of a heavy snow-storm. But the weather was not severe enough to restrain the ardor of the two lower classes, and a large delegation of students was present to urge their teams on to victory. All such efforts were in vain, however, for neither team was able to score a touchdown. That the Sophomores would win the contest easily was conceded by everybody before the game took place, for several of the players on the Sophomore eleven were members of this season's Varsity. The light Freshman line withstood the rushes of their heavier adversaries, and the result of the game surpassed the fondest hopes of the most hopeful Freshman. The game was well played from start to finish, as well as could be expected in such weather. There was no rough play, and the work of the officials was satisfactory to everybody; something extraordinary in a class game.

The ground was covered with two or three inches of snow, and to this fact was doubtless due the wretched fumbling which characterized the work of both teams. The game was called at 2.30. The Freshmen kicked off. Randall captured the

ball and advanced it a few yards. The Sophomores by steady gains carried the ball to the Freshman's 10-yard line, where Chapman gained possession of it on a fumble, and made a brilliant run of 80 yards. He was tackled by Veazie, but had the ground been in good condition there is little doubt but that he could have made a touchdown. This was the only time during the first half that the Freshman's goal was in danger. The half closed with the ball near the center of the field. Score: Freshmen 0, Sophomores 0.

Throughout the second half the ball was kept well in the Freshmen's territory. The half closed with the ball on their 10-yard line in the possession of the Sophomores. For the Freshmen the work of Chapman was especially brilliant, while Clark and Veazie played well for the Sophomores. The line-up was as follows:

Bowdoin, '99.

Moulton. Left End.
Stockbridge. Left Tackle.
Philoon. Left Guard.
Jennings. Center.
Craut. Right Guard.
Wignott. Right Tackle.
Veazie. Right End.
Randall. Quarterback.
Sinkinson. Right Halfback.
Hadlock. Left Halfback.
Clarke. Fullback.

Bowdoin, 1900

{ Goodwin.
{ Gilles.
Gardiner.
Call.
Russell.
Merrill.
Willard.
Sylvester.
Chapman.
Levensaler.
Clarke.
Babb.

Score—Bowdoin, '99, 0; Bowdoin, 1900, 0. Umpire—Ives, Bowdoin, '98. Referee—Pierce, Bowdoin, '98. Linesmen—Sturgis, '99, and Bacon, 1900. Time—20 and 15-minute halves.

Book Reviews.

[Abraham Lincoln, a Poem, by Lyman Whitney Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1896.]

Old, yet ever new, the theme of this noble poem causes a thrill of patriotism to pierce the heart, and sets the blood coursing more jubilantly through one's veins. Though dwelt upon by poets and historians for three decades, the Civil War in this poem is treated in a most novel and unique manner, and that far too prevalent "cut and dried" method, is here entirely absent. Mr. Allen has introduced a most refreshing and much-needed change in the art of historical poetry writing. None other than an artist could have portrayed the scenes which he pictures to us, and none other than a historian could have given as concise and comprehensive an account of the great anti-slavery movement.

Beginning with ancient history, he traces the growth of

"Imperious Love's sublime decree,
The brotherhood of man,"

through its successive steps, until it culminates in that giant stroke,

"That millioned manacles asunder broke,
And myriad properties
Became in one immortal moment,—men!"

Continuing his train of thought, he eulogizes the martyred Lincoln, and brings his modern epic to a fitting close, by predicting a glorious future for the country, where there shall ever be

"One Union never to fall,
One flag afloat over all."

The typography of this little book is a gem truly characteristic of the Knickerbocker Press. Its subject matter itself is sufficient to insure it a hearty reception, for it needs none of the embellishments of modern art to make it either striking or attractive.

Y. M. C. A.

The Thursday meeting of November 19th was led by Holmes, 1900. His subject was, "What we have to be thankful for."

Martin, '98, led the Sunday meeting of November 22d. The subject of his talk was, "True Manliness." Among other things, he said that true manliness lies not in the evil deeds, words, and thoughts that we abstain from, but in the good things that we do and think and say.

No meetings were held November 26th and 29th, owing to the Thanksgiving recess.

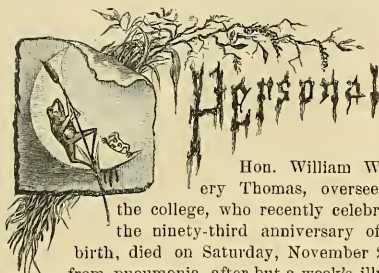
The Thursday meeting of December 3d was led by Haines, '97.

President Laycock, '98, addressed the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Sunday, December 6th.

The non-fraternity men at Dartmouth have organized a debating club.

Miss Helen Kellar, the sixteen-year-old girl who is blind, deaf, and dumb, has passed her examination to enter the Harvard Annex, and will soon enter Radcliffe College.

The University of Chicago has received a new gift, valued at half a million dollars. It consists of 3,000 acres of land around Wolf Lake, and is to be at the disposition of the biological department of the university.



Hon. William Widgery Thomas, overseer of the college, who recently celebrated the ninety-third anniversary of his birth, died on Saturday, November 21st, from pneumonia, after but a week's illness, which until towards the last did not develop sufficiently to indicate its serious character. Even Friday, Mr. Thomas was receiving his friends and attending to routine business. The profound grief felt in the wide circle of his friends and relatives, extends to many others, who have been at one time and another brought into business relations with him during his remarkably extended career in active life, and learned of his many noble and generous characteristics. He was as prominent in beneficent institutions and charitable work, but without ostentation, as in commercial enterprises, the list of associations with which he was connected in management being an unusually long one. In 1822, when not yet nineteen years of age, he is found launched in the dry goods business for himself on Exchange Street, Portland, which he successfully conducted until 1835. Since then as merchant, banker, and real estate owner—for a period of seventy-five years—Mr. Thomas has been a distinguished figure in Portland mercantile affairs. To his energy and public spirit, the city is indebted for the erection of many of the handsome and substantial buildings that adorn its business streets. In the midst of his mercantile activities, Mr. Thomas found time to serve his native city in other important relations. He represented her at Augusta, as a member of the House in 1855, and of the Senate in 1856. He was elected state treasurer in 1860, but declined to serve. He has been a member of both branches of the city government, and was the first war mayor, in 1861. In this capacity he was very active in upholding the Federal authority, and in caring for the soldiers and their families. He was a warm friend of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's secretary of war, and in his honor named "Stanton Block" on Exchange Street. He was for twenty years one of the board of overseers for Bowdoin College, and for over thirty years a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign

Missions; he was also a member of the board of managers of the Portland Benevolent Society for over thirty years, its president upwards of twenty years, and a director of the Maine General Hospital for over a score of years. In October, 1836, he was elected a director of the Canal Bank, then a state bank, and in 1849 its president, to which position he has been annually elected ever since. He has, therefore, been a director of that financial institution for sixty years, and its president for forty-seven years. He attended to the duties of the office up to within a short time of his death. He was president of the electoral college of Maine, which in 1876 cast its vote for Hayes. As a humanitarian Mr. Thomas was always firmly allied to the cause of temperance, and with Neal Dow, W. D. Little and others, organized, in 1827, the Portland Temperance Society, one of the earliest temperance associations in the state; at the time of his death he had in his possession the secretary's book, containing the preamble and the long list of signers, comprising some very prominent names. In 1827 Mr. Thomas united with the Second Parish Congregational Church, Dr. Payson, pastor, and was the oldest living member. From this church his funeral occurred Tuesday. Hon. William Widgery Thomas was born in Portland, November 7, 1803. He was a direct descendant in the eighth generation, of George Cleeve, the first settler here, and included in his ancestry the Rev. George Burroughs, a graduate of Harvard and an early preacher in Falmouth, and John Proctor, both of whom were victims of the witchcraft delusion in Salem. His father was Elias Thomas, also born here, who engaged prominently in mercantile pursuits, and for seven years, from 1823, was treasurer of the state. He died in this city, August 3, 1872, at the remarkable age of one hundred years and six months. The Thomas Block on Commercial Street was named for him. Mr. Thomas's mother was Elizabeth Widgery, daughter of the Hon. William Widgery, who, in 1778, was elected to the Massachusetts convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States. He was senator in 1794 to the Massachusetts Legislature from Cumberland County, and represented the Cumberland district in Congress in 1810. Widgery Block on Exchange Street was named in his memory, and is on the site of his former residence. Mr. Thomas was married March 5, 1835, to Elizabeth White Goddard, daughter of Henry Goddard, for many years a merchant in Portland. Mrs. Thomas was a native of Portsmouth, N. H. She died here April 27, 1884,

lamented by all who knew and loved her for her many virtues. Mr. Thomas is survived by three children, General Henry G. Thomas, U. S. A., William Widgery Thomas, Jr., ex-minister to Sweden and Norway, and Mr. Elias Thomas, merchant. Mr. Thomas was ever a valued friend of Bowdoin. Five of his sons were Bowdoin men, all but one were graduates, and all have been an honor to their father as well as to their college. The college was remembered by Mr. Thomas in his will, \$5,000 being left to establish new scholarships.

'25.—The ORIENT takes pleasure in publishing a letter, recently received from ex-Senator Bradbury of Augusta. All can profit by this letter, which shows what an active interest Mr. Bradbury takes in everything which relates to Bowdoin, an interest which grows stronger and stronger as years pass on.

—AUGUSTA, Nov. 23, 1896.

To the Editors of the Orient:

DEAR SIRS:—You are right in your efforts to put and keep the publication of the ORIENT upon a cash basis. As an alumnus of Bowdoin, I have taken the paper for years to encourage its publishers.

You must allow no paper of the kind in the country to surpass the ORIENT, for in this respect it stands as the representative of Bowdoin.

While you encourage athletics, keep learning ahead. Distinction in scholarship is higher than distinction in foot-ball. It is nobler to be an Everett, than a Sullivan or a Corbett.

Make the ORIENT useful in educating both scholars and gentlemen. It can point out and urge the correction of defects in deportment and bearing, as well as in intellectual training. Let its influence be an aid to the Faculty in giving such an education, that the Bowdoin graduate, when he goes out into the business world, to fight the great battle of life, shall be equipped at every point, as a scholar and a gentleman, always remembering that the higher type of man is an educated Christian gentleman.

Yours Very Truly,

JAMES W. BRADBURY.

'33.—The Rev. Benjamin F. Tappan, D.D., who died at his home in South Norridgewock on December 3d, was born at Augusta, June 26, 1815. He was the son of the Rev. Dr. Tappan and Elizabeth Bowdoin-Temple Winthrop, the daughter of the Hon. T. L. Winthrop, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. In college he was a room-mate of his classmate, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. After his graduation he pursued his theological studies at Bangor, finishing in 1837, and immediately after became, for a time, assistant of Professor Leonard Woods in the department of Hebrew. He was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in Hampden in 1838; was installed over the Winthrop Church, Charles-

town, Mass., in 1848, and in 1858 over the church in Norridgewock. Dr. Tappan was for more than twenty years an overseer of the college. In 1874 the college conferred upon him the degree of D.D. He contributed many articles on theological subjects to various magazines, and also published several sermons. He was an able scholar of the New Testament and a man of great culture. In 1838 he married Delia, daughter of Judge William Emmons of Hallowell. They had five children, of whom one son and two daughters survive. Dr. Tappan's death leaves only two members of the Class of '33.

'43.—William D. Northend, LL.D., has written a book, just published by Estes & Lauriat, entitled, "The Bay Colony; a Civil, Religious, and Social History of the Massachusetts Colony." It is scholarly, accurate, and very interestingly written, covering a period which has been dealt with by no work of value. The volume is handsomely bound, and contains two excellent photogravures of Governor John Winthrop and Oliver Cromwell.

'58.—Another book, which has just come out, is in a very different line of thought. It is written by Rev. Frank Sewall, and the full title is, "The Angel of the State; or the Kindergarten in the Education of the Citizen. A study of Sestaloizzi, Froebel, and Swedenborg." The edition is uniquely illustrated by pen and ink sketches of the three.

'70.—De Alva Stanwood Alexander, the recently elected Congressman from New York, was born in Maine, but early in his boyhood he went to Ohio with his mother, where, at the age of 15, he enlisted in the 128th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, serving three years, and until the close of the war, as a private soldier. Most young men would feel that such an experience was education enough, but Mr. Alexander deliberately returned to his native state, and prepared for college at the Edward Little Institute in Auburn. He took his bachelor's degree from Bowdoin College in 1870, having as classmates, James A. Roberts, Comptroller of New York State, Dr. Lucien Howe, and Willis H. Meads, all of Buffalo. After graduation Mr. Alexander went to Fort Wayne, Ind., where he taught in the public schools until he became one of the editors and proprietors of the Fort Wayne Gazette, a leading Republican paper of northern Indiana. Later, having disposed of his interest in this publication, he accepted a position on the Cincinnati Gazette, as staff correspondent, with residence at Indianapolis. While so engaged he was elected secretary of the Republican State Committee, holding the position

for six years. It was also his good fortune at this time to be appointed clerk of the United States Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, by its chairman, Senator Morton, and to accompany the latter to Oregon during the investigation of the senatorial election in that state in the winter of 1876. Mr. Alexander's connection with the newspaper was merely a stepping-stone to the ranks of the legal profession. For his preceptor in the study of the law he had no less a master than Senator McDonald, under whose tuition he studied until admitted to the bar in January, 1877. He then formed a partnership with Stanton J. Peelle of Indianapolis, now Judge of the Court of Claims in Washington. In 1881 Mr. Alexander, upon recommendation of Senator Harrison, was appointed by President Garfield fifth auditor of the Treasury Department, and left Indiana for Washington. Here, among other things, he was required to pass upon and settle the accounts of the United States ministers and consuls, of the internal revenue, of the Smithsonian Institute, of the census and patent offices and the Department of State—accounts amounting in all to upwards of \$100,000,000 annually. A reform feature of his work was the application of a system of checks upon consular fees, making it impossible for any consul, without discovery, to collect a fee and retain it. Mr. Alexander served under Secretaries Windom, Folger, McCulloch, and Manning. While residing in the National Capital, he was elected and served as Commander of the Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Alexander, attracted by the manifest advantages of Buffalo and by a law partnership with his college classmate, Mr. Roberts, moved thither in 1885. Three years afterward, when General Harrison had become a candidate for President, Mr. Alexander was invited to assist him, and for this purpose spent the entire campaign of 1888 at Indianapolis as his private secretary. In June, 1889, Mr. Alexander was appointed United States District Attorney for the Northern District of New York, and held the office until December, 1893, discharging successfully its responsible duties. The failure of two national banks and a large defalcation in the Albany City National Bank, both of which occurred during Mr. Alexander's term, gave the District Attorney ample opportunity for good work, and the fact that, of eight men indicted for these failures and this defalcation, seven were convicted and sent to the penitentiary, shows that the work of the office was well cared for. Mr. Alexander has shown marked ability and capacity for affairs in whatever he has undertaken. Political life, in its higher form, has seemed to him a worthy ambition, and his time and thought, outside the business of his profession, have ever been subject to the demand of his party on the stump and in the work of organization. But while a strong partisan, he is no believer in party success at any cost, and he has identified himself with clean politics at all times. He is a member of the Buffalo and University clubs, and is well known and esteemed in social circles, at the bar and in the plainer walks of life. In 1871 he married Alice Colby of Defiance, Ohio. His present

wife, whom he married December 30, 1893, was, before her marriage, Anne Lucille Bliss of Buffalo.

'77.—The *Brunswick Telegraph* has the following:

"The name of our George L. Thompson is mentioned as being determined upon for commissary general, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Powers."

'91.—The Rev. W. R. Hunt has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Ellsworth.

'91.—Henry C. Jackson, A.B., recently received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the Dartmouth Medical School.

'92.—On November 28th a reception was tendered Rev. E. B. Wood, who has recently become the pastor of the Congregational Church in Lowell, by his people. It was a very enjoyable occasion to all present.

'94.—Rupert H. Baxter at present is in Illinois on a business trip.



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No. 12.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Now that the holidays have passed and nearly all have returned to college, it behooves us to turn our attention to work. No base-ball or foot-ball practice or game now occupies our mind, but only the thought of study. Our course here is so planned that whatever is lost during the other two terms is made up in the winter, when men are expected to stay in and concentrate their minds. We welcome all back, and trust that every one has enjoyed the breathing spell. The two weeks of home cheer fits us for better work and also shows that it is for those at home and for all mankind as well that we should labor. A few familiar faces more or less are not with us, but many new countenances can be seen among those who have entered the Medical School. We extend to the students in that department the right hand of fellowship, and hope that their interest in college work may not be of a negative kind. If there are those who are talented in any way, either as ball players or musicians, let them identify themselves with the organizations existing here and lend a helping hand. To be sure the tastes, dispositions, and conditions may be different in some instances, but we are all looking forward to one common end—that of aiding humanity and advancing civilization. Let

us unite to make the winter term a pleasant and profitable one.

THE great number absent from college this term, teaching school, deserves attention. How much ought students to be absent for this purpose? Do not those who remain away lose more than they gain? Is it not true that a man loses just in proportion as he is out? It may be necessary for some to recruit their finances once in awhile, yet it is wrong for them to remain away persistently. There are some men who simply return now and then to make up their work and then go out to take up their schools. There are several men who only return to college while it is vacation in the towns where they teach. These men are to pose as graduates of Bowdoin! They are to show to young men intending to go to college and to the world the kind of men Bowdoin turns out! Doubtless teaching has its advantages, but no one will deny that a man who is away two years or more out of the four to be spent under the instruction of our Faculty is not fully equipped, and is not so worthy of passing as a graduate of our institution, as is he who has taken the whole course and completed it.

Teaching trains a man in divers ways, perhaps, but if he takes a lecture course here, the loss is complete; if he takes a course that demands much reading, he gets no time to do that reading. He writes his themes simply to put in the required number of words and to "get through." His mind is wearied from the drudgery of the school-room, and when he makes up a recitation course he simply "crams" and as quickly forgets. The phenomenon of a man making up a whole term's work and taking the examinations in three days is a disgrace, and the sooner such proceedings are done away with, the standing of our graduates

will be improved. What does it avail to have a high standard of admission if the standard for graduation be low? Why not make the four years a season of mental development, rapid and substantial, rather than one of getting a degree and having financial prosperity?

PRESIDENT HYDE, two Sundays ago, gave a talk in chapel that had in it much food for reflection. He came out in a flat-footed way and told just what the requirements for membership in this college are. His minimum requirements, both as to mental equipment and moral standing, were such that all fair-minded men will heartily subscribe to and say "amen." While principles of this kind are very beautiful in theory and charm the ear of the listener and cause responsive chords to vibrate in the hearts of many, yet the "line of discrimination" is a difficult thing to find on the part of those in charge, and it is equally difficult for some men to comprehend even the minimum requirements as applied to himself.

It is no easy task to say this or that man must sever his connection with the college, but if our President quietly removes from our midst a friend or companion, we ought to turn to ourselves and say: "What must we do to keep our places and be saved from disgrace in the eyes of men?" Let us save our breath, wasted in sympathy, and see to it that worthier things are attained to.

THE college is fortunate in having again a course of song recitals by Misses Vannah, Bartlett, and Mr. Truer. Last year everybody was charmed by the talents of these artists and by the exquisite taste and culture shown in the selections. If there is one objection, more than any other, that can be brought against attending a college in a small town, it is the disadvantages

the students have in hearing talented people. Here in Brunswick, however, that objection does not hold. With the Saturday Club preparing lecture courses by well-known men and women, and the college authorities very generous in inviting lecturers here, together with the different courses of musical recitals enjoyed during the last two years, it cannot be said that all the good things of the earth are denied us. We should all attend these recitals and show proper appreciation of the favors shown us. It is only by seeing talent in others that the desire to become talented is created. We wish to express here to those who so kindly favor us the thanks of the student-body, and to congratulate the entertainers upon their endowments. This series of recitals will be greatly enjoyed by all if the first concert of the series is an example of what they are to be.

NOT for years has such a spirit of cleaning up and improvement been seen about college as during the past few months. Our efficient janitor and his worthy band of assistants have worked early and late in putting things in order, and the campus and buildings show evidences of their careful attention. While excellent judgment has been shown and many obnoxious eye-sores have been removed, there yet remains a few things that demand attention, and the ORIENT here takes it upon itself to make a suggestion which is worthy of consideration. That suggestion is this: wouldn't it be a good plan to spend a few minutes with a duster in Memorial Hall? A certain bust of our own poet that stood directly in front of the audience gathered in that hall on Thursday evening was covered with a heavy mantle of dust. It would show a little respect at least for our statuary to keep it clean and undefiled before the eyes of outsiders. It is in a conspicuous place and really needs

attention. We shall expect to see it a pure white the next time a public affair is held in the hall. More than one has commented upon the slack appearance of that statue. Come, Mr. Janitor, wield thy weapon!

THIS winter shows a great revival of two games that were justly popular several years ago—polo and bowling. Some interest has been shown in college during the past week in regard to polo. It has been suggested that the delta be made into an ice polo field; that games be arranged with other teams and a series be played. There are several men in college who have remarkable ability as players and who would represent the institution creditably. Bowling should be revived here also; we have alleys, and teams from the different halls could be formed. A tournament could be arranged. The contests could come in the evening, and we are sure would stir up a spirit of friendly rivalry. In nearly all colleges of our size bowling is a popular and healthful game. Besides the two games spoken of above, basket ball has been suggested. Now here are three different means of amusement which others enjoy, but we do not participate in. Let some one become interested enough to agitate this matter, and many exciting contests will result. Whatever is stimulating and healthful should be sought after to enliven the monotony of the long winter term. Why not have one or all of these games introduced? Is it yes or no?

THE long-looked-for *Bowdoin Quill* came out last week, and has been thoroughly read and re-read by those interested in college journalism. Typographically the new monthly is a work of art and has called for many favorable comments. The quality of the literary work, while representing the best talent in college, is not of the highest order

possible. In the other departments the style is quaint and catchy, and the *ORIENT* can safely say that the new publication has its place to fill, and bids fair to fill it in a very creditable manner. The college has now another periodical that compares favorably with those published by other institutions, and we sincerely hope that all will lend their aid to make it a grand success. As the editors say, "they are not in journalism for sweet charity's sake," so let both the *Quill* and the *ORIENT* start the new year hand in hand, and be exponents of the best thought in college.

The Ideal Home-School.

A WALK of two miles from one of our bustling New England cities brings one to a little valley, where a settlement of red-roofed and stone buildings and scattering farm-houses mark the situation of America's best boarding-school. Wooded hills, rising sometimes gently, sometimes with rougher ascent, form a barrier on the north of the valley, while to the south a winding stream gives opening to the distant slopes.

St. Paul's School was founded in 1856 by Dr. George C. Shattuck of Boston, who gave sixty acres of land and a liberal amount of money. The design with which it was founded is sufficiently expressed in these words from the deed of the gift: "The founder is desirous of endowing a school of the highest class for boys, in which they may obtain an education which shall fit them either for college or business, including thorough intellectual training in the various branches of learning; gymnastics and many exercises adapted to preserve health and strengthen the physical condition; such aesthetic culture and accomplishments as shall tend to refine the manners and elevate the taste, together with careful moral and religious instruction."

A pretty country, rural, but quite suggestive of a civilization not very remote, lies all about, and the meadows that stretch beyond give a vast beauty to the landscape. Here, in irregular grouping, are the buildings occupied by the school, which have grown in number from one building when the school was opened to over fifteen at the present time. The school began with two masters and six boys in 1856; now there are thirty-four masters and over 365 boys enrolled in the school. Although the school forms one vast family, yet it is according to age divided into three parts. The Town School is where the youngest boys live and recite; the School, where the boys who have been there a year or two; then the Upper School, where the older boys live.

The Town School contains dormitories, dining-halls, lavatories, recitation-room, and a large study-room. The common meeting place of the boys from the "Upper" and the "School" is in the two buildings that stand side by side in the center of the group—the school-house and the chapel. The school-house is a large brick building, containing the "big study," where all the older boys, save a few who study in their rooms, meet for their daily work, separate recitation-rooms, society-rooms, and a well-selected library of 12,000 volumes. The chapel, the pride of every St. Paul's boy, is used for daily prayer and Sunday service. It is admitted by competent judges to be the finest chapel in America. The fine carving is only equaled by that of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

Back of these two buildings is the large two-story gymnasium. The second story is used as an auditorium for lectures, entertainments, and dances. The first story and basement are thoroughly equipped with every kind of apparatus needed in a modern gymnasium.

Opposite these buildings is the rectory,

occupied by the rector of the school and his family, and near by has been lately built an infirmary, which furnishes a comfortable home to the sick and afflicted. Sometimes, when there would be an especially hard lesson to get, as if by magic the sick list would rapidly grow for an hour or two.

The purpose of the school determines the daily life. The boys meet for a short service in the chapel in the morning; then pursue their studies till about one; dine in their several dining-rooms, and spend the afternoon in open-air exercise, going back to their studies at five. A lake near by furnishes excellent chances for paddling in the summer and skating in the winter. Boating enters largely into the boys' lives; there are two clubs with three crews each. The races come some time in May, and are the great events of the year. The boys are divided about equally between the two clubs—the Shattucks and the Halcyons. All athletic sports are encouraged. Cricket is the favorite ball game, and the school rejoices in an exceedingly fine oval. Foot-ball, track-athletics, hare and hounds, are pursued with a vigor, and on a bright spring day the picture of the green, covered with boys, is a pleasing sight. Contests are held with other schools, and, in the library, trophies of balls, cups, and oars tell the many victories won by St. Paul's. The societies do not resemble our college fraternities in the least. The Cadmean Society is for debating altogether. The Guild is noted for the charity it does, has charge of the chapel, and attends the wants of those at the infirmary. The Library Association is connected with the library. There are three athletic associations—Isthmian, Delphian, and Old Hundred—each club having three foot-ball and cricket teams.

St. Paul's has frequently been compared with the great English public schools, but the comparison is a superficial one. The ground of comparison between this school and the

English public school is in the hearty boy life which prevails at both; but at St. Paul's the gentler elements prevail—the relation of the boys toward one another and toward their masters is more courteous. Moreover, it is plainly seen by an observer that a relation exists between the masters and boys of a nature which tends greatly to produce results in character. The seclusion of the place renders it peculiarly desirable and necessary that there be no division of interest and pursuits. A strong spirit of loyalty to the school is manifest, the boys identifying the school's interest with their own. The aim of the school is admirably expressed in its motto: "*Ea discamus in terris quorum scientia perseveret in coelia.*"

The Violets.

THE spring-time was as sweet and fresh once more as it had been a year ago or the year before that. Indeed, it seemed even more lovely than any which one could remember, for, as a matter of fact, it is a peculiarity of that season that even to the most *blasé* observer of nature, each spring brings with it a feeling of newness and a charm of freshness, as if it were the very first spring in the history of the world and had not occurred hundreds and thousands of times before. The grass had been green for a month and more now, and the sun had pried into the farthest recess of the forest's heart and had nibbled up the last morsel of the lingering snow-bank. The brook, but lately tumbling noisily at the small cataract, was beginning to subdue its clatter as it fell back into its bed from which it had arisen at the melting of the winter's snow and ice, and it was now falling over the rocks with a soft, plashing sound that made one stop as he entered the wood to hark if he had not heard voices.

Out from the wood the brook flowed with a gentle, steady motion through the

midst of the spring meadows, where the song of the birds fell trembling down to the greensward and where the sun shone with warm, golden streams, not like the blaze of a summer day, but as only it can shine when buds are beginning to open and the spirit of awakening nature is felt o'er hill and dale.

All this the man saw, as he walked along, yet he was not merry. A sadness, but a sweet sadness, filled his heart. There was no pain in his thoughts. Ah, no! The pain had long since vanished, and only a dream of what he had once hoped for remained. As he crossed the field he stopped here and there to pluck the frail, blue flowers growing there. To him it was the saddest, yet the loveliest flower of all the year—the sweetest of all the world, not excepting even the pink arbutus, which had preceded it, or the fair roses which were to follow it. He sighed once, this man, and whispered to the flowers as if they were human things: "Dear violets, 'tis a pity to pluck you, but you needs must comfort me since you have made me sad."

It was evening now, and the brightness of the moon fell through the opened window. As the man sat there in the stillness of the spring night, with its moonlight falling softly, gently, upon the violets whose perfume filled the room and mingled with the fairy light, he sighed again, and this time a look of real pain crossed his face as he thought of that night, one year ago, when she had worn blue violets and he had dared to dream of love. Quite forgotten had she been for several months now, for he had thrust the very thought of her from his heart with an iron will, and had mercilessly said to himself ever and anon, "It cannot be." Yes, he realized it ere that night of a year ago was over, and forbade himself to even dream of her. And now his strength of will was completely overcome by a fair, frail flower. Where she was now, alive or dead, he knew not. Would

that he had not thought of her! He bowed his head and wept. Suddenly he became aware of a presence in the room. A curtain startled him, but he raised not his head. A gentle voice whispered to him, and then he looked up there to behold before him the vision of his dream. Again the violets were breathing forth their fragrance at her bosom. Again he touched her hand, and again he felt that thrill, and his heart beat fast as it did on that night long months ago. He spoke; he fell at her feet; but again he heard those words, which he had so often repeated to himself, not cold and cruel as he had said them, but tender and gentle now: "It cannot be."

Another spring day was at hand, bidding fair to be as bright as the preceding. The moon had set, and from the east the sun had arisen in a blaze of glory, while the birds, which had flitted across the meadow, were singing in a neighboring tree like heralds of the morning.

"It must have been a dream, surely," said the man, as he gazed out at the sky in the blue dawn and watched the little cloudlets light up as the sun's rays touched them. Then he looked for the violets, but they were gone.

The Harvard crews have already commenced practice in the tank.

It is reported that the Yale base-ball team will have no professional coach this year.

A large number of drawing instruments which were recently stolen from the old Harvard gymnasium, were returned by mail.

The Boston Athletic Association is planning to hold a "Marathon race" on Patriot's Day, April 19th. The course will be from Boston to Framingham.

Pennsylvania lays claim to the oldest college graduate in the United States. He is James Kitchens of Philadelphia, a member of the class of 1819.

Bowdoin Verse.

Psalm of Death.

How trivial, young man, is life—
 An unsubstantial dream and vain—
 A long and unrewarded strife
 Some transient honors to obtain.

A living spark is the human soul
 Of an all-pervading vital flame;
 And to that Universal whole
 It shall return from whence it came.

When once thy soul this flesh hath left,
 It knows no more of joy or grief;
 And of all memory bereft,
 In calm oblivion finds relief.

Why mutter of an earthly fame,
 Of honors that so soon must cease;
 What profits thee a noble name,
 Enthralled in everlasting peace?

Can fair and long-enduring fame
 E'er raise the consecrated dead?
 Can envied Honor's magic name
 E'er call them from their lowly bed?

The rich, the poor; the high, the low;
 The master and the weary slave;
 Though different ways through life they go,
 Alike shall seek the dark, cold grave.

And grim death, not content to deal
 Thus roughly with these forms sublime,
 E'en stamps with his disdainful heel
 Their very tracks from the sands of time.

Then eat and drink and merry be;
 Do that which most your mind doth please;
 For in this way alone can ye
 Obtain longevity and ease.

The Old Stile.

In thinking o'er the happy past,
 When you and I were young,
 The recollections dear, to which
 My heart has always clung,
 The dear old stile I call to mind,
 On which we sat erstwhile;
 And oft I go and sit upon
 The
 same
 old
 stile.

And as I dream about the past,
 Its sorrows and its joys,
 The present, with its trials, all
 My dear romance destroys.
 'Tis sad to note, in looking o'er
 My Sunday suit and tile,
 How strongly they suggest to me
 The

same
 old
 style.

My Old College Room.

It's not a palace; yet, I think,
 No palace e'er possessed
 So much of solid comfort;
 So much of home-like rest.
 An atmosphere of friendliness
 Surrounds me in my chair,
 And traces of possessions sweet
 Are scattered everywhere.
 My college room! within these walls
 I reign o'er all supreme.
 Within these walls, too, have I dreamed
 Full many a fond day-dream.
 It may be that in years to come
 These dreams will be fulfilled,
 Success may come to me, perhaps,
 Exactly as I've willed.
 I may become a millionaire
 And live in house of stone;
 Perhaps I'll be a tramp without
 A cent to call my own.
 But be my life all bright with joy,
 Or be it dark with gloom,
 In all this world there'll be no place
 So dear as this old room.

Columbia University is to have a building which is to combine under its one roof a gymnasium, an academic theatre, a banquet hall, a power house, and various rooms for the use of college organizations. This building is to be 250 feet by 185, and is to be built in the Italian Renaissance style. In the basement will be the power house, the swimming tank, and the dressing rooms; on the first floor the gymnasium with 14,000 square feet of floor surface, slightly smaller than the Wisconsin gymnasium, and a running track of nine laps; on the upper floors are the banquet hall, the theatre seating 2,500 persons, the kitchens and other rooms.



The person that destroyed or removed the indicator of the old sun-dial in front of Massachusetts Hall should be granted an opportunity to appreciate the delicate emotions that course a man's feelings who rides a rail out of Brunswick. It was a dastardly deed, worthy of the disdain and vengeance of every man in college. The dial was placed on the campus during the administration of Professor Cleaveland, who held the chair of chemistry from 1805 to 1858. It was one of the most interesting and highly-prized mementoes of the early college days.

"Eph" has installed himself as official valet to every one in college.

The Freshman Class in the Medical School is much larger than usual.

The new bulletin-board at the chapel is a decided improvement over the old one.

Baxter, '98, addressed the Boston Alumni Association at a banquet in Boston recently.

The co-educational department of Bowdoin is on the increase—with the inflow of medics.

A large party of students went to Bath last week to attend "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The Glee Club, together with the Mandolin-Guitar Club, had an engagement at Woodfords.

Mr. Erasmus Manson, ex-'89, a prominent journalist of Duluth, Minn., was on the campus visiting friends last week.

A large number of students attended the whist party and hop given by the Calendar Club, in benefit of the Brunswick Public Library.

There is a large number of students who are out of college teaching this winter. This is one of the improvements in the rural schools in Maine!

The make-up of the committee for the '98 Assemblies augurs much for the success of the Junior festivities. It is as follows: Stetson, Ives, and Drake.

The oldest inhabitant never saw such and so much skating as has been enjoyed this winter. Every day has found a throng of polo-players and

otherwise bound for the river. Foot-ball is a gentle, effeminate sort of a game, compared with polo.

A few enthusiasts of the "manly art" went to Lewiston last week to witness the sparring bout between Travers of Biddeford and Dick O'Brien of Lewiston.

The subjects announced by Professor Hatch for the themes of that division of the Junior Class which take Economics, are as follows:

1. Criticism of Malthusian Theory of Population.
2. Evils of Competition as an Economic Principle.
3. Advantages of Competition as an Economic Principle.
4. Duty of Society in regard to Pauperism.
5. Causes and Evils of Trusts and Business Combinations.
6. Causes and Advantages of Trusts and Business Combinations.

All themes to be double—not less than 800 words. Themes to be handed in on or before Tuesday, February 16th.

The first number of the *Bowdoin Quill* came out Saturday, and more than justified the expectations of the student body. The alumni have responded very generously for its success.

At a meeting of the track and field team, Kendall, '98, was elected captain for next year's team. Captain Horne, of this year's team, refused a reelection on account of his disabled condition.

The following subjects for themes were posted on the bulletin-board for the Sophomores and the Juniors who do not take Political Economy:

1. How May the Rural Schools of Maine be Improved.
2. Christmas in a New England Village.
3. Some of My Favorite Scenes in Fiction.
4. Ruskin's Criticism of Modern Life.

References for same: "Crown of Wild Olives," Preface and Section II. of "Sesame and Lillies," "King's Treasures," and "Mystery of Life."

All those students who knew Henry Warren, ex-'97, will be grieved to learn that he has lost his charming wife. Those who met her last winter admired her greatly for her many beautiful traits of character.

Lynch, '98, has left college to go into business. Martin, 1900, has bought his share of the firm of Lynch and Pettengill of the college book-store. The business will be run on the same lines as before, under the name of Pettengill & Martin.

The George Evans Debating Club was the recipient of two very interesting autograph letters, dated respectively 1816 and 1818, written by the eminent statesman for whom the club is named. They were presented by Mr. G. E. Dunlap, a grandson of Mr. Evans.

Gym, with all its trials and not-feeling-very-wells, is upon us these two weeks. One of the sweet recollections of "child-world and make-believe" is the upper-classman's remembrance of his Freshman enthusiasm for gym work. Aye, would that we might always be children!

The men chosen for the '68 Prize Speaking, that occurs the last of the winter term, were as follows: Alfred Page Cook, Portland; Robert Sidney Hagar, Richmond; John George Haines, Paterson, N. J.; Archie Sherman Harriman, Brunswick; Harry Maxwell Varrell, Wells; William Frye White, Lewiston.

Mr. E. A. Will, Brunswick's foremost jeweler and optician, has retired from business and is succeeded by Messrs. Hill & Woodbury, two of Skowhegan's most bustling young men. Both Mr. Hill and Mr. Woodbury are practical jewelers, Mr. Hill being a graduate watchmaker and optician of the Waltham Horological School.

At the Foot-Ball Association meeting, which was held in Memorial on Friday, January 15th, the following officers were elected: President, Pettengill, '98; Vice-President, Dillaway, '98; Secretary and Treasurer, Briggs, '99; Manager, Young, '98; Director, Chapman, 1900. Very little interest was taken in the election, and the choice of men seems an excellent one.

Joseph Boyd, so long employed as college fireman, has been superseded by a man named Corbett. A petition is being circulated for "Joe's" reinstatement. All should sign, as Joe is an efficient and hard-working man. There is such a thing as too much progress, and our new janitor seems to be leaning towards that thing when he replaces a man well thought of and industrious.

Hon. Crosby S. Noyes, Hon., '87, of Washington, D. C., gave \$5,000 to the college last week, \$1,000 to be known as the Noyes Prize Fund—the income from which would be given to the best student in Political Economy; the remaining \$4,000 to go into scholarships—students from Minot, Me., having preference. Such a gift as this shows a generous and far-seeing man in Mr. Crosby, who is a distinguished journalist.

The strength test made by Clark, '99, rather pales all other tests made in Maine, and sets the strong men of the college world to "guessin'." Before the season is through, he will undoubtedly lay all records in this country behind him. Clark's total strength was 1520, which is just 9 points behind Klein of Harvard, the strongest man in the college world. Clark dipped thirty-seven times

and pulled up forty-three times. Had his leg lift been up to his usual lift he would have beaten Klein by a considerable surplus.

Poor Uncle Bradley has gone. Of all the old friends whom the one impartial Prof. has plucked from our midst, he is certainly the most to be missed. Every one listens in vain for his familiar voice in the crack of the door, and realizes how good his corn-cakes always were. His tale was a sad one of long sufferings in military prisons and hospitals, of an ungrateful country, and poverty. And "my son" is in the alms-house.

The trio which gave the college such delightful musical treats last year, are to give four song recitals this season. The first recital, given last Thursday evening, was by Italian composers; the second, to be given January 26th, will be by English composers; the third, February 11th, by French composers; and the fourth, February 25th, by composers of our own land. The audience, Thursday night, very warmly welcomed the artists to college again. Miss Bartlett was the favorite, as of old. The programme was an excellent one and enthusiastically received. It was as follows:

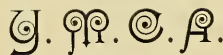
First Recital.—Italian Composers.

PART I.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1. Siciliana and Intermezzo.— <i>Mascagni.</i> | Miss Vannah. |
| 2. Romanza from Don Carlo.— <i>Verdi.</i> | Mr. Turner. |
| 3. La Serenata.— <i>Tosti.</i> | Miss Bartlett. |
| 4. Giulia.— <i>Luigi Denza.</i> | Mr. Turner. |
| 5. Una Voce (Il Barbiere di Siviglia).— <i>Rossini.</i> | Miss Bartlett. |

PART II.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 6. (a) Tuscan Folk Song. | Miss Vannah. |
| (b) Air.— <i>Pergolesi.</i> | |
| 7. Venetian Folk Song.— <i>Ricci.</i> | Miss Bartlett. |
| 8. A Sera.— <i>Tosti.</i> | Mr. Turner. |
| 9. Mother and Poet.— <i>E. B. Browning.</i> | Miss Bartlett. |
| 10. Duet—Lungi, lungi.— <i>Ciro Pinsuti.</i> | Miss Bartlett and Mr. Turner. |



President Laycock, '98, addressed the Sunday meeting of December 6, 1896. His subject was "The Immortality of the Soul."

The Thursday meeting of December 10th was led by C. C. Smith, '98.

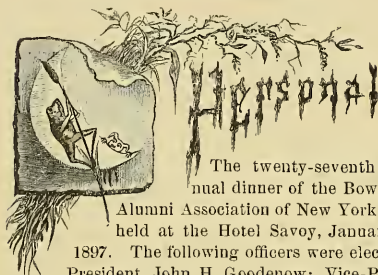
Rev. J. E. Fischer spoke before the students in the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Sunday, December 13th. Besides giving his audience many other good thoughts, he said that the strength of a chain is tested by the strength of its weakest link, so the

strength of a man's moral resolution is tested by the weakest link in his nature.

W. H. Smith, '99, led the Thursday meeting of January 7, 1897.

Professor Mitchell addressed a large and attentive audience in the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Sunday, January 10th. His talk was full of good advice—"What you cannot gain honestly do not strive to gain at all"; "Be ruled by 'the other fellow' (as Holmes puts it) and not by the common horde." The college student has many excellent opportunities for observing these precepts.

The Thursday meeting of the 14th was led by F. S. Glidden.



The twenty-seventh annual dinner of the Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York was held at the Hotel Savoy, January 6, 1897. The following officers were elected: President, John H. Goodenow; Vice-Presidents, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, A. F. Libby, William J. Curtis, Dr. W. B. Chase, George E. Moulton; Corresponding Secretary, L. A. Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. F. H. Dillingham; Executive Committee, G. F. Harriman, P. P. Simmons, H. W. Grindle, Dr. Newton F. Curtis, Willis R. Tenney, F. H. Cothren, William W. Hubbard. About 35 were present. A memorial was read on Dr. Frank W. Ring, '69, and a poem by Isaac McLellan, Class of 1826. Letters of regret from Chief Justice Fuller, Senator Frye, and Speaker Reed were read. Speeches were made by President Hyde, Frances M. Hatch, Minister from Hawaii, George H. Putnam, Thomas H. Hubbard, E. B. Merrill, William A. Abbott, George E. Moulton, James McKeen, E. H. Cook, William J. Curtis, G. F. Harriman, P. P. Simmons, and many others. The meeting was a very harmonious and pleasant one.

⁴¹—Hon. Henry Ingalls, who died at his home in Wiscasset, December 10, 1896, was a man of sterling character and public and private worth. His circle of friends was a very wide one, as he had for many years been prominent in business enter-

prises and state affairs. He was born in South Bridgton, March 14, 1819. He received his preparatory education at Bridgton Academy, and graduated from Bowdoin College in the Class of 1841. Immediately after graduating he engaged in legal study in the office of Messrs. Howard & Osgood, Portland, and in 1843 entered upon the practice of law in partnership with Hon. John D. McCrate in Wiscasset. Mr. McCrate having retired, he prosecuted the labors of his profession alone until, pressure of business affecting his health, he was compelled in 1857 to withdraw from active practice in the courts, though still keeping an open office. The failure of health thus causing a great change in his plans of life, besides what has been demanded by his personal affairs, he has occupied various positions as guardian and trustee, and has been president of the National Bank of Wiscasset since its organization. In politics he was a life-long Democrat, but the respect and esteem in which he was held were nowise limited by party affiliations. He was a man of the highest integrity and marked business abilities. He was prominent in the work of securing the building of the Wiscasset & Quebec Railroad, and at the time of his death was president of the road. He served with distinction in the legislature of 1880, and was for several years a trustee of the State Reform School. He was appointed a member of the commission in charge of constructing the addition to the State House, and was appointed upon the Columbian World's Fair Commission from this state. At the time of his death, Mr. Ingalls was an overseer of Bowdoin College, having served since 1876. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Susan Johnston, daughter of Mr. Alexander Johnston of Wiscasset, who died in 1852. In 1855 he married Miss Mary Farley, daughter of Ebenezer Farley, Esq., of Newcastle. In every public capacity that he served, as well as in private life, his character was above reproach, and his death is a loss to the state as well as the community in which he lived. Mr. Ingalls was a member of Alpha Delta Phi and of Phi Beta Kappa.

⁶⁰.—The following story is told, which well shows Tom Reed's readiness at repartee. During the recent campaign, while speaking in the western states, he had various greetings addressed to him by the people at the different stations through which he passed. At one station some one in the crowd, which had gathered to see him, called out, "Hurrah for H——!" Reed, nothing daunted,

promptly replied, "Every man for his own country." It is said that he received no more epithets at that station.

'62.—The organization of the Board of Education in Massachusetts dates back to 1837. In that year Horace Mann was chosen secretary, and ever since the secretaryship has been an office of "honor and labor." The present secretary is a Bowdoin graduate, Frank A. Hill, who has had an extended career as a teacher in Cambridge, and was called from the office of head master of the Mechanic Arts High School in Boston to this position in February, 1894. He is a native of Biddeford, Me., and was born October 12, 1841. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1862, with almost the highest rank in his class. He chose teaching instinctively as a profession, and largely supported himself while in college by this means. In Maine and in Chelsea, in Cambridge and Boston, he has been in increasing favor as a teacher by the excellence and thoroughness of his work, and when he was removed from Cambridge the change was spoken of as a public loss. He has been a writer for the press and for magazines, and in 1894 Bowdoin gave him the degree of Litt.D. The daily work of the secretary is to gather statistics and shape the policy of the schools by visiting the towns and cities of the state. He must visit the normal schools, gain information by consulting the school committees, and by writing a report. The board reaches out to the schools for its support. The board meets once a month, and has had many special meetings in the last two or three years. It is from the work of Mr. Hill that the Board of Education at present derives its character and interest. He has brought to his duties a large experience, a wise self-control, and a spirit of conciliation which have been widely and deeply appreciated by those with whom he has come in contact. He is a man in the prime of life, of strong physique, of good spirit, who takes things as they come, and who meets the difficulties of the situation in such a way that they are easily overcome. Whenever any one appeals to him for advice or instruction, he is always ready to meet him half way and in a kindly spirit, and there is a judicial element in his counsels which is accepted by the committees that confer with him as an important element in the hearing. Few ever go to his office who do not come away with a better impression of the dignity and character of the man. Mr. Hill respects himself and his office, and it is not too much to say that the office of the secretary of the Board of Education

has in his hands regained something of the tone and spirit which it had in the days of Horace Mann. There is an immense moral power which a man of this kind exerts by virtue of his character. Mr. Hill can recommend persons to the board or to the Governor for office, and under Governor Greenhalge his suggestions were always adopted.

Med., '70.—At the eighteenth stated meeting of the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science, held at the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, last month, Dr. N. J. Wedgwood of Lewiston presented the regular paper of the meeting, on the subject of Bright's disease. The speaker took up in order the history, symptoms, causes, and treatment of the disease.

'87.—Mr. Austin Cary, Bowdoin, '87, gave a good-sized audience of Y. M. C. A. members and their friends much pleasure at the lecture room of the Y. M. C. A. building by a very interesting and well-delivered lecture upon the Bowdoin College expedition to Labrador in 1891. The lecture was well illustrated by numerous stereopticon views which added to the good effect of the talk. Mr. Cary began with the starting of the expedition, which was composed of Professor L. A. Lee and eighteen young Bowdoin men, from Rockland in the schooner Julia Decker, in June, 1891. The ocean trip was referred to, and then came mention of the Straits of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador and Hopedale, which was as far north as the vessel went. Mr. Cary then took his audience on the adventurous trip taken by himself and Mr. D. M. Cole up the Grand River to discover the great falls, about which very little was known. The only persons who had seen these falls, outside of natives, were employees of the Hudson Bay Company, and authentic information about them could not be obtained. It was reported that they were 2,000 feet high, but they turned out to be but 300 feet in height. Mr. Cary, Mr. Cole, Mr. W. R. Smith, and Mr. Ernest Young left the vessel at Hamilton Inlet in two fifteen-foot cedar canoes and paddled up the river. After going as far as War-ninikapou Lake, Mr. Young being taken sick and the provisions getting a little low, Mr. Young and Mr. Smith decided to return to the vessel, while Mr. Cary and Mr. Cole kept on a journey of 250 miles. When nearing the falls' region the water was so rough that they had to leave their canoes and go on foot a distance of 25 miles. They had a very hard tramp over the rough country along the river, but finally succeeded in finding the lofty falls, which made a grand sight. On their return

to the spot where they had camped and left their boat, they were dismayed to find that the embers of the camp-fire, which they had supposed had been extinguished, had set the dry stuff around into a blaze, and the boat had been burned. It was a very long and lonely journey upon which they then set out. They walked most of the way, and the rest of the time they went down the river on rafts, five of which they constructed. All they had to eat was a very slight quantity of provisions from the original store, carefully hoarded, once in a while a squirrel or partridge or a fish and some cranberries. They saw a bear and other big game, but could not secure the animals as their one rifle had been lost in the boat. Their only firearms were revolvers. It took them fourteen days to go from the place at which the boat was burned to the nearest house, and they finally arrived there very much played out and having lost many pounds of flesh. After a rest they were taken by natives down river in boats on a three-days' journey to the Julia Decker. They were warmly received by their companions. The expedition arrived back at Rockland the middle of September. The views included scenes on the coast of Labrador, places further inland, some of the towns, natives, the Grand River, the Julia Decker, and members of the expedition.—*Bangor Daily Whig and Courier*.

'92.—Joel Bean, Jr., a rising young attorney of Lewiston, was united in marriage to Miss Maude Harlow, at the bride's home in Richmond, Me., on Wednesday evening, January 6, 1897. Mr. and Mrs. Bean will reside in Lewiston.

'95.—Allen Quimby has been chosen sub-master of the Cony High School.

'96.—Fred B. Smith has obtained a position in Boston, and left Brunswick last week to accept it.

IN MEMORIAM.

MEMORIAL READ AT THE BOWDOIN ALUMNI
DINNER, JANUARY 6, 1897.

Dr. Frank W. Ring was born at Portland, Me., August 23, 1848, and died at New Haven, Conn., on the morning of July 17, 1896. He prepared for college at the Portland High School, and, entering Bowdoin College in the summer of 1865, was graduated in 1869. Immediately after leaving college he secured a position in the Government Coast Survey Service; within a year he was given a permanent position in the same service, which position

he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to his chief till the summer of 1876.

Something like a year before leaving the government service he decided to resign his position and take up the profession of medicine, so all his leisure time during that year was devoted to the study of anatomy and physiology. In the summer of 1876 he commenced the study of medicine in earnest, taking his M.D. at Maine Medical School in 1878. Shortly after the receipt of this degree he went to France, where a full year was spent at the study of his chosen profession in the Government Medical School and hospitals of Paris.

Returning to his native country in the fall of 1879, he at once opened an office in Boston, Mass. A few months later, New York friends induced him to come to New York, so the spring of 1880 found him in an office on West Twenty-Fourth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. In November of same year he again sailed for Europe, expecting to be away only a few weeks. He, however, did not return till October, 1883. During these three years he visited every European country as well as several in the north of Africa. But little of his time after the first year was given to medicine; still, when in London and Paris, he always embraced the opportunity afforded of visiting the hospitals regularly. Returning, as I have said, in the fall of 1883, he at once decided to renounce general medicine and devote his whole time to diseases of the eye and ear. With that object in view he immediately connected himself with the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, and for more than two years served on the staffs of both the late Dr. C. R. Agnew and Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, a double service which previous to that time had not been allowed. In the winter of 1886 he was made an assistant surgeon of the hospital on Dr. Agnew's staff. After the death of Dr. Agnew he was made a full surgeon, and in the fall of 1895 was chosen to fill the responsible position of executive surgeon of the hospital, which position he occupied at the time of his death.

While Dr. Ring, in his younger life, filled at least one position of responsibility with satisfaction to his superiors, it was not till later in life that his true characteristics began to show themselves. Not until he had received his M.D. did he begin to look upon the serious side of life. The world had treated him kindly, and he in return smiled back, not feeling that it would ever be necessary for him to be more serious. His sojourn of four years in foreign countries had given him ample opportunities

for observing the world at large and had, per consequence, broadened his mind in every direction. So when he took up what was to be his real life work, in the fall of 1883, it was with a most serious determination to make it a splendid success.

That spirit at once made itself felt and commanded recognition from his superiors; note his rapid advancement on the hospital staff. As a full surgeon, he found himself in a position where his talents and skill had a wider scope. He at once suggested various procedures and reforms looking to the better management and more extended usefulness of the hospital. These were at once adopted by the Board of Directors, and are proving of inestimable value to all concerned.

At the time he was making rapid advancement in his hospital work, he was building up a firm and lucrative private practice among the better class of your citizens. Only his early demise prevented his being as well known as a private practitioner as he was as an hospital surgeon. His good schooling in the hospital had so perfected his naturally acute and observant mind that he had come to be recognized as one of the fine diagnosticians of the staff. The same can be said of his skill as an operator. Blessed by nature with an acute sense of touch, he had so educated it that, from a standpoint of manual dexterity, he was second to none. When, a little over a year ago, it became necessary to elect a new executive surgeon of the hospital, it was unanimously decided that he was the most fitting man for the position. If I tell you that at least two surgeons (both of whom had been connected with the hospital many more years than Dr. Ring) waived their prior rights to the position to what they considered his superior executive ability, you will better understand the position he had attained for himself among those with whom he was brought in daily contact.

Struck down in the prime of life and in the midst of a brilliant career, one can but wonder at the inscrutable ways of Providence and acknowledge that they are past finding out.

As an all-around gentleman Dr. Ring had no superior. An uninterrupted acquaintance of almost thirty-one years warrants the writer in making the above assertion without fear of contradiction. His kind and gentle manner endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and once in his presence you were sure ever after to be his friend.

On April 30, 1895, he was married to Miss Fannie Polk Gale of Nashville, Tenn. (a granddaughter of Bishop Polk of Louisiana, familiarly called in the

South "the fighting Bishop"), who survives him. There were no children born of this union.

I will close this brief sketch with the old but beautiful lines:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

HENRY INGALLS.

CLASS OF '41. BOWDOIN CHAPTER.

Born March 14, 1819.

Died December 10, 1896.

The Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, learning with sorrow of the death of our loyal and honored brother, Henry Ingalls of Wiscasset, Me., places on record this tribute to his manly and fraternal worth.

His fidelity to the chapter, his loyalty to his college, and his services to the state, will cause his memory long to be cherished.

To the surviving family we express our sincere sympathy, while we mourn with them the departure of one who was true to the highest standard of duty and character.

For the Bowdoin Chapter,

EUGENE C. VINING,

DWIGHT R. PENNELL,

SAMUEL TOLLIFF,

Committee.

College World.

The University of Pennsylvania crew will row the Naval Cadets at Annapolis on May 29th.

A veterinary college has recently been established in connection with Cornell University.

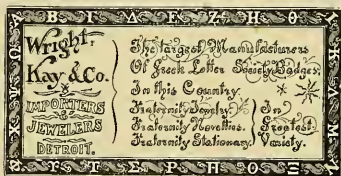
Sockalexis and Powers, both of Holy Cross, and well-known base-ball players, have gone to Notre Dame College, near South Bend, Indiana, where they will play base-ball in the spring.

The Greek-letter fraternities at Cornell own property to the value of nearly one million dollars.

Ice polo has become such a fad at Harvard that class teams are playing matches.

The following figures of registration for New England colleges were published in a recent number of the *Brown Daily Herald*:

	1897.	1896.
Harvard,	3074	3290
Yale,	2415	2400
Boston University,	1270	1252
Massachusetts Institute of Technology,	1215	1200
Brown,	910	850
Wellesley,	718	788
Dartmouth,	601	560
Tufts,	500	450
Amherst,	450	460
Williams,	385	351
Bowdoin,	378	364
Radcliffe,	358	344
Mt. Holyoke,	340	335
Wesleyan,	306	300
Bates,	280	220
Colby,	225	260
Trinity,	127	130
Middlebury,	106	105



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVI.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 3, 1897.

No. 13.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 401, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1149, Brunswick, Me.

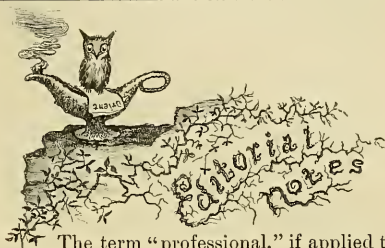
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The term "professional," if applied to any member of our athletic teams, would immediately call forth an indignant protest from all true and loyal Bowdoin men. We congratulate ourselves often that this branch of college activity is free from such taints, but there are other branches besides athletics; there are other bodies of students who go out to advertise the progressiveness and advantages of the college—namely, the musical organizations. Now, it has been rumored that certain men who are talented and who would reflect credit upon the institution, refuse absolutely to go abroad with these organizations because they receive no pay; who say, in fact, that they will go if so much is forthcoming from the funds of the organization. Suppose our best ball players should take the same attitude next spring, wouldn't there be a row? We think there would. It seems to the ORIENT that any man who has the ability to do a thing well and refuses to do it because he is not paid, that that man should know that his course is not considered the correct one by college men. We regret very much to be forced to publish such a protest, but sometimes such things must appear. Do whatever little you can for your *Alma Mater*, and in proportion as you work for her, she will honor and help you.

THE *Brown Herald* a few days since published as a theme requirement in that institution the following subject: "A Method for Stopping the Thefts in College." We would like very much to see what suggestions were offered by the different men upon this subject, for it is an important one. For several years Bowdoin has had, we trust not a student, but some one who thinks it an easy chance to obtain articles for his own use that do not belong to him. Attempts have been made from time to time to discover the perpetrator, but without avail, and some one still carries on the miserable and cowardly practice of stealing from the gymnasium and of entering students' rooms. We can only say that whoever is caught doing this will fare in rather a hard manner. If it is a member of the college, and we sincerely hope that it is not, he will be forever disgraced. If an outsider carries on the nefarious business he will suffer the full penalty of the law. Hundreds of dollars' worth of things have been taken, and it is high time a halt was called. Whenever you go out, *lock your room*, and if you go to the gym. put your valuables in a safe place—is the ORIENT'S advice in this matter.

IT seems to be a fact in all institutions, and a matter of regret as well, that the work of carrying on the various college organizations is divided among a very few men. In an institution of Bowdoin's size there are many interests that are outside of mere courses of study. Take for instance the societies, class committees, athletic team managements, college publications and all the rest, it is evident that the time and labor required to properly conduct all these is very great. And still this is done by a certain few, who have the responsibilities and cares because the mass of the student body takes no interest, and even retards more than helps enterprises which all would dislike to

see given up. There is much loss because of this fact, and the loss is not felt by a few, but by all. In the case of most organizations the men that have their charge are so crowded that proper work cannot be done. Not only the work of the organization is less thoroughly carried out, but the men who carry it on have to neglect their regular college duties. The worst loss falls upon those who take no interest and do no work. A man can do too little or he may undertake too much. We feel that it would be better for all men and for the various organizations if more interest was taken. The duties would be divided differently and no man would have more than he could attend to, and no man so little that he would forget that such organizations exist. A fair adjustment is what we need.

DO we undergraduates show the chapel proper respect? This question is one that every man here should ask himself when the steam pipes are kicked of a morning. More attention should be given to the matter of decorum. It is an inspiring sight for a stranger to visit our morning exercises and see a dozen or more studying. Do visitors think we are doing the right thing when they hear stamping of feet while the one conducting the service is praying? We hardly believe that men do these things other than thoughtlessly, and we hope that the lower classes, for they are the offenders, will take a more reverential attitude toward the services and building. If you can't do this for yourself, do it for the sake of the college. Every little counts, and little things of this kind are really big ones.

THE recent excitement experienced in college in regard to the Faculty's seeming interference in athletic management only shows how the tendency to magnify small things is brought out in an institution of

learning. The report that our whole system was to be affected was put forth by some ill-informed person, enlarged upon, and then arose a misunderstanding that brought forth rather harsh criticism from certain hasty ones. The way the matter stands at present no person of fair mind will say that the case of the Faculty is other than good so far as it deals with the present base-ball schedule. They admit that it does not apply to any other branch of college activities or any other team—simply the ball team for this season. With a few revisions the whole matter will be settled to the satisfaction of all.

We must not judge the action of those who manage the college, too hastily. In all things the motive has to be considered, but it is especially desirable that peace and good-will should exist between the students and professors. We all recognize and feel that their treatment in regard to athletics has been very liberal, and we can only see in this latest move a desire to make the various interests harmonize. Carefulness and moderation produce better results than carelessness and haste.

Communications.

Our New Congressman.

Editors Orient:

BOWDOIN has another congressman, and the great North Star State returns to its first love. When, two years ago, General Washburn was defeated for the United States Senate by Knute Nelson, the Bowdoin men of the Northwest found themselves for the first time in many years without a representative in Congress. But the splendid qualities of the Puritan stock of the State of Maine, filtered through its leading college and broadened by contact with the western world, again asserted themselves.

Frederick C. Stevens of St. Paul, who has just been chosen to represent his district in the National House, is a young man only thirty-five years of age. Fifteen years ago he was graduated from Bowdoin College. Twelve years ago he completed his law course at the Iowa State University and began the practice of his profession in the city of St. Paul. Ten years ago he was chosen a member of the city and county Republican committees. Eight years ago he was elected a member of the State Legislature. Six years ago he was re-elected to the same position. Last June he received the unanimous nomination in the Republican Congressional Convention, and on the third of November he was elected by the unprecedented majority of nine thousand six hundred votes.

There is a great deal of chance in life, but nothing happens by chance. Success is comprised in grasping those chances that come and applying them to a well-defined and honorable ambition. Mr. Stevens is in Congress to-day, first, because he comes from the right kind of stock; secondly, because he was graduated from the right kind of college; and thirdly, because he is the right kind of man. He is possessed of two qualities which, combined, are irresistible; divorced, are of little potency—brains and application. The Stevens family are of Puritan stock and have lived in the Penobscot valley for generations. Mr. Stevens himself was born in Boston on New Year's day in 1861. But his family almost immediately returned to Maine, and it was there that his boyhood was passed. He was educated in the public schools and fitted for college at the Rockland High School. While in college he gave promise of both the scholar and the man of affairs which he has subsequently become. He was a Phi Beta Kappa man, a commencement orator, editor-in-chief of both the *Bugle* and the *ORIENT*,

a member of his class crew, and interested in general athletics. As a student he preferred the classics and literature. As a fraternity man he was a Theta Delta Chi.

After graduation he taught two years; not long enough to be spoiled, but long enough to learn this important lesson—that a man never really knows a thing until he knows it well enough to tell it to somebody else. This was at Veazie and Searsport, Me. In the meantime he was studying law in the office of the Hon. Albert W. Paine of Bangor. Subsequently, as has been said, he entered the Iowa State University, graduating at the head of his class in the law department in 1884. He went immediately to St. Paul and entered the office of another Bowdoin man, Edward Simonton, '61, whose family name immediately identifies him prominently with the State of Maine, one of the leading real estate men of the Twin Cities, a lawyer by profession, and who has been connected as receiver and master with some of the prominent railroad transfers and consolidations of the West.

Almost immediately Mr. Stevens showed an inclination and capacity for that fascinating manipulation of men, individually and in the mass, which, selfishly employed, marks the politician; unselfishly employed, the statesman. In addition to those services to the State already sketched, he has served his party in many capacities: as chairman of city and county committees several times, as chairman of city and county conventions on various occasions, and as secretary of the State League of Republican Clubs for five years. He has also conducted personal campaigns for his friends on several occasions. In an environment not always favorable to political cleanliness there has never been a suspicion breathed against his integrity and uprightness. "Fred" Stevens is always "straight."

As an orator Mr. Stevens is strong and

adaptable. He turns off the fifteen-minute stump speech with the same facility and force with which he delivers an argumentative appeal. The secret of his strength is his ability to array facts logically and give them expression in a sequence of incisive, telling statements. His voice is clear and his command of language excellent.

But the world is full of eloquent men, who are in politics all their lives and never get anything better than a local office or an important committee. Sometimes they lack judgment, sometimes they are selfish, sometimes they are ignorant, but generally they are unreliable. Doubtless, this unreliability, coupled with selfishness, keeps more of them in the lower strata than any other characteristic. The "politician for revenue" may become an alderman or hold an appointive State office; he may also display wonderful expertness as a campaign manipulator; but he seldom reaches any honorable position within the direct gift of the people. Frederick C. Stevens has succeeded because he has always been ready to pull off his coat and work for a principle or a friend without asking a reward; because he has been a bestower of favors, not an asker of them; and because, finally and pre-eminently, he has been willing to await his turn. Young man, if you are going into politics, take your place in the line and push the line itself along. Do not try to displace the man in front of you. The rest of the line will see you, and politicians have long memories. Or, to change the figure, follow your interference; otherwise you will be tackled with a loss, if not put out of the game.

A political ambition is an honorable one. As President Cleveland intimated at Princeton, American politics need educated, fine-grained, courageous men. Too few of them enter it. They leave it to the saloon men, the boss, and the heeler. Frederick C. Stevens has been a shining exception. He

stands now, an honor to his Puritan ancestry, an honor to his college, an honor to the State of his birth and the State of his adoption, and, let us add, if he is not prematurely cut off by that absurd custom prevalent in the West of retiring a man to private life as soon as he has sufficiently acquainted himself with the national legislative machinery to be of some service, he will one day become an honor to his whole country.

G. B. C.

HON. JAMES WARE BRADBURY, who is one of our most honored alumni, and who succeeded George Evans in the United States Senate, was requested some time ago to address the George Evans Debating Society at a meeting which was to be open to the public and which was to be held in the early part of the month. Mr. Bradbury's response is so sincere and instructive, and contains so much good advice, that it cannot fail to be of interest to all friends of the Society. The ORIENT, therefore, has taken the liberty to publish the whole communication. The letter runs as follows:

AUGUSTA, December 3, 1896.

Secretary George Evans Debating Society:

DEAR SIR — I should accept with pleasure the kind invitation to address your society in January were it not that the limitations of age require me to deny myself the honor of its acceptance. I wish, however, to say that I highly appreciate the objects of your association.

Skill in debate adds greatly to the power and the influence of a citizen, and especially of a public man, in a republic like ours where public opinion becomes the law of the land.

You have very appropriately chosen to do honor to the name of a distinguished alumnus who, by his skill and his commanding abilities, achieved a high position among the great men of his time. I knew Mr. Evans very well, and I have frequently witnessed his efforts at the bar and occasionally on the stump before the commencement of the great civil war.

The country has produced few men who surpassed him in intellectual power. His mind was of

the Websterian order. With a good voice, distinct enunciation, and an attractive manner, his reasoning was clear, strong, and exhaustive. When he had finished one of his efforts, it was difficult to see how anything could be said, or better said, on his side of the question. The subject would be exhausted, and the speaker forgotten in the interest in the argument. After thoughtful preparation, his efforts were extemporaneous. He, like Clay, reduced none of his speeches to writing; and he has left comparatively little but tradition, to enable posterity to appreciate genius.

Bowdoin has not been meagre in her contributions to the public service in the past. At the present time one of her sons is regarded as the ablest *debater* and the *ablest* man in either house of Congress; another worthily fills the office of Chief Justice of the highest court in the world, and another may often be seen presiding over the Senate of the United States.

I hope that your society will prove a complete success, and a valuable aid in training its members to an efficient use of their intellectual power; and that they will ever use this power in defense of *the right*; and as citizens, and especially as public men, in defense of that incomparable instrument, the Constitution of the United States, on which the Union rests, designed in wisdom to establish a government with limited powers, to protect the people against the encroachments of their rulers.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES W. BRADBURY.

The Mysterious Portrait.

IT was a bright June morning in the year 1740, and Edmund Enstace of Concord was unusually happy. He went skipping about the house like a boy of nineteen, and was making such a noise that his young wife murmured at his clamor. But he only took her small face tenderly between his hands and imprinted a kiss on both her cheeks, which reminded one of nothing so much as of rosebuds. Yes, he was very happy indeed. And why should he not be so? But one month ago he had married the loveliest girl in all Concord town, the loveliest in all the world, he thought, and life lay out before him, an untroubled sea with waves dancing

with silver light, which can so soon become storm-cast and break into a fury.

If Edmund Eustace was happy, so too was his young wife, as she thought of how barely three years ago she had come, a stranger, to Concord from her English home across the sea, which lay so far, far away, and with it all the sorrow and despair which had once filled her young life. Here, in a new world, amid new scenes and faces, the task of forgetting her past, an act which had once seemed impossible, had been by no means as difficult as one might have supposed.

If there was anything which troubled her now even the least bit, it was a matter of so slight importance as to be hardly worth a moment's thought, much less a moment's sadness. Yet there was one thing which seemed to mar, though in a very slight degree, her perfect happiness. It was something which had not been in her mind until her wedding day, when a most distressing idea came to her that she was keeping something back from her husband despite all their confessions and confidences.

At first she resolutely tried to force this thought from her, but ever and anon it arose and flitted before her like some demoniac thing, which would torment a sainted maiden. Then she resolved to tell her husband. It would be but a little thing to confide to one who loved her so well and who knew how well he was loved by her. Yet why should he know? Why break down that belief which seemed to please him so much, that their love for each other was a first love for both of them? And yet there was nothing of which she need be ashamed. Would not her husband give her even greater love for what she had borne and suffered? But the secret had been so long buried that she could not bear to think of its recital, so full of anguish and distress. So she choked back the hateful remembrance, which nevertheless

remained near enough to cast a shadow in her life.

Something like a suspicion that Editha was not happy crossed the young husband's mind that morning, as he gazed down into her blue eyes, and he looked anxiously at her for a moment until with a laugh she turned aside and said, "Do you not see what a dust you have been raising with your capers? My husband should be about better business."

But she sighed, when she was left alone, and looked nervously about the room. She was thinking again, thinking of what had happened in England ten years ago that very morning; how she was plucking the fresh-blown roses in her father's garden, when the messenger rushed up the street and said, "Ross Hall has disappeared. His father sent me to ask when you saw him last." And then came back the memory of those long, sad weeks that followed the disappearance of her lover, and how it gradually came to be known that he had not only deserted his betrothed, but had ruined his own father. A short sickness had fallen upon her, and then the wise father decided that an entire change of life and surroundings was the only course to be pursued for his Editha.

And so she had come to Concord, where, to her surprise, she found herself fulfilling her father's entreaty to forget Ross Hall and all that remained behind. And here in Concord she loved and was loved by a man so worthy of her affections that she often wondered how she ever could have given her heart to him, who had won it in her girlhood. Surely it could not have been true love. Surely all regard which she had ever had for Ross Hall was entirely lost in his desertion and crime. She was thankful that her love for him was so far lost, and could even have breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to heaven for it. Perhaps she was about to do so, for

she sank on her knees, when a knock at the door startled her fearfully, so quiet had the house been. There was something sinister in the sound, too. It came up through the hall below and rang throughout the house like a knock which brings no one any good. Then Editha arose and hurried through the long, dark passage-way to the door. Somehow the passage seemed longer and gloomier than it had ever been before, and she looked fearfully behind her. As she did so, words long since forgotten rang in her ears, "Come what may, I shall claim thee some day, my loved one." A sickness at heart seized the poor girl, who had been brooding too much of late on the dreary past and who had been left alone in the great house too much by her busy husband. But whether her memory happened to bring back forgotten words at a fell moment, or whether her apprehension was a kind of intuition, her alarm quickly disappeared when she reached the door-way, for no one was there but a long-bearded, trampish-looking fellow of almost grotesque appearance, who inquired if Mr. Eustace was in and if he could be seen. Direction having been given as to where he could be found, the strange-looking individual started down the road with but a single glance back at the house where Editha stood in the door-way watching until he turned out of sight at the bend of the road.

That noon Edmund announced that a traveling artist was to begin at once doing portrait work in town, and that he had decided to have one done which might hang in the dining-room over the great fire-place.

If one could have looked into the studio of this vagrant artist he would have noticed that there was one portrait which seemed to have the painter's special care. It was the portrait of Edmund Eustace. Sometimes the strange artist worked far into the night upon it, while other work he neglected shamefully. He was a strange-appearing man, and his

methods of painting seemed equally peculiar. For the portrait of Edmund Eustace he had a separate set of oils which he prepared with the utmost care. Why it was that he used other materials and such especial care upon this picture was a mystery, since he was to receive no greater pay for it than for his other work. Finally the portrait was near completion. The artist had had a worried look in his eyes while working upon it, until it came to putting on the finishing strokes. Then for a moment a sort of pleasure passed through his eyes, and this was remarkable, for no one had seen him smile since he entered Concord town. Yet now the look was not that of a happy man, but rather the sardonic grin of a demon, and it lasted but for the instant and the old stern look of hatred or malice which everybody had noticed, returned.

The day Edmund Eustace received his portrait the mysterious artist vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. The picture was hung in its great gilt frame in the oak dining-room. And then Edmund waited to see his wife's delight at it, for all who had seen it had declared it a marvelous likeness. But instead of an expression of pleasure, such a look appeared in Editha's eyes at seeing the picture as her husband could never forget. At first a pallor spread over her cheek and a murmur of surprise, of pain, escaped from her lips. Unable to cover her distress she was now not less able to tell her husband its cause.

If one were but to study faces long enough he would find that there are a few which do not have at times an expression peculiar to its possessor alone. But this expression is often so subtle, so fleeting, as to escape all save love's watchful eyes. It was such an expression that the painter, with a skillfulness which seemed to have emanated from the evil one himself, had interfused in the countenance of Edmund

Eustace. And so as Editha gazed she thought not of her husband but of a handsome English youth as he had looked ten years ago, when scarcely in their teens they had whispered their early love for each other in old England. It could have been but a suggestion of Ross Hall which she saw in the portrait, but with her mind in the state in which it had been for the past few weeks, that suggestion of her once beloved was sufficient to work its fatal purpose. It called back the flood of hidden memories. The old love came pouring back into her heart, which was no longer her husband's. It was this fact that she loved another that worked so upon the nervous, sensitive girl in the days following.

The picture was soon taken from its place, but too late. The beautiful Editha entered into her rest within six months from her wedding day. Her high-strung, nervous being was overcome by pangs of conscience, and all the distress awakened at the revival of her former love. Like a tender flower, unable to outlive its summer, she perished.

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The story runs that the mysterious artist, whose spirit must have been a demoniac one, had acquired a wonderful gift by which this work of his hands changed appearance gradually, so that in the first place, while it merely suggested to Editha her lover, by its lines fading and others appearing, the hidden face became clear to all.

It may be interesting to add that, while rummaging through a garret of an old Concord house last summer, we came across what had once been an oil painting, but all had faded from the canvas, except, strange to say, the artist's name, which stood out bright and clear in blood-red letters, and stranger still was its place across the very centre of the cloth, where we read the name, "Ross Hall."

Bowdoin Verse.

Musings.

When glistening stars are idly blinking
And solemn silence reigns supreme,
When Luna in the woodland sinking
Lights the wood with parting gleam,
Then a spirit leads me fleeting
Backward up time's whirling stream.

The past is sealed—for one alone
Its close-shut portal stands ajar;
And oft when present cares have flown
'Neath Retrospection's guiding star,
In ancient archives mouldy grown
My soul doth wander near and far.

The Sleigh-bells' Chime.

Get out your sleigh this winter day,
Put care and trouble all away,
And listen to the sleigh-bells' chime—
The music of the winter-time.

O'er frozen snow we gaily go.
Our blood is in a healthy glow.
The horse's hoofs beat fast in time
In keeping with the sleigh-bells' chime.

The music clear rings on the ear.
No sweeter music can you hear.
So listen to this little rhyme,
You'll hear it in the sleigh-bells' chime:

Tinkle, tinkle merrily,
Hear the glad sleigh-bells.
While each one so cheerily
Its little story tells.

Tells of Jack Frost hoary,
King of winter-time.
Listen to their story,
Hear their merry chime.

"Down from polar regions
Comes the old ice-king,
With his countless legions
Ruling everything.

"Some in mid-air hovering
Float and whirl around,
Then a pure white covering
Spread they o'er the ground.

"Out upon the river
Steals a tiny sprite,
And from out his quiver
Draws an arrow bright.

"Hurls it at the river,
Hurls with all his might.
Makes the surface shiver
In the bright moonlight.

"Then come countless other
Little winter elves.
As has done their brother,
So do they themselves.

"Arrows from their quivers
Flashing o'er and o'er,
Cover lakes and rivers
With a crystal floor.

"Thus from polar regions
Comes the old ice-king,
Thus with countless legions
Rules he everything."

Thus the sleigh-bells gladly
Tell this little rhyme.
Hear them tinkle madly,
Hear their merry chimes.

Get out your sleigh this winter day,
Put care and trouble all away,
And listen to the sleigh-bells' chime—
The music of the winter-time.

The Kisses.

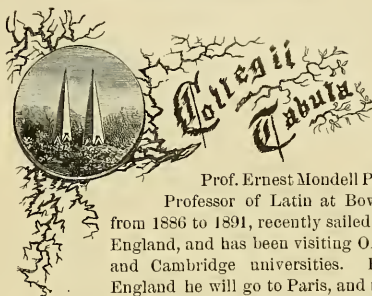
(Translated from Catullus.)

O let us live, my Lisbia,
For what there is in life;
And let us love, regardless of
The rumors that are rife;
From stayed old men they take their birth,
O'ervalued at a penny's worth.

The sun may set and rise again,
But when our little light
Of life goes out, our lids are sealed
In everlasting night.

Give me a thousand kisses,
And then a hundred more,
And then another thousand pour
From out thy sacred store;
And then another hundred
Shower on my burning cheek,
And then a blissful thousand, dear,
Without stopping to speak:

And then a hundred, that the amount
May grow until we lose all count;
Lest any should the number spy,
And on us cast an evil eye.



Prof. Ernest Mondell Pease,
Professor of Latin at Bowdoin
from 1886 to 1891, recently sailed from
England, and has been visiting Oxford
and Cambridge universities. From
England he will go to Paris, and make
a brief visit there, thence, on to Italy, where he will
spend several months in the study of Roman archæ-
ology and antiquities. On his return he will visit
the colleges of Germany, and then, arriving in
California late next summer, he will, in September,
resume his duties at Stanford University, where he
is a professor. Professor Pease is a graduate of the
University of Colorado.

Sturgis, '99, was home last week on account of
illness.

Sleighing parties have been numerous to take
advantage of the snow.

Cleaves, '99, who is teaching in Harpswell, was
on the campus recently.

Duntou, '99, who has been ill for some weeks
past, has returned to college.

Leighton, '96, who has a situation in Augusta,
was upon the campus recently.

The storm of last Thursday left us with several
feet of beautiful snow-white snow on our hands.

The Glee Club and Mandolin-Guitar Club sat
for their photographs at Webber's on Friday last.

The new class-room book for the Sophomore
French course is Molle's "Contemporary French
Writers."

Bean, '97, was at his home in Biddeford for a week
suffering from a severe attack of patergorematic
indisposition recently.

A number of enthusiasts were in attendance
upon the polo games of the Maine League played
in Bath and Lewiston.

The victorious faction in the elections of the Senior Class of the Medical School had a supper at "Jake's," Wednesday night.

Kendall, '98, is absent from college this term. He holds the position of physical director at Hebron Academy, a Colby fitting school.

Bisbee, '98, spent several days last week in Skowhegan as the guest of Marston, '96, who is sub-master of the Skowhegan High School.

There was a very successful concert given in Memorial Hall by the Bowdoin Glee, Banjo-Mandolin-Guitar Clubs last Tuesday evening.

Clark, '99, is absent from college this term. He holds a position in Representative Hall, at Augusta, during the present session of the Legislature.

The students who have been teaching throughout the state have begun to wend their way back to college. And what a mass of work to make up!

The musical organizations of Bowdoin will furnish music at the formal opening of Powers Hall, at the Maine Central Institute, on Washington's Birthday.

Manager Baxter, '98, of the base-ball team, has been in attendance upon the weekly meetings of the Maine Intercollegiate Base-Ball Association for the last month.

When the steam went down in South Maine, the inmates thereof raised up their voices in song (nit) and cried out in supplications:—Give us back Joe, the truly faithful.

Mr. Ernest R. Hunter, a tenor of considerable excellence, rendered a solo in chapel two weeks ago Sunday. Mr. Hunter's kindness was appreciated by all who heard him.

Among the new books in the library is *The Mahabharata* in English and Sanskrit, from Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, A.M., of Midnapore, India. There are seven volumes in the set.

Manager Baxter, '98, has nearly completed his base-ball schedule for next season. He has arranged for nineteen games at this date, ten of which are to be played on the home grounds.

There is much talk of a boxing tournament to be given in the gymnasium some time during the winter. A tournament would certainly give interest in boxing a fresh impetus in college.

Professor Mitchell, in the Rhetoric course, has asked all taking the course to make out a list of all the books read by them, to ascertain the effect of reading upon the excellence of composition.

A vender of photographs of famous paintings gave an exhibition of his wares recently in King's Chapel. But Bowdoin ideals in art matter were too high for a large sale of his class of merchandise.

A short time ago, Senator Frye, '50, presented to the U. S. Senate the petition of the President and Faculty of Bowdoin for the immediate passage of the Arbitration Treaty bill, pending in Congress at the present time.

Only the excellent good feeling that exists between the Faculty and the students could have prevented a serious breach by reason of the recent trouble in regard to the management of the various athletic teams sent out by the college.

The Freshmen have had a meeting to elect officers for their Exit Banquet in Woodfords, but they won't tell who was elected. The bones of the immortal old Phi Chi turn in their sockets at such brashness, and only eight months old!

Much amusement was afforded the students by the electric road during the storm. It took the plow over a half a day to go around the campus. Much good advice was given by the college men, which was well (?) received by the officials.

Horne, '97, went to the Maine General Hospital in Portland last Thursday and was operated upon Friday to remove the bullet in his leg. The operation was very painful, but Mr. Horne is reported as getting along as well as could be hoped for.

Quite a party of Brunswick people will visit Europe this summer, a very enjoyable trip having been arranged for them. The party will probably include President William DeWitt Hyde and wife and other members of the Bowdoin Faculty.

The base-ball enthusiasts attended the meeting of representatives from the Maine teams in professional base-ball. Portland, Bangor, Lewiston, Augusta, Belfast, and Rockland were represented. It is proposed to have a Maine League next season.

The required outside reading for the Sophomores in French this term is as follows: *La Fontaine—Fables Choiesies*; *Pascal—XIV^{me} Provinciale*; *Boileau—L'Art-Poetique*; *Bossuet—Oraison Funèbre*; *Montesquieu—Grandeur et Decadence*; *Voltaire—Zadig and Zaïre*.

President George Harris, of Andover Theological Seminary, addressed the college in the chapel, at 10 A.M., on Thursday, the college day of prayer, last week. The bad weather and other things prevented a large attendance. The address was a very able and scholarly effort.

Pettingill, '98, made a business trip to Portland and Boston last week.

The next number of *The Quill* will come out Monday, February 15th.

The Glee and Mandolin-Guitar Clubs played in Westbrook, January 29th.

Professors Robinson and Hutchins are to deliver their X-ray lecture in Skowhegan, February 12th.

The Logic class have begun their exercises in debating. The Cuban question was the last topic under consideration.

Sturtevant, of the Medical School, is a welcome addition to the Sunday chapel choir. The choir is made up as follows now: Sturtevant, 2d tenor; White, '99, 1st tenor; White, '97, baritone; Drake, '98, 2d bass.

Is there any wonder that the musically-inclined students jumped at the chance to assist in making "The Merry Noblemen" a success when one considers the others—ah, the others, the feminine others—who helped to make it a success.

The second recital of the Memorial Hall Song Recitals was a grand success, last Tuesday, January 26th. All the artists deserved the generous reception given to all their work. The music for this recital was all written by French and English composers. The next recital will be given next week on Friday, February 11th. The programme was:

PART I.

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| 1. March from Faust.—Gounod. | Miss Vannah. |
| 2. Absent yet Present.—Maud V. White. | Mr. Turner. |
| 3. Sombrero.—Chaminade. | Miss Bartlett. |
| 4. (a) The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.—Traditional. | |
| (b) Love has Eyes.—Sir Henry Bishop. | Mr. Turner. |
| 5. Aria from Samson et Dalila.—Saint-Saëns. | Miss Bartlett. |

PART II.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| 6. Under the Leaves.—Thomé. | Miss Vannah. |
| 7. Waltz Song from Mireille.—Gounod. | Miss Bartlett. |
| 8. The Old Lock.—Milton Wellings. | Mr. Turner. |
| 9. Recitation.—Selected. | Miss Bartlett. |
| 10. Go, Pretty Rose.—Marziales. | |

Miss Bartlett and Mr. Turner.

Mr. Walter Scott Ames, the latest addition to the managing board of the college, objects to the note in the last number of the *ORIENT* to the effect that he was valet to the whole college. He would have it distinctly understood that South Maine Hall alone has the privilege and honor of his services.

The first assembly given by the Juniors was a grand success. There were buds from Lewiston and

buds from Bath. The ladies from Lewiston were the guests of the Lewiston students on Tuesday. The floor managers at the assembly were Stetson, Ives, and Drake. The Bowdoin College Orchestra furnished excellent music.

Professor Lee was in attendance at the annual meeting of the American Society of Naturalists, held in Boston and Cambridge during the holidays, and was chosen a member of the executive committee for the ensuing year. The new president of the society, Professor C. O. Whitman of Chicago University, is a graduate of the college in the Class of 1868.

The reception tendered the new college publication, *The Bowdoin Quill*, has exceeded the fondest expectations of the editors. The alumni from all quarters have responded generously. A subscription from the republic of Hawaii shows how far the light of its rays has penetrated. By the way, the President of Hawaii is the son of a Bowdoin man.

The Juniors have elected their officers for Ivy Day, which will come Friday, June 11th. There was the usual excitement, but withal, the election was very satisfactory. The following is the slate elected: President, White; Vice-President, Hamlin; Secretary-Treasurer, Minott; Orator, Lawrence; Poet, Marble; Marshal, Ives; Curator, Wilson; Chaplain, Howard; Committee of Arrangements, Spear, Pennell, Stetson.

There are several students who will take prominent parts in the opera played in Lewiston, February 3d and 4th. The second night will be Bowdoin night, and special seats will be reserved for Bowdoin students. Mr. Callahan, who conducted the opera put on in Brunswick last winter by students, has secured the services of one of the most famous men in his line in New York to assist him in staging the piece. The *elite* of Lewiston bad-dom will take part in the opera, the student actors affirm.

Those students who are not attending the entertainments of the Saturday Club are missing genuine treats. The concert given under Saturday Club auspices, last Thursday evening, was a musical feast, as the list of artists who appeared will testify. Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Miss Priscilla White, soprano, and Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, lyric tenor, were the special stars of the evening. The Searlath Quartette completed the talent of the concert. Mr. J. C. Breitling, of the Medical School, was the accompanist.

The following officers were elected by the Senior Class of the Medical School: President, Charles M. Leighton of Portland; First Vice-President, Ross E. Savage of Bristol, N. H.; Second Vice-President, Charles W. Bell of Strong; Third Vice-President, Joseph C. Breiting of Randolph, Mass.; Orator, George M. Woodman of Westbrook; Marshal, Lester F. Potter of New Bedford, Mass.; Secretary, Erving A. Libbey of Farmington, N. H.; Treasurer, George S. Littlefield of Springvale; Executive Committee, George C. Littlefield of Saco, Nathaniel P. Butler of Portland, Bela G. Illes of Howard, R. I., Frank W. Russell of Yarmouth, D. W. Hayes of Foxcroft.

The Senior Class elected the following officers at a meeting held in Memorial Hall, Wednesday afternoon: President, William F. White of Lewiston; Vice-President, Frank D. Booker of Brunswick; Secretary and Treasurer, George S. Bean of Biddeford; Class Day Orator, Frank D. Ellsworth of Brockton, Mass.; Class Day Poet, Joseph W. Hewitt of South Berwick; Chaplain, John W. Quint of Dover, N. H.; Opening Address, George M. Brett of Auburn; Historian, George E. Carmichael of Medway, Mass.; Prophet, Stephen O. Andros of Rockland; Odist, Charles H. Holmes of Brewer; Marshal, Aldro A. French of Norway; Parting Address, James H. Horne of Berlin, N. H.; Toastmaster, Eugene L. Bodge of South Windham; Committee of Arrangements, Edgar G. Pratt of Belfast, Joseph S. Stetson of Brunswick, Chase Pulsifer of Auburn; Committee on Pictures, Samuel P. Ackley of East Machias, Charles B. Lamb of Saco, Frank J. Small of Oldtown.

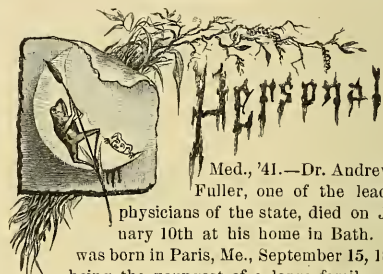
Y. M. C. A.

Professor Chapman addressed the students in Y. M. C. A. meeting, on Sunday, January 17th. Although the event was not posted on the bulletin, yet Professor Chapman had a very large audience. He gave a very fine talk upon the different methods of thinking. He said that we should all not only learn to think rightly, but also entertain healthy and high-minded thoughts. The talk was practical in the extreme, and no listener could possibly have gone away without having gained material benefit.

The Thursday meeting of the 21st was led by Woodbury, 1900. His subject was "Sabbath Observance."

The Sunday meeting of the 24th was led by

Adams, '97. His subject was "A Manly Life." His talk was very practical, his statements being well backed up by illustrations from every-day life.



Med., '41.—Dr. Andrew J. Fuller, one of the leading physicians of the state, died on January 10th at his home in Bath. He was born in Paris, Me., September 15, 1822, being the youngest of a large family. He studied in the public schools at Paris and at Hebron Academy, later studying at the University of New York, at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and at the Maine Medical School, from which he graduated in 1841. He immediately settled in Searsmont, but in 1847 he moved to Bath, where he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the people and had an extensive practice, not only in common medicine and minor surgery, but also in the higher grades of both. Dr. Fuller was a member of the American Medical Association and was its first vice-president. He was also a member of the Maine Medical Association, having been its president in 1871. He served one term as trustee of the Maine Hospital for the Insane, was president of the Bath Board of Trade for twelve years, and had held many other important positions. Dr. Fuller was also exceedingly prominent in Masonry. Previous to the war he was for seven years surgeon of the Second Maine Infantry, and during the war was post surgeon at Bath. Dr. Fuller's son, who was in practice with him in Bath, is also a graduate of the school.

'42.—Samuel Trask, whose sudden death occurred at Portland on January 24th, was a native of that city, having been born there in January, 1822. After his graduation he studied law in Portland and was admitted to the bar. He practiced law for twenty years or more and then went to Cuba, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he acquired a competence amply sufficient for him, with his quiet tastes, for the rest of his life. But his thoughts turned again to the home of his youth, and about twelve years ago he returned to it, there to end his days. For the past few years,

since the death of his wife, Mr. Trask has made his home at the Cumberland Club, of which he was a valued member. The suddenness of his death was very sad; it occurred in an electric car. Mr. Trask was a gentleman of the old school in all that the term implies: genial, social, well informed, considerate of others, and scrupulously polite. His death was a terrible blow to hundreds who were proud to be able to call him a friend. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi and Phi Beta Kappa.

'52.—"I met General Chamberlain, the ex-President of Bowdoin College, on the street yesterday. What a distinguished-looking man he is, with his pure-white hair and moustache and firm, erect carriage. The General has long been a notable figure in this country. He will be remembered as the man detailed by General Grant to receive Lee's surrender. I readily recall the election trouble in Maine when the President appointed General Chamberlain in charge of the militia, and the excitement verged on riot. Word came from the Republican members at Washington insisting that he seat the Republican candidate for Governor. His reply was characteristic of the man, and was to the effect that he would seat the man the Supreme Court should declare elected. By the way, it has always been a source of wonder to many that General Chamberlain would never apply for a pension. He was grievously wounded in the war and has suffered ever since from the injury. Apparently clearly entitled to a large pension, he has never taken advantage of the opportunity to receive one."—*Boston Post*.

'57.—The remains of Mrs. Hibbard, wife of Rev. D. S. Hibbard, were taken to East Sumner for burial. Her death occurred in January in Gorham, Me., where the family was staying. She was 59 years of age. Rev. Mr. Hibbard was pastor of the Congregational church at East Sumner seven years, and will receive the sympathy of many friends.

'57.—Rev. Edward A. Rand, author of "Behind Manhattan Gables," just issued, is at work now upon a serial called "He Made a Mistake." The author says, "It is the story of a young fellow who saw the inside of prison walls and afterwards tried to win an honorable place in outside life." The writer's aim in this tale is to help some unfortunate one who has "made a mistake." Rev. Mr. Rand is a contributor to many leading periodicals, and his literary work, in addition to his duties as rector at Watertown and at Belmont, Mass., make him a very busy man.

Ex-'58.—The death of General Henry G. Thomas

of Oklahoma has been announced. He was a son of the late W. W. Thomas, an overseer of the college, who died a few weeks ago in his ninety-fourth year, and a brother of the Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., ex-minister to Sweden and Norway. General Thomas was born in Portland, April 5, 1837, and commenced his course at Bowdoin, but at the end of Sophomore year he changed to Amherst, from which he received his degree in 1858. A few years later he was admitted to the Cumberland County bar. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private in the Fifth Maine Volunteers, served as captain of that company from June to August, and was then transferred to the Eleventh U. S. Infantry with rank of captain. After the first battle of Bull Run he was appointed colonel of the Second U. S. Colored Regiment, and engaged in the actions of Bristol Station, Rappahannock Station, and Mine Run. He then organized the Nineteenth U. S. Colored Regiment and became its colonel in December, 1863. He was later engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and other important engagements. He was made brigadier-general of volunteers, November 30, 1864, and transferred to the Army of the James. General Thomas was the first regular officer to accept the colonelcy of colored troops.

'76.—Mr. Arlo Bates, in the preface to his "Talks on Writing English," says, "If the book shall prove helpful, I shall have attained the object for which it was written." Mr. Bates may rest assured of that attainment. Accurate, dignified, and rousing, the work must take a favored place among the manuals of English writings. The "Talks," which were given as a course in advanced English composition in the Lowell Free Classes, have the charm of simplicity and directness that belong to personally-delivered discourse. The comprehensive subject has been divided into twenty-two chapters, and each division is treated with a spirit that leaves no chance for dullness. The book is in advance of the ordinary school or college text-book, and seems rather a strong stimulus to the ambition and technical effort of the real literary worker.

'85.—Howard L. Lunt, A.M., is principal of the high school and superintendent of the city schools of Long Beach, Cal.

'88.—The installation of Rev. Percival F. Marston as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Lancaster, N. H., lately took place. There was a large gathering of the clergymen from all parts of Coos County and of prominent churchmen from other parts of the state. This is one of the oldest

churches in New Hampshire, having celebrated its centennial anniversary in 1894. Rev. Mr. Marston is a graduate of Andover Seminary.

'88, '94, and '96.—Mr. A. W. Telman has been supplying a vacancy in the editorial department of the *Portland Transcript* for some weeks. F. W. Pickard, '94, still continues his connection with the paper, as does also his father, C. W. Pickard, '57. A recent addition to the force on the paper is that of W. W. Fegg, '96.

'90.—Dr. George W. Blanchard, formerly of Lewistown, now pathologist in the New York City Hospital, is meeting with signal success. He is not only to have an increase in his salary, but is to have also a salaried assistant. A special room is also being fitted up in the institution for Dr. Blanchard's use in the study of bacteriology, in which he is deeply interested.

'93.—George W. McArthur, assistant superintendent in the Laconia Mills and son of Robert McArthur, agent of the Pepperell and Laconia Mills, Biddeford, was married to Miss Almira D. Locke, Bradford Academy, '91, daughter of J. S. Locke, superintendent of the Saco schools.

IN MEMORIAM.

SAMUEL TRASK.

CLASS OF 1842. BOWDOIN CHAPTER.

Born January 5, 1822.

Died January 24, 1897.

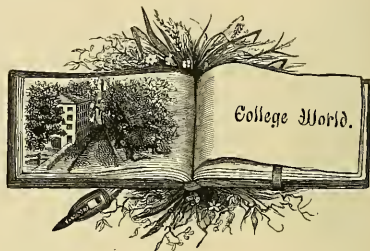
Again the Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi is called to mourn the loss of a brother of distinction and long standing.

The late Samuel Trask of Portland, Me., was one of the four founders of the Bowdoin Chapter. Successful in his legal practice, his rare business ability gained for him a position of trust and influence. He sought the ideal in life, and won the esteem and friendship of all with whom he associated, as well in civic as in social relations.

As a mark of deference and regard, the badges of the brothers will be draped for ten days.

For the Bowdoin Chapter,

EUGENE C. VINING,
DWIGHT R. PENNELL,
SAMUEL TOPLIFF,
Committee.



A boat,
A man,
A girl,
A squall.
No boat,
No man,
No girl,
That's all.

—Ex.

The Class of '97 of the University of Pennsylvania will be the first to graduate without having written theses.

The Republican Club of the University of Michigan will probably send delegates to McKinley's inauguration.

James Robinson, the noted trainer of the athletes, has been engaged by the University of Michigan to take full charge of the university athletes next spring.

A woman's gymnasium, to cost \$50,000, will soon be built at the University of Michigan.

The Yale hockey team has accepted the challenge of the Queen's University team of Canada for a match in the St. Nicholas rink in New York. The date has not yet been fixed.

The University of Wisconsin has accepted the challenge of the University of Pennsylvania to row a race on the Schuylkill river.

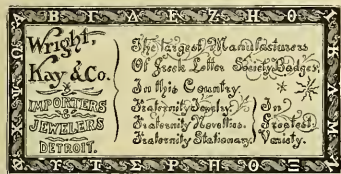
W. W. Wilson, '97, has been elected captain of the Princeton base-ball nine in place of Jerome Bradley, resigned.

The Cercle Français at Harvard is to give four performances this spring of Molière's five-act comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

The newly-established Washington University has been presented with \$50,000 by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to endow a chair of Celtic Languages and Literature.

The University of Pennsylvania was recently bequeathed a very valuable library of Italian books, numbering 30,000.

The trustees of Johns Hopkins University have not permitted the students to issue periodicals of any sort. The only student publication has been an annual called the *Hullabaloo*, issued in the spring by the Juniors. But they are *progressing* and are to have a magazine soon.



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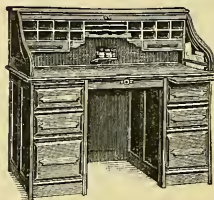
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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVI.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 17, 1897.

No. 14.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Since our last issue the several alumni associations of the college have held their reunions and banquets. At every one the glories of the past and present of the college have been sung with unstinted liberality. It seems to be as natural for the sons of Bowdoin to be loyal and enthusiastic as it is for them to breathe the free air of the earth. Wherever and whenever our graduates meet they rehearse their undying love for the old institution, and renew their pledges of allegiance. We have had an illustrious roll of graduates, and we will continue to graduate those whose influence will be a potent factor in this great republic and in all the affairs of the world. There has been found in all our meetings, men who hold high and honored positions, and who point to their *Alma Mater* as the great power that molded their lives. While it may not be possible for we undergraduates to be a Longfellow or a Hawthorne to shine among the great lights of literature, we may not attain the political eminence of Reed or Frye, yet it is possible for us to contribute our little to the numerous professions which have been filled so nobly by our alumni. In theology, law, medicine, statesmanship, and in all the rest, Bowdoin men have given the college a name that will endure for all time, and it only

remains for us to keep untarnished the splendid record handed down. May we be industrious, upright, and manly; doing our parts with thoroughness and dignity in order that Bowdoin may not cease to do her part in advancing the common good of humanity.

PRESIDENT HARRIS, of Maine State College, in a recent address delivered before the visiting legislators at Orono, said: "It would be impossible for me to do anything which should hurt the interests or honor of old Bowdoin. I wish I were her alumnus." Bowdoin, on her side, would be only too well pleased to have for her son one with such progressive and sound ideas as the president of our neighboring institution, and we heartily commend him for his wisdom in choosing her as his would-be *Alma Mater*. We regret, moreover, that the report which has been circulating, to the effect that we, as an institution, are envious of our sister in eastern Maine, should appear to come from our halls. Such a thing is very far from being true, and whoever fathered such a statement has no connection with this college. All institutions of whatever class have one kindred aim, and outside of the petty undergraduate rivalry all join hands for a common purpose. Whatever has to do with the advancement of learning and the promotion of good among mankind is a precious legacy left in the hands of college men the world over. We admire the broad-minded endeavors of President Harris to enlarge the influence of the State College, and we hope, for the interests of the state, and for the cause of mankind, that he may be successful in his undertakings. Bowdoin is not envious of her sisters; she only desires to set up a high standard of excellence as a guide and example for them to follow. The lines of the State College and Bowdoin are laid in different places, but their aims and interests are one.

WE print elsewhere in this number the first of a series of Bowdoin songs, with original music. The song which appears this week was written, and the music composed, by undergraduates. We trust that new interest in singing our own songs may be stirred up, and that the number of contributions of this class will be so great that it will be impossible to print them all. Such a result from this move on the part of the ORIENT would necessitate the publication of a book of Bowdoin songs. This is not impossible.

EVERYBODY subscribes to the principles upon which our illustrious Senate was founded, and no one would say that it has not performed important functions in the past years of our history, but many are ready to express their regret at the recent indignation shown by several intelligent Senators at the introduction of the memorial of the Bowdoin professors, asking for speedy action on the arbitration treaty. To have the efforts of sincere and educated men for the good of nations set aside or treated as "officious intermeddling by outsiders," does not speak well for the high-minded patriotism of our representatives. The desire of our Faculty was, no doubt, simply that of many hundreds of other institutions, to show that their hearts and minds are bound to the cause of right and justice. To have Senators become so easily angered and to take such hasty action as was taken, is a menace to public good. The schools, pulpits, and colleges of the country are by far better able to judge public questions than are the more partisan representatives. So when a college with entirely unselfish motives appeals to our highest representative body for action, its voice should be listened to and its cause heard, for the sake of the dignity of learning, if for no other. The ORIENT with its feeble pen writes *amen* to our Faculty's action,

and condemns the action of the Senators from Massachusetts as unworthy the state they pretend to represent, and as a blot upon their reputations as able and fair-minded men.

Portland Alumni Meeting.

THE Bowdoin Alumni of Portland held their annual dinner at the Congress Square Hotel, Friday evening, January 29th. It was the largest and most successful one they have ever held. After an elaborate menu was served the time was spent in speech-making. A very bright and witty poem, entitled "The Anabasis of Bowdoin," was read by Augustus F. Moulton, Esq. Every one enjoyed the poem, which was unusually original in its conception. Then followed the following toasts: "The College," responded to by President Hyde and Professor Woodruff; "The State," responded to by Hon. George M. Seiders, '72; "The Law," responded to by Franklin C. Payson, Esq., '76; "The Clergy," responded to by Rev. E. C. Cummings, '53; "The Medical Profession," responded to by C. A. Baker, '78; "The Boston Alumni," responded to by Edward P. Payson, '69.

The following alumni were present: Clarence W. Peabody, '93; William M. Ingraham, '95; Augustus F. Moulton, '73; Col. George F. McQuillan, '75; Thomas H. Gateley, Jr., '92; Llewellyn Barton, '84; Virgil C. Wilson, '80; Hon. Clarence Hale, '69; David W. Snow, '73; Alvin C. Dresser, '88; Franklin C. Payson, '76; Frederick W. Pickard, '94; Robert S. Thomas, '88; Joseph B. Reed, '83; Edward H. Wilson, '92; Clarence A. Baker, M.D., '78; Charles L. Hutchinson, '90; Eben Winthrop Freeman, '85; Leon M. Forbes, '92; Walter W. Fogg, '96; Charles J. Chapman, '68; Prentiss Loring, '56; Rev. Ephraim C. Cummings, '53; Hon. Joseph A. Locke, '65; Edward P. Payson, '69; Thomas H. Eaton, '69; Hon. George M.

Seiders, '72; Richard C. Payson, '93; Frederick O. Conant, '80; and President William DeWitt Hyde and Prof. Frank E. Woodruff.

Boston Alumni Association Meeting.

ON Wednesday evening, February 3d, the twenty-ninth annual reunion and banquet of the Boston Alumni Association was held at the Copley Square Hotel. The attendance was very large, and the affair was one of the most successful ever held by the alumni who reside in and about Boston. The regular business meeting preceded the dinner, and the officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Edwin U. Curtis, '82, Vice-President; William G. Reed, '82, Secretary; George L. Chandler, '68, Assistant Secretary; Thomas J. Emery, '68, Wm. E. Hatch, '75, Oliver C. Stevens, '76, Wm. W. Towle, '81, Charles F. Moulton, '87, Edward N. Goding, '91, R. H. Hinkley, '94, Executive Committee. There was no choice for President, as Daniel C. Linscott, '54, the present head of the organization, has still two years to serve.

Those present from the college were Professor L. A. Lee, Professor F. C. Robinson, '73, and C. C. Williamson, '98, who is manager of the *Bowdoin Bugle*.

In calling to order at the close of the dinner, preparatory to introducing the various guests, the President spoke of the presence of so many young men, and he exhorted them to be true to the college and to supply new members in future years. He also spoke of the season of prosperity that was before the college.

Professor Lee then gave a historical and reminiscent talk in regard to the college, illustrating his talk with stereopticon views. The various pictures of the buildings and walks were received with great delight. Much enjoyment was derived by some of the middle-aged members in picking out

old classmates who appeared in the pictures. A photograph of the room that Thomas B. Reed occupied was received with great applause. Professor Lee's entertainment was greatly enjoyed by all.

The next speaker was Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, of the Class of '52, who received a very hearty welcome. General Chamberlain spoke in an informal way of the influence the college had had in turning out true men. His allusions to Chief-Justice Fuller, Senator Frye, and Speaker Thomas B. Reed, evoked tremendous applause.

Professor Robinson, President Hyde's representative, was the next speaker. His talk was on the policy of maintaining a moderate-sized college with the best possible equipment.

Attorney-General Hosea M. Knowlton, who is not an alumnus, was also introduced. He told some excellent stories, and was followed by Edward N. Goding, of the Class of '91, who gave an account of the Bowdoin Club, now two years old, and which meets regularly on the first Saturday evening of each month, at the Copley Square.

The last speaker was Marcellus Coggan, of the Class of '72, who pronounced the benediction with characteristic grace. Several college songs were interspersed through the exercises, the vocalism being general, though led by the following improvised glee club: T. S. Lazell, '92, H. L. Bagley, '94, F. W. Dana, '94, R. W. Mann, '92, H. E. Andrews, '94, R. H. Hinkley, Jr., '94, Ernest Young, '92, Henry Warren, ex-'97, and H. S. Chapman, '91. Sympathetic letters were received from Chief Justice Fuller of the U. S. Supreme Court, Class of '53, Speaker Reed, '60, Senator Frye, '50, Senator Hale, Hon., '69, and Lient Robert E. Peary, '77, of Arctic fame.

These names, added to those already mentioned, afford a complete list of those present:

Dr. Joshua Young, '45.
Thomas H. Talbot, '46.
Edwin Leonard, '47.
Egbert C. Smythe, '48.
J. B. Sewall, '48.
Daniel C. Linscott, '54.
Henry H. Smith, '54.
John G. Stetson, '54.
Edward Parker, '57.
Augustus Jones, '60.
A. S. Packard, '61.
Edward Stanwood, '61.
J. W. Chadwick, '62.
Isaac B. Choate, '62.
A. B. Dearborn, '63.
Charles U. Bell, '63.
S. W. Harmon, '65.
George L. Goodale, '65.
Webster Woodbury, '64.
J. W. McDonald, '67.
D. W. Wright, '67.
George M. Bodge, '68.
T. J. Emery, '68.
Geo. L. Chandler, '68.
F. A. Fisher, '81.
A. G. Pettengill, '81.
William G. Reed, '82.
Ex-Mayor Curtis, '82.
W. W. Curtis, '82.
L. B. Folsom, '85.
C. H. Wardwell, '85.
John F. Libby, '85.
Irving W. Horne, '86.
Elmer E. Rideout, '86.
G. W. Parsons, '87.
C. F. Moulton, '87.
Howard W. Poor, '92.
W. P. Chamberlain, '93.
Albert M. Jones, '93.
Harry L. Bagley, '94.
H. M. Wilder, '93.
H. C. Fahyan, '93.
C. C. Bucknam, '93.
Arthur T. Brown, '91.
Edward P. Payson, '69.
W. D. A. Clarke, '73.
C. C. Springer, '77.
L. H. Kimball, '74.
D. A. Sargent, '75.
W. E. Hatch, '75.
A. S. Whitmore, '75.
Dr. Myles Standish, '75.
Geo. S. Harriman, '75.
Edwin H. Hall, '75.
O. C. Stevens, '76.
W. A. Robinson, '76.
F. R. Kimball, '76.
C. H. Clark, '76.
Alpheus Sanford, '76.
H. L. Wiggins.
P. H. Ingalls, '77.
A. E. Burton, '78.
J. W. Achorn, '79.
A. M. Edwards, '80.
N. W. Emerson, '80.
L. B. Lane, '81.
W. W. Towle, '81.
C. M. Austin, '87.
F. K. Linscott, '88.
F. M. Russell, '89.
J. L. Doherty, '89.
O. R. Smith, '89.
W. I. Weeks, '90.
J. B. Pendleton, '90.
George B. Scars, '90.
A. Vincent Smith, '90.
Percy W. Brooks, '90.
Wm. H. Greeley, '90.
Otto C. Scales, '91.
Charles S. Wright, '91.
H. W. Jarvis, '91.
Ed. H. Newbegin, '91.
Dr. Fred B. Colby, '95.
Arthur H. Stetson, '95.
Louis C. Hatch, '95.
C. C. Williamson, '98.
Dr. H. S. Parsons, '91, Med.

The Lost Talent.

PERCY NORTH had been known to his friends in his early manhood as an exceptionally talented fellow. As a writer, he worked in a highly imaginative strain, full of feeling and delicate touches. Suddenly his flow of talent seemed to have emptied itself, and all those gifts, which seemed to predict productions of true genius to come in the future, stopped short in their work, and he seldom took up his pen in later years to write in a purely literary vein. All the

writings he had published in recent years were of a scientific cast, so pedantic, dull, and stiff, that even scholars admitted that he was pretty dry reading and had evidently no talent at all in literary lines pure and simple. His articles were accepted for their scientific value alone, for he stood high in the chemical world of thought.

What had brought about the reaction, not even his best friends knew. In fact, he sometimes half believed that even he did not know when he had lost his gift. For the incident, which had affected his life, such as we all have some time, was so fantastic and mysterious that he would not whisper it even to his most intimate friend, not for fear of being laughed at, but because he himself could scarcely conceive of its actual occurrence. Yet, as he stood before the long plate-glass mirror at the end of his great drawing-room, which reflected from its counterpart at the opposite end of the room a myriad little blazes, as bright as the flame of the gas-lighted chandelier in the center of the room, from which they had their being, as he stood there in deep meditation, the whole incident again loomed up before him.

He had stood before a similar glass in that same room on the night of his twenty-fifth birthday. He was alone and tired out, for he had been working busily that day with his pen, writing out some fanciful little things that seemed to come to his mind quicker than he could put them on paper, and now that night was come, he felt the effect of his exertions. His face was flushed and his brain was in a whirl. The drawing-room was quiet and comforting, and he walked close up to the looking-glass and leaned gently against its surface. Its coolness soothed his fevered face and burning temples, very much as a piece of ice might have done, and its smoothness felt like a loving touch upon his brow.

Suddenly he felt a peculiar sensation,

somewhat as if the glass had been a wall of water and he had entered it, or as if both he and the glass had suddenly melted and had become a part of each other. At first he could not realize what had happened, and then it flashed upon him that he had entered into that child's wonder-land—the land beyond the looking-glass. His first impulse was to step back. He turned about and looked into the drawing-room which he had just left, half expecting, curiously enough, to see himself there, but it was entirely deserted, and no sound was heard save the ticking of the French clock on the mantel-piece. Then he looked about him. Here was the very counterpart of the drawing-room, with each thing in its accustomed place. He went forward and pushed open a door, or rather the reflection of a door to a room, which he knew could not possibly from its location have its reflection in the mirror.

And indeed it did not. As the door swung back, as beautiful a sight as he had ever seen opened before him. It was a wondrously lovely picture. Before him lay a fair plain country with far-reaching stretches of meadows, where bloomed daisies with their long slender stems and their sweet faces encircled with pure white ruffs, and here and there a buttercup stood before a daisy like a page with the golden cup before a princess, and as a gentle summer zephyr stole over the fields, the sound of a shepherd's pipe pouring out the sweetest melody imaginable floated to the ear, and all the flowers began to dance and nod their pretty heads. Oh, 'twas such a lovely scene that Percy North was lost in rapture. Then he looked down the meadow. There he saw a few laborers at their tasks. For a moment they stood still as Percy North advanced, and shaded their eyes with their hands to look at him. Then they began to sing, oh, such a glee! It even rivaled the piping of the shepherd. And then they resumed their toil. But their manner clearly

showed that they considered it no task, but a pleasure. All seemed like some fabled life, where all was happiness, music, and loveliness. He could have cried out for joy, but just then he chanced upon the shepherd boy. He was a handsome lad, with great blue eyes and fabulously golden curls. As Percy drew near the lad exclaimed:

"Art welcome, stranger. Whither goest thou? Would'st thou go to the great castle? Thither leads the road." As Percy looked in the direction to which the shepherd pointed with a graceful wave of his hand, he saw a broad highway leading to a castle so stately that it reached high up into the blue ether; so high, indeed, that the fleecy summer clouds caught and clung upon the pinnacles of the two turrets. It was a beautiful piece of architecture, that castle, such as little children dream of when they have been reading fairy tales, and such as they believe in later years has no existence.

As Percy North approached the castle, there suddenly appeared at the entrance a man of almost superhuman aspect, who cried with a loud voice, but one as musical as the blast of a trumpet: "A stranger in the Land of the Ideal, Percy North. Seize him!" At that instant a score of soldiers in uniforms of scarlet and gold, and armed with silver swords, rushed forward and surrounded him. Set upon by an evil impulse, he attempted to escape, when he who appeared to be the commander, exclaimed: "Then go thou, foolish one. Thinkest thou that he, who hast entered the Land of the Ideal, and yet refuses to be bound by that land, can go forth without having given a ransom? Thine is already taken from thee. Depart now and nevermore return."

A few moments later Percy North was again standing in his drawing-room, and would have considered the whole affair merely a phantom of his mind, which had been overworked, had he not looked at the

mirror which stood before him. A great hole, some six by three feet, reached from the floor upward. And that is the reason why, as he holds my little Florence in his lap, while she prattles about what she has seen in the looking-glass, and how she intends to go into that room beyond the mirror, he does not smile, but gazes at her with a curious, questioning look in his eyes.

Bowdoin Verse.

De Philosophia.

I.

Doth human mind admit of no appeal
And naught exist but reason comprehends?
All nature back a ready answer sends
And in her mystic gardens doth reveal
Her wealth enshrined in deep, dark mystery.
Aye, darkness scarce annuls the thing unseen;
Closed eyelids banish naught thus veiled from view;
The fleet-foot bird when danger doth pursue,
Evades not, blinded in the sand, I ween,
Its wiser, more sagacious enemy.

II.

Though I in inky darkness grope my way
To find out whither comes and whither goes
The fickle wind that swift, erratic blows,
And drives the fitful whitecaps o'er the bay,
To feel its breath is not credulity.
Then when I read deep written in my soul
The promise of immortal life to be;
When tuneful voices unborn speak to me
And joy-notes swelling,
Surg'ing o'er me roll,
T'were vain to doubt my soul's futurity.

An Icicle.

Flashing, dancing, sparkling bright,
E'en a diamond shaming,
Green and blue and crimson light,
Like Heaven's stars a-flaming.

But alas, how cold thou art!
Wondrous fairy jewel,
When I clasp thee to my heart,
Beautiful, but cruel.

Open Winter.

The breeze is warm that fans the cheek,
The woods and fields are green,
O'er hill or dale, o'er street or lane,
No winter's snow is seen.

Unhindered is the meadow brook,
Its plasches soft and low
Fall on the ear in whispers soft,
As on its ripples flow.

The distance has a hazy look,
Like some frail, fairy maze,
Like mists that o'er the moorland creep
On sweet June's dream-like days.

And naught is wanting from the scene,
Save birds to wing and sing
And buds to blossom in the sun,
To make the Winter, Spring.

The Anabasis of Bowdoin.

(By which is meant the march of the Bowdoin Cadets upward
to the Topsham Fair.)

A POEM DELIVERED AT THE ALUMNI MEETING OF THE
PORTLAND ASSOCIATION, BY AUGUSTUS F. MOULTON '73

Long years ago, before the din of conflict died
away

Throughout this land where civil war had marshaled
its array,

While minds of men were still intense with memo-
ries of the strife

That raged, when fratricidal hands assailed the
nation's life,

The fathers of the college, among the whispering
pines,

Determined that the future should be placed on
safer lines:

That should a crisis come again when, at the Nation's
call,

Like those whose honored names appear within
Memorial Hall,

Old Bowdoin's sons should rally in death or life
to speed

The welfare of their native land in times of greatest
need,

Their offering of devotion and patriotic will
Should be with noble purpose and with military
skill.

Then 'mid the quiet groves which erst had been
Minerva's care

(Save when some other goddesses had made their
visits rare),

Stern Mars appeared in many forms and took up
his abode,
And brazen-throated cannon frowned along the
Harpswell road.

In every student's room a Springfield rifle graced
the wall,

The glinting bayonets flashed back the sunlight in
the hall.

The West Point uniforms of gray, conspicuous
through the town,

Graced the fair forms of valiant lads who scorned
the yaggers' frown.

Cross-belts an added lustre lent to the McLellan cap,
And shining brass and saber hilt, chevron and
shoulder strap.

And in those days were heroes worthy of noble
rhymes,

No men like them can now be found in these degen-
erate times.

First on the list appearing, and mighty space
it fills,

As Olympus crowns the landscape rising among
the hills,

We name the great Commander, of fame beyond
the sky,

A man not great of stature, but of spirit vast and
high,

The wise and doughty Major, a man of high degree,
Who had fought with "the boys who fear no noise,
the First Artillery."

Next came the active adjutant, the graceful Chum-
mie Hatch,

Since for Hawaii's dusky queen a diplomatic match.
Then Waterhouse, the valiant, who scored the
only run

When Bowdoin played the Boston Reds, that many
fields had won,

Undaunted led the company of the great name of A,
While Snow, who took a Junior part, led on the
next array,

And Robinson, the stately, captained the band
called C—

From such a height descended now an Overseer
to be—

And Crocker, famed on sea and shore and in the
dances mazy,

Marched at the head of squadron D, that always
was a daisy.

But why repeat the glorious names, why con the
record o'er

Which children's children can repeat and tell their
fame galore?

In ancient Greece they measured time by the
 Olympic games,
 And ancient Rome recalled the years that bore her
 consul's names,
 And when the rays of autumn's sun fell slanting
 through the air,
 The Bowdoin students knew the time had come for
 Topsham's fair.
 And in the days whereof we tell Mars fitly served
 their turn
 With invitation to the show and Faculty adjourn.
 And quickly as the fiery cross circled the Scottish
 hills,
 The word went round among the boys, "Brace up
 for practice drills."
 The measured tread of marching feet across the
 campus brown
 Was heard as file and column wheeled and traveled
 up and down
 In double time and single time, as he was wont to do,
 In double rank and single rank the Major put them
 through.
 The infantry, like veterans, trained amid war's
 alarms,
 Perfection reached in marching and the manual
 of arms.
 The artillery division trained their mighty guns
 with ease,
 As the strong surge of ocean lifts a vessel on the seas.

The trysting-day at length arrived to which all
 thoughts were turned,
 And Phœbus from a cloudless sky in autumn splen-
 dor burned.
 The warriors from their quarters assembled on the
 plain,
 Old Winthrop sent her quota, as did Appleton and
 Maine.
 In uniforms resplendent with burnished arms and
 bright,
 They stood in ranks extended—it was a winsome
 sight.
 Meanwhile the guns were limbered up and ready
 for the start,
 To each attached four gallant steeds that erstwhile
 drew a cart.
 The rumbling of the caissons had stirred their mettle
 strong,
 And reckless of their drivers' shouts they reared and
 pranced along.
 Adown the ranks, impatient to pass the college gate
 And meet beyond the college bounds whatever
 should await,

The gallant Major slowly rode upon a charger gray,
 To note the bearing of the men, each squadron to
 survey.

A man perhaps imperious, accustomed to command,
 But in every line a soldier, an accomplished gen-
 tleman.

The brief inspection finished, the Major raised his
 hand,

And followed on the startled air a blast from Brun-
 swick's band.

One look adown the roadway, one glance along the
 field,

One brief command of "forward," and every column
 wheeled

To left, to right, beyond the hedge, the college
 Rubicon,

They marched with step exultant,—the Anabasis
 was on.

Adown the hill marched the cadets with proud
 and gallant tread,

The martial strains of Brunswick's band rose from
 the column's head,

And next behind, the heavy guns went rumbling
 along,

Artillerists with folded arms erect on each caisson.

Then came a space, and then erect upon the war-
 horse strong,

Precise in step, in distance true, the Major rode
 along.

The companies with rifles ranged at angles came
 apace,

Each officer with sword in hand in his appointed
 place.

Surrounded by the color guard the flag displayed
 its folds,

And higher still above the throng a mighty dust-
 cloud rolls.

Along the street, on either side, the crowd filled
 every space,

And ladies fair their presence lent the festive scene
 to grace.

Down past the mall, and past the hall which then
 was Brunswick's boast,

Past Jimmy Coffin's hostelry, where turkeys went
 to roast;

The famed hotel was left behind, where Tontine
 Lizzie reigned,

And forward still the column pressed until the hill
 was gained,

Where rising high upon the left in outline stood the
 mills,

Like Brunswick's outpost, standing guard to watch
 the Topsham hills.

And soon they reached the covered bridge, the place
of lovers' quest

When the rich glow of summer's sun is dying in
the west,

And boys and maids repeat, secure, the talk that
never palls,

Protected by the steady roar of Androscoggin's falls.
But on that day fair Venus fled and Cupid stood
aghast

As rudely through the trembling bridge the men
and cannon passed.

And now, save for the measured tap of drum, the
band was still,

As, struggling through the crooked streets, the
column climbed the hill.

Such hills as those would Oxford scorn and Som-
erset contemn,

But on that march all felt assured those hills would
do for them.

Onward the weary column crept, still to their pur-
pose true,

Till at an angle of the road the Fair Grounds came
in view.

A thrill ran through the dusty ranks, they caught
the impulse keen,

As when by the crusading knights Jerusalem was
seen.

So too the mighty host of France when they saw
Moscow's spires

Believed they had already reached the goal of their
desires.

No stately walls nor broadened moat enclosed the
place about,

But sturdy fence of pine or spruce kept all intruders
out.

No draw-bridge or portcullis gave admittance to the
guest,

But when the stranger reached the gate, a quarter
did the rest.

Wide open now were flung the gates, the marshal
of the day

With aspect stern, amid his aids, made haste to
clear the way.

With beating drums and trumpets' blare and martial
music loud,

The boys, with cannon in advance, marched through
the staring crowd.

Lives there a man so little read, of intellect
so slow,

That there is need to be described for him the
Topsham show?

That one should pause till unto his dull mind should
be brought back

The recollection of the grounds and of the half-
mile track.

I would not hint that one could live and breathe
this vital air,

E'en in this weak, degenerate age, who never has
been there.

How vividly can each recall the grand stand and
its flags,

The track that circles round the verge, where speed
the festive nags,

The sheds and stalls wherein are seen the swine
and cattle sleek,

The horses and the guinea pigs and sheep with
faces meek,

The big tent with its wonders of mammoth squash
and peas,

Of patent churns and fancy work, of farming tools
and cheese,

The booths beyond, with marvels such as Adam
never saw,

The striped pig, the bearded girl, the dog with
eagle's claw,

The fakirs helping on their sales with tricks and
sleight-of-hand,

The noisy games, where laughter drowns the music
of the band,

The stalls where gingerbread is sold and colored
lemonade,

The fortune-tellers and the men who ply the pea-
nut trade,

While boys and girls in best attire push gaily
through the throng,

And country teams and turn-outs fine more slowly
drift along.

Forward the youthful warriors marched until a
halt was made

Upon a level space within reserved for the parade.
The cannon four were ranged in line, the companies
retired

To wait in line on either side till the salute was fired.
Each heavy gun was whirled about and with pre-
cision nice,

With cartridge blank from its caisson was loaded
in a trice.

Then at the gesture of command belched flame and
smoke and sound,

That seemed to rend the firmament and shake the
solid ground.

For just a moment all was still, and in a moment
more

A mingled din of sounds arose like surf upon the shore.
 The jockeys strove with hoarse commands to calm their frenzied steeds,
 While women shrieked and men hallooed and threatened dreadful deeds,
 And farther still the wails of swine and noise of beast and bird
 And curses loud from booth and tent and peddler's stand were heard.
 Quickly the marshal of the day appeared amid the rout.
 With deferential hat in hand he sought the Major out,
 And like a messenger of woe, with trembling voice and pale
 And consternation in his face, proceeds to tell his tale:
 "There's not a horse upon these grounds can scarce be held in tow,
 The folks are frightened 'most to death and don't know where to go.
 There's more than forty women have fainted dead away,
 The Jersey bulls have broken loose, the calves have gone astray,
 The organ-grinder's monkey is screaming at the band,
 The fakir's cart has swung around and wrecked the pea-nut stand."

"Please stand aside," the Major said, "We've no time for dispute,
 For we must fire another round and finish the salute."
 Just then across the field there strode a man of stately grace,
 Determination in his mien and purpose in his face.
 Straight to the battery's front he came, and each one noticed that
 The cockade of authority was on his shining hat.
 He walked to the commander's side and said without delay:
 "I'm sheriff of the county, sir; my name, sir, is Millay.
 The racket of these cannon, sir, has frightened beast and men,
 The Lord knows what would happen should they go off again.
 You'd think to look about the place that hell had broken loose,
 And if another gun is fired, you'll go to the caboose."
 "Sir," said the Major promptly, "offensive though you seem,
 I, too, claim that in times of peace the law should be supreme.

In conflict of authority my duty is to yield,
 Boys, limber up the cannon, remove them from the field."

Again the open plain was cleared, and when the crowd was still
 The companies went forward for exhibition drill.
 Back and forth and up and down, across the weary plain,
 They marched and wheeled and countermarched, and formed in line again.
 The evolutions of the drill, the bearing of the men,
 Restored the crowd to confidence and cheerfulness again.
 But some were still resentful, and e'en were heard to say,
 "If killing people was their trade, they'd well begun to-day."
 At last the drill was finished, in dress parade they stood,
 Then wheeled in fours and started off upon the homeward road.

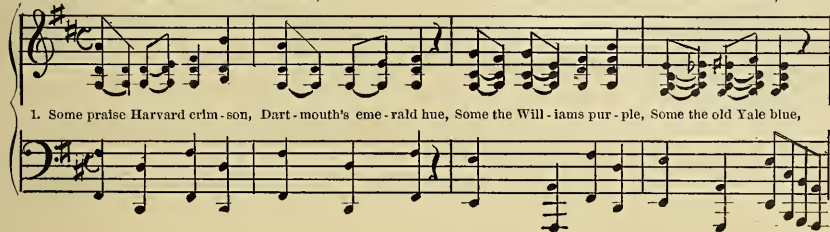
If lengthy seemed the upward march, when eager for the fray,
 What shall be said of the retreat made in the closing day?
 They left behind the Major; the cannon too were left;
 And of the music of the band they also were bereft.
 From words one heard in undertone it seemed some tried to pray,
 But the sacred words were uttered in a disconnected way.
 If the recording angel, each time that Herrick swore,
 A tear dropped on the record, he had a mighty store.
 But the autumn sky resplendent bestowed its benison,
 While the evening star, fair Venus, with pitying eye looked on.
 And as when the ten thousand cried "Thalatta,"
 "'tis the sea,"
 So were the twin towers greeted by that weary company,
 And good old mother Bowdoin, upon her pine-clad hill,
 Received her weary children home to vex and love her still;
 Each one a vow recording that should again he go,
 'Twould be to see the Topsham Fair, and not to make the show.

A petition is being circulated at the University of Michigan praying that the library be opened on Sundays.

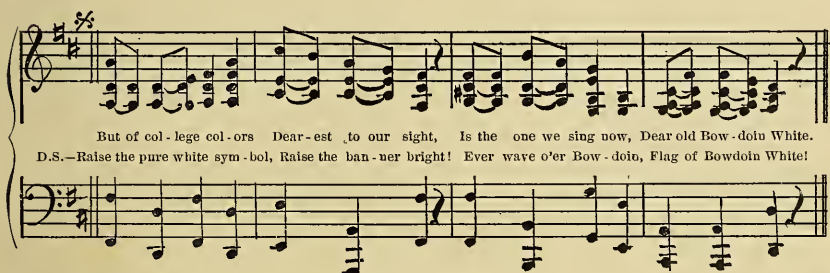
THE BOWDOIN WHITE.

WORDS BY GEORGE EDGAR CARMICHAEL, '97.

MUSIC BY JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER, 1900.



1. Some praise Harvard erlm-son, Dart-mouth's eme-rald hue, Some the Will-iams pur-ple, Some the old Yale blue,



But of col-lege col-ors Dear-est to our sight, Is the one we sing now, Dear old Bow-doin White.
D.S.—Raise the pure white sym-bol, Raise the ban-ner bright! Ever wave o'er Bow-doin, Flag of Bowdoin White!

FINE.

CHORUS.



Raise the pure white sym-bol! Raise the ban-ner bright! Raise a-loft in glor-y Flag of spot-less white!—D.S.

D.S. al Fine.

2. Bowdoin boys, come gather,
All your voices raise,
Make the wide world listen
While we sing her praise.
Let each one be thankful
As we sing to-night
That he too's enlisted
'Neath the Bowdoin White.

CHORUS.

3. Early days at Bowdoin,
Came from far and near
Youth of all New England
'Round this banner dear.
Then in recreation
Care was put to flight,
Praising as we now do
Dear old Bowdoin White.

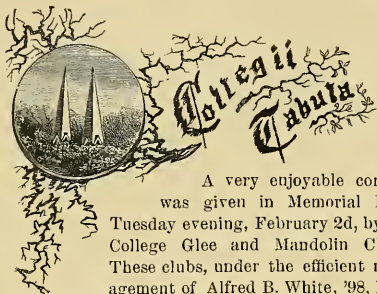
CHORUS.

4. When our land was bleeding,
Stars and stripes dismayed,
Bowdoin's sons then gathered,
Rallied to her aid.
All went forth to battle
'Neath her banners bright,
Proudly midst the conflict
Share the Bowdoin White.

CHORUS.

5. Now throughout this nation
Bowdoin men to-day
Work out their life's mission
In a noble way.
And when work is ended
And they're lost to sight,
Proudly o'er the graves droop
Spotless Bowdoin White.

CHORUS.



A very enjoyable concert was given in Memorial Hall, Tuesday evening, February 2d, by the College Glee and Mandolin Clubs. These clubs, under the efficient management of Alfred B. White, '98, have given concerts in various parts of the state during the present term. The Memorial Hall entertainment was one of the best that has ever been listened to in Brunswick, the playing of Messrs. Merrill and Potter being especially fine. The Glee Club's singing was of a high order, the highest, in fact, that a Bowdoin club has ever attained to. The Mandolin Club was also an enjoyable feature, and the large audience went away highly pleased with the evening's performance. The following programme was rendered:

March—El Capitan.—Sousa.	Mandolin Club.
'Tis Morn.—Adam Giebel.	Glee Club.
Violin Solo.	Mr. Moulton.
Serenade—Rococo.—Meyer-Helmaund.	Mandolin Club.
Mandolin Quartette.	

Messrs. Merrill, Moulton, White, and Potter.	
Wake Not, but Hear Me, Love.—Knapf.	Glee Club.
Espanita Waltzes.—Rosey.	Mandolin Club.
My Hame is where the Heather Blooms—From Rob Roy.—DeKoven.	Glee Club.
Mandolin Solo—Las Cueidas Majicas.—Pomeroy.	Mr. Merrill.

"Ye Catte."—Seymour Smith.	Glee Club.
Robin Hood, Selections.—Arranged by Garguilo.	

Bowdoin Beata.—Words by H. H. Pierce, '96.	Mandolin Club.
	Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

The *Bugle* will be out in two weeks.

Are we to have an opera this year?

Relay racing is the latest amusement in the gym.

Quite a party of strangers visited the chapel the morning after the Psi Upsilon reception.

There is a prospect of our having the Interscholastic Meet in the spring.

Fan Tau, the great Chinese game, is quite popular in college just at present.

C. C. Williamson, '98, attended the Boston Alumni Association meeting. He was in that city soliciting "ads" for the *Bugle*.

H. L. Bagley, '94, has been in town spending a few days.

The giving of the Bowdoin yell in court brought tears to the eyes of the undergraduates present.

The next ORIENT will come out Longfellow's Birthday, the 27th of February.

Many of the men who were absent teaching school, have returned.

Many students went home on Thursday, staying over until Monday.

The ORIENT Board is getting ready to wind up its business for the year.

The foot-ball manager has his schedule nearly made out. It is a "dandy," they say.

What's the matter with those hydrants? We must have them fixed. Oh, if "Joe" was only back!

The Snow-Shoe Club took advantage of the first and only snow to take a little cross-country run.

The campus was overrun by the delegates of the Federation of Women's Clubs one day last week.

Many students who are contemplating a career in the legislature have visited that body of late.

"Adjourns" have been frequent of late; Professors Files, Houghton, and MacDonald having been under the weather.

The Senior Class voted on Thursday to have their class pictures taken at G. B. Webber's.

The second number of the *Quill* is out. Its columns are full of interesting matter and its typographical appearance is up to the top notch.

Are electric lights were put into Memorial Hall for the ♣ ♣ hop. They did good service at the recital.

The excitement caused by the Faculty's action on Manager Baxter's schedule died out as quickly as it arose.

Roy L. Marston, '99, has been at home suffering from indolitis. The papers report his condition much improved.

Another dancing class has been formed that meets on Mondays. Very enjoyable times are reported.

The polo games at the Shipping City attract numbers from the college. Nearly every game is attended by a large load of students.

Twenty-five volumes of Dante's works were received at the library last week. These books came direct from Italy, and are to be used by the class in Italian.

James P. Webber, 1900, furnished the music for the company that staged "The Fast Mail" at the Town Hall a few nights since.

Professor Lee and Hon. C. J. Gilman of Brunswick were before the Legislature this week relative to a topographical map for Maine.

There is quite a lot of sickness in college just at present. It must be caused by the dormitories being situated in the middle of a big pond.

The Medical School directory is now completed for the year, and gives one hundred and thirty-seven students, or the largest in the history of the institution.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs, assisted by the College Orchestra, furnish the music for the dedication of Powers Hall at Pittsfield, Washington's Birthday.

The Mandolin Club gave its second dance of the winter in the Court Room, Saturday, the 6th. Quite a large crowd enjoyed the affair, chiefly because of its informality.

Our sanctum was invaded last week by Mr. W. S. Ames, who objected to the printing of his name. For a time it looked like a *squall*, but the cloud passed over safely.

A great many ladies were at chapel Sunday afternoon to hear President Hyde. The beautiful afternoon made the chapel look at its best, and the talk was of unusual excellence.

General Chamberlain was in town on last Thursday. He delivered his lecture, "The Battle of Gettysburg," at Anburn Hall that evening. General Chamberlain is in demand as a lecturer.

The following Bowdoin students took part in the opera of "The Merry Noblemen," given at Lewiston, recently: Coggan, Holmes, Veazie, Davis, Sinkinson, Willard, Farwell, and Merrill.

The recent storm flooded the new Athletic Field, making it a splendid place to skate. A large party of students took advantage of the holiday on Friday, to play polo and otherwise enjoy themselves on the temporary ice pond.

The inimitable "Mike" Madden gave a party to a large number of "his friends" in North Maine last week, which was highly enjoyed. The evening was spent telling "stories," and wound up with the usual feed. The cake was excellent, and "this is true, too."

An unusually large number of books was taken from the library during the month of January—

1,087. On each of two days of the month 122 books were charged. 1,087 is quite a different number from 592, which is that of the books drawn out in December.

The third themes of the term will be due on Thursday, February 25th, from the Sophomores and from those Juniors who do not take political economy. The subjects are:

1. Should the President veto the Lodge Bill?
2. A comparison of Washington and Lincoln.
3. To what extent is College Rank a measure of a student's true ability?
4. Thoughts occasioned by revisiting the Old Red School-house.
5. Compare Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" with his "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."
6. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held last week, F. H. Swan of Westbrook was elected in place of Guy Howard, resigned. Edward Stanwood, Jr., of Brookline, Mass., was elected captain of the class team for the indoor meet to be held at the end of the term.

An under-classman rooming in North Winthrop had occasion recently to measure his room for new moulding. It is reported that a friend found him up in a chair, yardstick in hand, slowly and laboriously going round the room. Perhaps he might have gotten the dimensions on the floor. Who knows?

At a recent meeting of the Junior Class, Charles S. Pettingill of Augusta was unanimously chosen leader of the Junior broad-sword drill. Pettingill has been the leader of the drills of both Freshman and Sophomore year, and was leader of the dumb-bell squad which won the prize cup at last season's exhibition.

The file of the *Illustrated London News* in the library is now complete, 22 volumes covering eleven years, from 1885 to 1896, having been received the past week. They are well bound, and will prove a treasure to those who like to spend an hour over good periodical illustrations and study current history in a cursory way.

Dr. Whittier has the following men for assistants in the gymnasium this winter: Merriam, Stearns, Hagar, Davis, and French, of the Senior Class; and Wiggin of the Junior Class. The attendance this year seems to be much larger than usual, as the excuses (?) for absence are not received without a day for making up is assigned.

The famous Baxter-Kittredge case was tried in Portland last week. Quite a number of undergrad-

uates were on the witness list. Much amusement was afforded by one witness when the Judge called for the Bowdoin yell. The case was won by Baxter, who was awarded one cent damages, on a purely technical point. Much interest was manifested in the case by the college men.

The third of the series of song recitals by Misses Bartlett and Vannah and Mr. Turner was held on Thursday evening last before a large audience. Selections from the several great German composers made up the programme. "Ben Bolt" was given as an encore by Mr. Turner and was one of the evening's features. Miss Vannah presided over the piano with her accustomed grace, while Miss Bartlett's singing was up to her usual high standard of excellence. The fourth and last recital of the series occurs on Thursday, February 25th. The programme on Thursday last was as follows:

PART I.

Walters Pries-Lied (Die Meistersänger).—Wagner.

Margreta!—A. Jensen.	Miss Vannah.
a. Ich liebe Dich.—Grieg.	Mr. Turner.
b. Dein gedenk' ich.—Meyer-Helmund.	Miss Bartlett.
Recitative and Aria (Der Freischütz).—Weber.	

Recitative and Aria (Der Freischütz).—Weber.	Mr. Turner.
	Miss Bartlett.

PART II.

Bitte.—Franz-Jael.	Miss Vannah.
Still wie die Nacht.—Bohm.	Miss Bartlett.
Die Beiden Grenadiere.—Schumann.	Mr. Turner.
The Secret of Death.—Edwin Arnold.	Miss Bartlett.
Wanderers Nachtlied.—Rubinstein.	

Miss Bartlett and Mr. Turner.

THE PSI Upsilon RECEPTION.

The eighth annual reception of the Kappa Chapter of Psi Upsilon was held on the evening of Friday, the 12th. In the afternoon, from four to six, a tea was given to out-of-town guests at 5 and 7 Maine Hall. Mrs. Leslie A. Lee, Mrs. James B. Deake, and Mrs. James O. Lincoln were the chaperons. Weferling of Portland was caterer for the tea and also for the reception in the evening. The dance was held in Memorial Hall, which was decorated for the occasion with the fraternity's colors—old gold and garnet. The patronesses received the guests at the left of the hall, and Gilbert's Orchestra of five pieces occupied the stage. The patronesses were Mrs. William DeWitt Hyde, Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mrs. Leslie A. Lee, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Mrs. William A. Houghton, Mrs. William A. Moody, Mrs. Franklin C. Robinson, Mrs. Frank C. Woodruff, Mrs. Charles C. Hutchins, Mrs. George T. Files,

Mrs. William MacDonald, and Mrs. George T. Little. Dancing began at nine and was continued until an early hour in the morning. The order was as follows:

Waltz.	Love Thoughts.
Two-Step.	Nepoleon.
Waltz.	Aphrodite.
Two-Step.	Pride of the Army.
Portland Fancy.	Medley.
Waltz.	Au Revoir.
Two-Step.	Enfilade.
Waltz.	Wizard of the Nile.

INTERMISSION.

Two-Step.	Nicodemus.
Waltz.	Espanita.
Two-Step.	Honest Quaker.
Waltz.	Jacinta.
Two-Step.	Ellerslie.
Waltz.	Ever and Ever Mine.
Two-Step.	El Captain.
Waltz.	Jack.

FOUR EXTRAS.

The committee of arrangements consisted of Edgar Gilman Pratt, '97, William Witherle Lawrence, '98, William Lawton Thompson, '99, and Alfred Watts Levensaler, 1900. The delegates from the other Bowdoin fraternities were, A Δ Φ, R. S. Hagar, '97; Δ K E, C. H. Holmes, '97; Z Ψ, C. C. Smith, '98; Θ Δ X, J. H. Morse, '97; and Δ Y, G. S. Bean, '97. There were about a hundred and twenty-five people present. Among those from out of town were the following: Mrs. James B. Deake and Mrs. James O. Lincoln of Bath; Mrs. S. C. Allen, Miss Bessie H. Allen, Miss Noyes, Miss Elinor Cram, Miss Marion Verrill, Miss Nettie Leighton, Miss Bessie Allen, Miss Cook, Miss Grace Burrows, and Miss Seiders of Portland; Miss Lawrence, Miss Haley, and Miss Smith, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. James Dunning, Mrs. Pomeroy, and Miss Pomeroy, of Bangor; Miss Page of Hyde Park, Vt.; Miss Vannah and Miss Bartlett of Gardiner; Miss Miriam G. Lane of Braintree, Mass.; Miss Wickwire of Nova Scotia; Dr. Charles Borden and Dr. Ralph H. Hunt of Togus; Mr. James A. Levensaler of Thomaston; Mr. F. W. Glover of Rockland; Mr. J. H. Libby of Augusta; Mr. Percy Percival of Waterville.

Williams has eleven men trying for battery positions.

Brown University has been presented with a handsome bronze tablet in memory of the services which the students of Brown rendered in the War of the Revolution. The presentation was made by the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Athletics.

We have now reached the time in our gymnasium work when we begin to look forward to the exhibition and spring meets. All looks bright to us in an athletic light. With our new track and the Inter-collegiate meet to be held here, without doubt, we should do even better than in former years. We ought to pick up many seconds and thirds which we failed to get last year. And the way to do this is to enter more men in each event. With this end in view many who do not profess to be stars should come out and train harder than ever. We all must put our shoulders to the wheel and keep up with the hot pace which Dr. Whittier has set for us in the way of athletics.

The gym. work so far this term has been little different than that of past years, but from now on it is to be gradually changed, with a view to better preparation for the athletic meets. The Freshmen are already working Wednesdays and Saturdays, under the instruction of the upper-classmen, and this plan of work is also to be introduced among the rest of the classes.

The base-ball squads are doing regular work and are showing up well. There are several ball players among the "Medics" this year who will no doubt strengthen the team. All things considered, there is no reason why Bowdoin should not add another championship flag to her collection.

Besides the regular schedule, Manager Baxter has arranged several games, for the second nine, which will be run in a business-like way. The benefits of this scheme will doubtless be many and far-reaching.

With the graduation of '96 we lost our champion tennis players. The rest of our tennis men realize this fact, and no doubt a squad will soon be formed to take special tennis training, in order that our showing in Portland may not fall below that of former years. Perhaps the most prominent tennis players are Cook, '97; W. Spear, Ives, and Dana, '98; White and Dana, '99.

As yet the only work done in the way of football has been done by the manager. We can easily believe that when the time comes his efforts will be rewarded by a team worthy of the college.

The Princeton Whist Club has received a challenge from Yale to play a match some time before the Easter vacation, and it probably will be accepted.

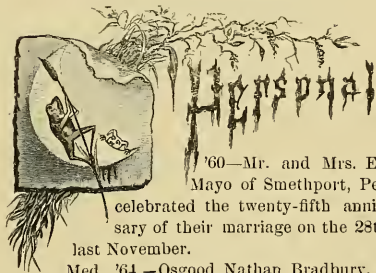
Y. M. C. A.

The Thursday meeting of January 28th was led by Towle, '99.

Rev. Dr. Mason spoke to the students in a very happy manner in the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Sunday, January 31st. His subject was "Ideals." He told the students that it does them good to build "air castles," inasmuch as it lifts their thoughts above the commonplace, and strengthens and ennobles their natures in their endeavors to come to a realization of the high ideal pictured in their imaginations. Dr. Mason's words were brief, but practical; and were listened to with great pleasure by all present.

On Thursday, February 4th, Rev. Philip H. Moore, '94, of Saco, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, on "Rome as Seen To-day." The talk was profusely illustrated with photographs, and was free to all. Mr. Moore gave a very fine talk, and truly deserved the large audience which he drew.

The Sunday meeting of February 7th was led by R. R. Morson, '98.



'60—Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo of Smethport, Penn., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on the 28th of last November.

Med., '64.—Osgood Nathan Bradbury, who died at his home in Norway, January 22d, was born in Norway, October 23, 1823. His parents were poor and his struggles for an education were severe. He attended the district schools when he could be spared from the work on the farm, and was for a time a student of Norway Liberal Institute. He entered the office of Dr. Asa Danforth and commenced the study of his chosen profession. He was a successful school teacher and for several winters received the then remarkably high wages of twenty dollars a month and board given. When a little past his majority he went "down east" and remained

several years, teaching for a time at Springfield, and afterwards book-keeping in East Machias. In 1856 he went to California, whence he returned in 1860. He entered the office of Dr. P. C. Jones of Springfield and resumed the study of medicine. Taking a course in the Maine Medical School, he got his diploma in 1864. Later in life he took a special course in the Southern Medical College of Atlanta, Ga. After graduation Dr. Bradbury commenced practice in the Cony Military Hospital at Augusta, which institution was controlled by the United States Government. He was appointed executive officer and assistant surgeon. In the following January he became superintendent of the hospital, and remained in that position till the close of the war and the disbandment of the army caused the hospital to be abolished. Dr. Bradbury immediately located in Springfield and began practice as a country physician. He afterwards returned to his native town and has since resided there, with the exception of several years, when he was located in Paris. He was for thirteen years United States examining surgeon for pensioners. For several years he had not been actively engaged in his profession. Politically, Dr. Bradbury was one of the early followers of the doctrines of the Republican party. When studying medicine at Springfield and in the Maine Medical School he was an active worker in the political field. In 1862 he represented the Springfield district in the House, and the next two years was one of Penobscot County's senators. He was chairman of the joint special committee on the death penalty, which, owing to the feeling then existing in the State, was one of the most important committees of the Legislature. The evolutions of party belief and individual opinion caused him to transfer his allegiance to the Democratic party, and he became influential in the Oxford County deliberations of that party. In the last presidential campaign he alone of all the Democratic leaders in Norway worked hard for the Chicago platform and nominees. He was well known in the Grand bodies of the Freemasons and Odd Fellows. He had been master of the lodge of Masons, and also belonged to Chapter, Council, and Commandery. He had been presiding officer of both Lodge and Encampment of the Odd Fellows. As he withdrew from the practice of medicine, Dr. Bradbury took up in earnest the study of local history, which he had always found a fascinating subject. One result of those studies was the writing of "Norway in the Forties," which grew from a short series of personal recollections to a great

genealogical compilation. He gathered and wrote a complete genealogy of a majority of Norway families, and thus rendered a service of immense value to the present and future students of Oxford County history. He put years of careful research into this work, but his patience was never exhausted, and it will be a lasting monument to his memory. It cost him considerable money, for which he never received any returns other than the satisfaction of knowing that he had done a good thing well. He married Ellen R. Scribner of Springfield, who survives. They had two children, of whom one is living—Dr. B. Frank Bradbury, a man who has met with success in the same profession as his father. The most conspicuous attribute of his character was thoroughness. Whatever he undertook was conquered in all its details. He was a deep and original thinker. Religiously he was possessed of liberal ideas, had a strong belief in the existence of God, a spirit of reverence toward all actual faiths, and a broad toleration for all.

'73.—Dr. D. A. Robinson of Bangor recently delivered a lecture before the Y. M. C. A. of that city on the X-rays. Dr. Robinson has consented to accept the Republican nomination for mayor of his city.

'77.—Among the State Senators we notice the names of F. H. Hargraves and J. A. Roberts, both of the Class of '77.

'77.—*The Youth's Companion* for February 4, 1897, contains an interesting article by Lieut. Robert E. Peary, entitled "Hunting the Walrus with Harpoon and Line."

Med., '77.—Dr. J. F. Hill of Augusta, one of the presidential electors, was the messenger who, last month, bore to Washington the official returns of the balloting of the six presidential electors of Maine.

'87.—At the annual business meeting of the Maine Press Association, held at Augusta, Clarence B. Burleigh was re-elected president.

'89.—Prof. Wallace S. Elden of Waterville has accepted the position of professor of Latin at the Maine State College. Professor Elden was graduated from Bowdoin in the Class of '89 with high honors, after which he took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. For two years he was professor of Latin in the University of Ohio at Columbus, and the next two years he held a like position in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

'89.—Charles H. Fogg was recently ordained and

installed pastor of the Congregational Church at Post Mills, Vt. Mr. Fogg is a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, Class of '94.

'90.—William T. Dunn of North Yarmouth has just been admitted to the Cumberland Bar. Mr. Dunn has pursued his law studies in the office of ex-Governor Cleaves.

'92.—"Speculation on the Stock and Produce Exchanges of the United States" is the title of Vol. VII., No. 2, of the "Columbia University Studies in Political Science," which has recently been received at the library. This is the thesis of Henry Crosby Emery for the degree of Ph.D. from Columbia. The book treats the little-written-upon subject of speculation in a not only scholarly but interesting manner. All the phases of speculation cannot be taken up in a book of 230 pages, so the author has selected some of the most important, as the organization and business methods of the exchanges, the economic functions, and some of the evils of speculation, and speculation and the law. In the course of the introduction he says: "The stock and produce exchanges are the nerve centers of the industrial body, and are in themselves as necessary institutions as the factory and the bank. If their evils are great, their advantages are certain. There is, then, occasion for a discussion, predominantly on the favorable side." With this "occasion" in mind, the writer continually puts the "favorable side" foremost, and in his chapter on the evils of speculation he attempts to show that some of the greatest evils are not as serious as generally supposed. Judging from the great demand for the book at the library, it is proving popular reading among the students.

Book Reviews.

In "That Affair Next Door," that clever writer of detective stories, Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlf), has given to the reading public a work of thrilling and absorbing interest. Mrs. Rohlf is an authoress of exceptional gifts, and, unlike the majority of detective story writers, she rarely descends to the plane of sensationalism. "That Affair Next Door" deals with the murder of a mysterious young lady, and the efforts of the detectives to discover the perpetrator of the deed. The rival exertions of Mr. Gryce, the famous detective of the "Leavenworth Case," and the eccentric maiden lady who narrates the story, lend a humorous aspect

to an otherwise serious work. The story is told in a bright, vivacious style, and cannot fail to enhance the reputation of its talented authoress.

"That Affair Next Door" is published in a neat paper edition, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL HENRY G. THOMAS.

1837-1897.

By the death of General Henry G. Thomas, Theta Delta Chi has lost one of her most distinguished sons. His brilliant war record gained for him a national reputation; while his whole life, dedicated to the country's service, was one of integrity and honor.

It is with sorrow that the Eta Charge transfers his name from the roll of her illustrious living to that of her honored dead.

For the Charge,

C. C. WILLIAMSON,
J. H. MORSE,
F. H. SWAN.

College World.

Brown has sixty-five men training for the track team.

Twenty-six American women have matriculated for the new term of the University of Berlin.

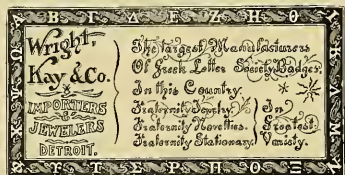
Harvard will participate in the restoration of St. Saviour's Church, London, by placing in it a memorial window to John Harvard. He was baptized there in 1607.

Harvard has made application for admission to the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association. At present the association is composed of Lehigh, Stevens Institute, and Johns Hopkins University.

Frank Jay Gould has founded a scholarship at New York University. It is to be opened to those who have prepared at Roxbury High School, located at Roxbury, Delaware County, the birthplace of Mr. Gould's father, in whose honor the foundation is made.

The trustees of Wellesley College have recently passed a regulation to the effect that hereafter chapel attendance be "expected" rather than compulsory. The attendance has not diminished under the new rule.

The library of Johns Hopkins is said to contain the most efficient library of political science in America or England—the Dillman library of 5,000 volumes, originally belonging to the eminent biblical scholar, Professor Dillman of Berlin. Recent gifts of G. W. Gail and of Leopold Strauss of Baltimore, have been made for the purpose of the purchase of rabbinical literature.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

No. 15.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The present number of the ORIENT is given over almost entirely to commemorate the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Bowdoin's well-beloved poet, Henry W. Longfellow. It gives us extreme pleasure and satisfaction to express at this time some of the respect and love in which the college holds the memory of her most revered son. He lived seventy years of usefulness, doing kind and loving acts, shedding renown upon his college and nation, and dying only after he had erected a monument that will endure through all ages. Lack of time prevented a more general and complete tribute to his memory, but the pages which follow will bear witness that it could not have been more hearty and sincere.

Anniversary Day of the Birth of Longfellow,

February 27, 1807.

Dear Longfellow, with earnest, true delight
Thro' vanished years we view thy features bright,
We greet the dawning of that distant year,
The birthday of our poet's grand career;
Though numerous years have passed since first we met,
Thy name and fame we never may forget.
Though swift-revolving years have sped away,
And Time hath crowned our brows with chaplets grey,

Still in our minds thy memory survives,
Nor will its lustre fade till end of lives;
Our minds will e'er retain each well-known scene
When life with thee was ever most serene,
For memory recalls the beauty and the bloom
Of those past years without a shade of gloom.

Dear friend, I loved thee in those earlier years
When first thy hand attuned the poet's lyre.
Life then was new, irradiant with joy,
When Nature thrill'd thee with poetic fire;
'Tis pleasant now, in later years, to trace
The charming sweetness, kindness, of thy face,
The genial smile, the eyes whose tender light
Saw beauty in all nature—ever bright!
And later still how lovely to our gaze
Seem'd old age shining with unfading rays,
E'en as the sun at daylight's final close
Gilds the horizon with the tints of gold,
So sinks the good man to his long repose
And leaves a lustre beauteous to behold!

From faithful Memory's dimly-blotted sheet
I often wipe the effacing dust—to meet
In brightly-shining lines the record clear,
Dear Longfellow, of your illustrious career,
And all who loved thee in the past so well
Will ever o'er thy virtues fondly dwell,
Remembering still thy kind, endearing ways,
And all the undying joys of other days.

In Fancy's glass I see reflected clear
The friends, the classmates of each vanished year,
And chief of all that long departed race,
Dear Longfellow, I view thy well-beloved face.
Though form and features of our college friends
May fade, love for our matchless poet never ends.

ISAAC McLELLAN,
Of the Bowdoin Class of 1826.

GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

1807-1882.

AN embarrassment in which the graduates of small colleges frequently find themselves is that of having to explain where their college is, and what men it has given to the world; but for fifty years graduates of this institution have found no necessity for such explanation. Go where you will and mention the fact that you are a Bowdoin man, and you are immediately interrupted with

the words, "Indeed! that is Longfellow's college, and Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce graduated there, did they not?" Then the picturesque Fuller and the genial Reed will be claimed for you, and quite likely you will be asked if that matchless statesman, James G. Blaine, was not a Bowdoin man. Of course you are forced to disclaim that honor for the *Alma Mater*, but in the conversation that follows you incidentally mention other alumni of whom the college, the state, and the nation are justly proud.

There is something in the very name of Bowdoin that causes us to feel a thrill of patriotic pride whenever the college is mentioned. There is inspiration in the fact that she has fostered some of the grandest Americans that ever lived; that among the scholars and statesmen of the world none have held higher positions of trust and honor than the sons of Bowdoin. To-day, under one of the foremost educators of the country, the college is enjoying a well-earned prosperity perhaps unequalled in her history.

Lyman Abbott well said, "A more remarkable class never gathered under an American college roof-tree than the Bowdoin class of 1825." John S. C. Abbott, the famous historian; Jonathan Cilley, whose remarkable power in debate was so early recognized by the nation; Horatio Bridge, long rendering valuable service in the navy; George B. Cheever, called "the Gideon of the anti-slavery campaign"; James W. Bradbury, the distinguished lawyer and politician, who at the age of ninety-five still lives, an honor to his college and to his profession; and Nathaniel Hawthorne, foremost in American romance, were among Longfellow's classmates. Longfellow once wrote, "Time has a Doomsday-Book upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters, never to be effaced."

If this is so, then on the page devoted to Bowdoin men there is indelibly and ineffaceably inscribed the name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. The house still stands, on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets. The family soon moved to the brick house on Congress Street, known to every visitor to Portland as the Longfellow mansion. Henry was the second of eight children. He received his early education at a private school, and fitted for college at the then famous Portland Academy. When but fourteen years old he passed the entrance examinations to Bowdoin College, together with his brother Stephen, who was two years older. During Freshman year the boys remained at their home in Portland studying, and did not enter college until Sophomore year. While Sophomores they boarded with Mr. Titeomb on Federal Street, in the house in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was afterwards written.

Of Longfellow's college days we have quite complete details. Professor Packard writes of him as "an attractive youth of well-bred manner and bearing, of unblemished character as a pupil, and a gentleman in all his relations with the college and its teachers." He was lively in disposition, but we are told that his instincts and his principles kept him from taking part in any college escapades or mischief. In his class, which at graduation numbered thirty-seven, there existed great rivalry for scholarship, but Longfellow graduated third in his class, Little and Bradbury only being ahead of him.

For some time after commencement, Longfellow studied law with his father in Portland, until an informal proposal was made to him by the board of trustees of Bowdoin that he should go abroad for study, with the understanding that on his return he should be Professor of Modern Languages. Long-

fellow joyfully accepted, and spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, learning the languages of these countries and studying their literatures. Meantime it had been decided that the funds of the college would not warrant the establishing of a new professorship, and so Longfellow was offered the position of tutor. Naturally grieved, he refused to accept the tutorship. The trustees then voted to make him Professor of Modern Languages at eight hundred dollars a year, and Librarian at one hundred dollars annually. He soon received the regular salary of a professor, one thousand dollars.

Longfellow was now only twenty-two years of age. He roomed in one of the college halls, and boarded with a private family. He was very popular with the students. Of his daily work at this time he himself has written in his journal: "I rise at six in the morning, and hear a French recitation of Sophomores immediately. At seven I breakfast, and am then master of my time until eleven, when I hear a Spanish lesson of Juniors. After that I take a lunch, and at twelve I go to the library, where I remain till one. At five P.M. I have a French recitation of Juniors. At six I take coffee; then walk and visit friends till nine; study till twelve, and sleep till six."

In September, 1831, while still Professor, he married Mary Storer Potter, daughter of Judge Potter of Portland. In "Footsteps of Angels" he speaks of her as—

. . . "the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me."

They immediately began housekeeping in Brunswick, on Federal Street, in the house now familiar to us all. A happier home than was theirs for the next few years is inconceivable. But Longfellow was feeling the desire of a wider field and better facilities for research and study, and in 1835 accepted

a professorship at Harvard. He went to Europe on leave of absence to study German. His wife accompanied him on this trip and died while abroad. For eighteen years Longfellow faithfully discharged his duties at Harvard, when he resigned to devote his life to literature, being succeeded by James Russell Lowell. All this time he was an intimate friend of Hawthorne, Charles Sumner, Lowell, Agassiz, and Emerson.

Longfellow in 1843 married Miss Frances Appleton of Boston, whom he had met while abroad. It is related that Longfellow was staying with the Appletons at a hotel called the Raven, in Zürich. The bill presented was exorbitant, and for revenge the poet inscribed on the hotel register:

"Beware of the Raven of Zürich!
 'Tis a bird of omen ill;
 With a noisy and an unclean nest,
 And a very, very long bill."

The second marriage, like the first, proved very happy, until interrupted after twenty years by the tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow. The story is too well known to need repeating. The grief of the poet was beyond comprehension, even by those who knew him best. His whole after life showed how deeply he suffered. From the heart he could say:

"O fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong."

In 1828 Bowdoin conferred upon Longfellow the degree of A.M. Afterwards he received the degree of LL.D. from this college, and also from Harvard; and later even Cambridge honored him with the same degree. The poet died on March 24, 1882. A bust of him was placed in the Poets' Corner in Westminster.

Of Longfellow's works no mention has been made in this sketch; it is enough to say that "to no poet have so many invisible but durable monuments been reared in so

many hearts and homes as to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." In the history of Bowdoin College there is no prouder name than his.

"A student of old books and days
 To whom all tongues and lands were known,
 And yet a lover of his own;
 With many a social virtue graced,
 And yet a friend of solitude:
 A man of such a genial mood
 The heart of all things he embraced,
 And yet of such fastidious taste
 He never found the best too good."

Reminiscences of Longfellow.

By HON. JAMES W. BRADBURY.

Editors Orient:

I HAVE been requested to give some personal reminiscences of my classmate Longfellow for an edition of the ORIENT commemorative of his birthday, but his name has been so long before the public, and so many have given their recollections of him, that I can add little that would be new or interesting to its readers.

I first met him at our examination to enter the Sophomore Class in 1822. He had entered Freshman the year before and studied out, and was present for examination on the studies for the year. We both took rooms out of the college building and on the same street, and often met. I knew him best during his college life.

He was a model scholar, both in scholarship and deportment. While a general reader, he made careful preparation for the recitation-room and did not enter it unprepared. As the curriculum was meager, he, with others, endeavored day by day to be as fully as they could, the master of the lesson and subject in hand. His rank was high.

Without a particle of that affectation of genius that claims to be learned by intuition, he was in college, and ever afterward through life, an industrious student. Always choice in the language with which he clothed

his thoughts, he habitually used that which was appropriate and felicitous. In his intercourse with others he was frank and agreeable and always a gentleman.

At one Junior exhibition a discussion was assigned to Longfellow and myself. The subject was "The respective claims of the two races to this continent." He represented King Philip and Miles Standish.

I spent an evening with him after his return from Europe the first time. He gave me his impressions in regard to the countries he had visited. He said that for a few months' residence France was a most delightful country, the French were so cordial and polite; but he should prefer England for a permanent home to any of them, as the people were more like our own.

While I was crossing Nova Scotia, twenty-five years ago, a gentleman entered the car at the station near the Grand Pré, of whom I inquired where the church stood from which the Acadians were taken and sent into exile by the British authorities. I soon found I had struck a vein of enthusiasm. The man was evidently a descendant from the old Acadian stock. He was soon boiling over with invectives against the English for their cruelty on that occasion and admiration of the happy life of the Acadians. He turned to me and asked if I had ever read Longfellow's "Evangeline." He said it was a truthful description of the old Acadian life—that there was no exaggeration in it.

When I saw Longfellow, soon afterwards, I told him of my interview with his Acadian admirer. He seemed to be amused and pleased, especially with the impression that he had not overdrawn Acadian happy life.

We had great difficulty in getting Longfellow to come to Brunswick and deliver a poem before the alumni on the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his class. When we first applied he said to me that there had been such sad changes—so many of his

friends had died—that he feared to give his consent. By perseverance and the efforts of many we finally succeeded.

The reputation of the illustrious poet called out an immense audience. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, all eager to hear or catch a view of the beloved poet. On his appearance, and repeatedly afterwards whenever there was an opportunity, he was greeted with rapturous applause. Eleven survivors of his class were seated on the stage, with the venerable Professor Packard, their old instructor, at their head. No one who was not present to witness it can realize the impression produced by his pathetic reference to our old teachers, especially his reference to Packard. I will quote a few lines:

"They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.

Turning to the Professor he continued:

Honor and reverence and good repute
That follow faithful service as its fruit
Be unto him whom living we salute."

Offering the vote of thanks of the alumni, I took the liberty to add the thanks also of the college and its friends that the most illustrious American poet had brought the laurels won in the old world and the new and gracefully placed them on the brow of his *Alma Mater*.

The chairman said: "In the republic of letters the ladies vote. Those in favor of the vote will manifest it by rising. The whole audience arose and gave to the poet such an ovation—so cordial, so enthusiastic—as I never witnessed before.

Cheever, the Martin Luther of our class, delivered a very able oration, in which, of course, he found opportunity to thunder against some wrong. I think it was the ill-treatment of the Indians.

In the evening Professor Packard gave a reception, at which great numbers found the opportunity to meet the poet.

The next day we had a class meeting on the campus and agreed to exchange photographs. In a letter I received from Longfellow, accompanying his, he says: "How pleasant, how every way satisfactory our class meeting was. I dreaded it a little beforehand, but there was not an element in it which to me was not agreeable. I would not have missed it on any account. My kind recognition was most gratifying. I shall never forget your friendly words at the close."

Now he "is gone into the land of shadows." But his works remain a more enduring monument than his honored bust in Westminster Abbey, and a name dear not only to those that knew him personally but to the whole literary world.

February 22, 1897.

Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus."

"Once in this place I saw a poet stand,
In all the dignity of age, with hair
White as the foam on Androskoggin's falls;
And heard his silver voice over the hush
More eloquent than noisy plaudits say:
'O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!' While all those who listened knew
Fame had so crowned him that he still would live
When death had done its worst."

SO spoke Mr. Arlo Bates in the prologue to the poem read by him at the centennial celebration of our college in 1894. We may well believe that the younger poet, who brought his own fine gift of song to crown that notable anniversary, cherished, and still cherishes, among the treasures of his memory that picture of the elder bard, surrounded by his few surviving classmates, and reading to them with a voice into which the music of his verse had entered, the wise, and tender, and winged words of "Morituri Salutamus." It is a picture that cannot fade from the memory of any who were permitted to see it.

It is doubtful if there has been any other event of equal interest in the literary annals of the college. He was the greatest poet and the most famous that America had produced; he was read and revered wherever the English tongue was known; he had been honored by the two great universities of the mother country with the highest degree within their gift; and he now returned to his own mother college to offer her the tribute of his loving verse, and to greet tenderly the comrades of his college days, the remnant who, after a half-century of separation, were drawn together by their love for each other and for their common mother. It added to the distinction of the occasion that it was so unusual for Mr. Longfellow to read his poems in public; he shrank from public appearances and ceremonial occasions, and it was a measure of his affection for his classmates and for the college that, for their sakes, he was willing to put his feelings aside and to break the custom of his life.

"In October, 1874," says his brother who is also his biographer, "Mr. Longfellow received a letter from his classmate Benson urging him to prepare a poem for the fiftieth anniversary of the Class of 1825, which would be celebrated the next July. On the same day came a request from over sea that he would get up a subscription here for a statue to Vogelweide, the Minnesinger at Bozen in the Tyrol—two equally difficult things to do," he wrote in his journal. At first he said he could not write the poem; but ten days after he notes that he has finished it." Finished at once, like a work in which his heart was engaged and which he could not delay, even though he might shrink from it! But if it was finished within ten days, it was yet not deemed fit for the tender and sacred associations of the coming anniversary till he had lavished upon it all the resources of his patient and exquisite art.

"Months before he was to deliver it at Bowdoin," says Mr. Henry H. Clark, who was for thirty years the proof-reader of Longfellow's poems at the University Press, "he had it put in type, his penciled copy bearing evidence of many erasures, and looking like some old palimpsest which had been written over and over again. Then in proof he revised it and revised it, and finally had it printed in large, clear type as if for preservation or presentation to his friends.

"I knew how fearful he was that what he was writing would be noised abroad, and I never felt so great anxiety for anything entrusted to my care. With every new proof taken of this poem, Longfellow would require the old one returned, that by no possibility it should be left about where it could be seen or taken away, and we were as careful as those employed in the Printing Bureau of the United States Treasury to return every scrap of proof. In the intervals of waiting I would sometimes look to see that the dust on the type-form had not been disturbed; for I felt more than ever before that it would not only be doing him a great wrong to allow it to get out, but would rob him of the pleasure he had so long contemplated, of coming before his old classmates fresh with the richest treasures of his heart."

The anniversary day of the class on which the poem was to be read was the seventh of July, the day preceding Commencement. Mr. Longfellow came to Brunswick on the fifth and was the guest of Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, a trustee of the college, who, as an undergraduate, had been a pupil of the poet, and was always his friend and admirer. The hospitable home in which he was now a guest had been, when Longfellow himself was a student, the residence of his revered instructor, Professor Parker Cleaveland, the father of Mrs. Chandler. The quickening of old memories amid the scenes

of his college life and, perhaps, the kindly wish to give some expression of his regard to his gracious hostess, prompted him, during those days, to write the fine sonnet on Parker Cleaveland, which, transcribed by his own hand, is now to be seen in the vestibule of the Cleaveland Cabinet in a frame which contains also the photographs of both the author and the subject of the sonnet.

The morning of the seventh was gray and threatening, but, as the forenoon wore on, the clouds thinned and parted and disappeared, and nothing was left to mar the perfection of the anticipated festival. There was already an unusual attendance of alumni, and every incoming train added to their number and to the throng of visitors eager to look upon the face of the distinguished poet and to hear his voice. The procession of graduates from the college chapel to the church was the longest that had been seen for a full generation,—far longer than had ever been seen on any other than Commencement day.

Within the church, after the arrival of the procession, every seat and standing-place was occupied. Upon the platform were seated in a semicircle twelve of the thirteen living members of the class,—Mr. William Hale of Dover, N. H., being the only absent one. With them, at one end of the semicircle, was seated Professor Packard, the only surviving instructor of their college days, and, somewhat apart from the class circle, Dr. Egbert C. Smyth, the president of the alumni association. The man was not to be envied who could look unmoved upon that little company of white-haired classmates who had carried unquenched through a half-century of struggle and achievement the love and loyalty for each other and for their *Alma Mater*, which is one of the most fragrant fruits of college life.

A few introductory words by Dr. Smyth,

a prayer by Rev. John S. C. Abbott, himself a distinguished member of the class,—and Mr. Longfellow stood up to read the poem. No one, probably, would attempt to describe the peculiar impressiveness of that moment,—the thrill of sympathetic sentiment and of reverence that ran through the vast audience as they looked upon the beautiful face of the poet and saw him surrounded by the cherished companions of his youth, and felt, perhaps, that once more—as it has so often been—immortal genius was but the mouth-piece of immortal love.

Audiences have but one way in which to express their welcome, their approval, or their love. Like the trees of the field they clap their hands for joy. Never did the gothic arches of the old church on the hill resound to a heartier or more prolonged tribute of this sort than then. When it ceased, there succeeded a silence absolute, intense, unbroken, except by the quiet, musical voice of the poet, until he had uttered the fine closing couplets of the poem:

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

Then once more silence broke into sound, and the delight and admiration of the listeners expressed themselves in a torrent and tempest of applause. When it subsided the Hon. James W. Bradbury,—who is now the single surviving member of the class, and whose love for the college seems to increase with his years—arose and fittingly voiced the feelings of the great audience in these words: "I rise to ask the alumni to render their thanks to our distinguished classmate, and to propose the grateful thanks of this college and its friends, that the most illustrious poet of America brings laurels so gracefully won in the old world and the new, and so lovingly places them on the brow of his *Alma Mater*."

It is unnecessary, as it is beyond the enforced limits of this article, to speak of the poem itself. It is known and read of all men, and many would say of it, as Dr. Everett said at the poet's funeral, "That marvelous poem, 'Morituri Salutamus,' is perhaps to-day the grandest hymn to age that was ever written."

It is, however, not out of place to add, in closing, a brief extract from a letter written by another member of the class, Rev. David Shepley, concerning the interesting occasion: "How did we exult in his pure character and his splendid reputation! With what delight did we gaze upon his benignant countenance,—with what moistening eyes listen to his words! Just before leaving for our respective homes we gathered in a retired college room for the last time, talked together a half-hour as of old, agreed to exchange photographs, and prayed together; then, going forth under the branches of the old tree, in silence we took each other by the hand and separated, knowing well that Brunswick would not again witness a gathering of the Class of 1825."

HENRY L. CHAPMAN.

Bowdoin Verse.

Hiawatha's Influence.

Clad in robes of richest golden,
Slowly sloped the sun to westward,
Sank upon his couch serenely,
Smiled upon the world benignly,
Smiled from out his hood of crimson,
Smiled on the cold earth beneath him,
Smiled a fond farewell, and parted
To the grateful land of slumbers.

Swift the shades of twilight deepened,
Deepened o'er the shivering landscape,
Deepened till they dimmed the eyesight,
Till the church-vane in the distance
Paled and faded 'mid the shadows.

Then girt for his nightly revels,
 O'er the earth wild swept the northwind;
 Rushing from his rocky caverns,
 From his caverns in the Northland,
 Whirling over field and meadow,
 Rushing through the swaying forest,
 Through the groves of pine trees rushing,
 Through the whispering pines of Bowdoin.
 When a snow-drift blocked his pathway,
 Crouched he on his knees before it,
 Full with wind his cheeks inflated;
 One great puff! and flew the snow-drift
 In a whirlwind up to heaven,
 Flitted by my study window
 Like a phantom in the darkness.

Darker grew the night and wilder;
 Louder blew the northwind, bleaching
 With his frosty breath my window.

Meanwhile, in my cosy study
 Sat I in my cushioned arm-chair,
 Sat before the fire-place, gazing
 On the flaming logs before me.
 Ever as a stronger whirlwind
 Blew the snow against my window,
 Closer I my robe about me
 Drew and stirred the glowing embers.

What if out-of-doors the northwind
 Made the dark night bleak and gloomy?
 All within was warm and cozy;
 All within was peace and comfort.
 Strewed about me on the carpet,
 In the chairs, and on the table,
 Lay my most beloved companions;
 Yes, my most beloved companions:
 For they never talk unbidden,
 Never tell me of my failings,
 Never tell me of my virtues,
 Ne'er reprove me, ne'er commend me,
 But in the most gentle manner;
 Ne'er retort when I abuse them,
 Ne'er admonish or advise me,
 But in the most humble manner;
 Holding up worthy examples,
 Shunning personal allusions,
 So unlike my fellow-beings:
 But in manner most resigned,
 Modestly and unassuming,
 Stay where'er I will to put them,
 Hushed in deep unbroken silence;
 Ever ready at the slightest
 Beckoning to do me service,
 Sympathize with me in sorrow,
 In my gayer moods amuse me,

Speaking to me from all ages,
 From all countries, and all nations,
 Doling forth the very noblest
 Thoughts that have engrossed the human
 Intellect since the creation.
 False may prove the fairest being
 That my mortal hopes can cherish!
 Faithless, every plighted friendship
 From the heated breast extorted!
 No rankling dislikes and hatreds,
 No fatal misunderstandings,
 Shall there ever come between us,
 As betwixt our human friendships;
 Never shall these friends desert me,
 Never till my dying moment.

Thus I sat there in communion
 With my favorite companion,
 With the star and pride of Bowdoin;
 Sat in ecstasy and silence,
 Listening to his playful prattle,
 To the "Song of Hiawatha,"
 Till the music of his metre,
 Till his sweetly flowing cadence,
 Lulled me to the land of slumbers:
 And not e'en loosed in my slumbers
 From the magic spell that bound me,
 Still I heard the flowing verses,
 Still upon my charmed ear-drums
 Fell the poet's closing stanzas
 Like an echo slow receding
 Farther, farther, in the distance,
 Fainter and still fainter sounding,
 Till it died upon the zephyr.

Should you ask me whence these verses,
 Whence these ill-constructed verses,
 I reply, "Read *Hiawatha*,
 Read the *Song of Hiawatha*,
 And I know you will forgive me
 For these ill-constructed verses."

"Near to Nature's Heart."

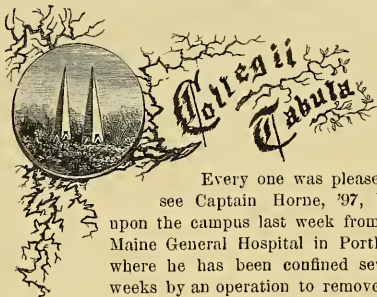
List to the tale of the hill and dale,
 And list to the waves of the sea;
 List you long to the murmuring song
 That the forest sings to me.

When waters glide o'er the mountain side
 And zephyrs kiss the while,
 Enjoy the flash and the gurgle and splash
 From the top of some old stile.

When firesides glow and cold winds blow
 Heed the rush of the flame to the fray,

As it crackles and burns and stolidly spurns
The wind as a vandal away.

Then all the year, since nature's dear,
Your mind will be free from care,
And all the way, by night or by day,
Your heart will be light as the air.



Every one was pleased to see Captain Horne, '97, back upon the campus last week from the Maine General Hospital in Portland, where he has been confined several weeks by an operation to remove the bullet in his leg. The doctors in Portland seem to think that Captain Horne's prospects for again winning laurels on the cinder path are very promising.

Veazie, '99, is ill at his home in Bangor.

Andros, '97, was in New York last week.

Professor Mitchell was in Boston last week.

Trolley car parties are much in vogue nowadays.

Cutler, 1900, has returned from a brief absence.

Lord, '97, was absent from college the past week.

The Sophomores in Logic have debates twice a week.

White, '99, was ill at his home in Lewiston a week ago.

Sturgis, '99, has been out a few days at his home in Augusta.

Russell, '97, has returned from a successful term of teaching.

Orcutt, ex-'99, was on the campus last week visiting friends.

Sturgis, '99, was the guest of Briggs, '99, last week in Pittsfield.

Among the attractions at the Indoor Meet will be a class relay race.

Nearly all the students who have been out teaching have returned.

Marble, '98, and Hutchins, '98, made a pleasure trip to Boston last week.

Blair (special) was at his home in Boothbay Harbor several days last week.

The contract has been made for the renovation of Winthrop and Appleton Halls.

Dutton, '98, went home to preside at the town meeting in North Anson, Mouday.

Hagar, '97, is teaching a large class in dancing in the court room on Wednesday evenings.

Marsh, '99, sprained his ankle recently, and in consequence is hobbling about with a cane.

Preparations for the commencement of the new Maine Central depot are beginning to be made.

Veazie, '99, entertained Sinkinson, '99, and White, '99, while the Glee Club were in Bangor.

Professor Files was confined to the house week before last. Adjourns were given in all his classes.

Mr. Alger V. Currier was unable to meet his classes in drawing last week, on account of illness.

Professor MacDonald was ill last week for two days, and in consequence the classes in history had adjourns.

Many of the students went home Friday before Washington's Birthday, Monday, and enjoyed a brief recess.

Preble, '98, and Jennings, '99, attended the New England Alumni of Delta Upsilon Dinner in Boston, Saturday last.

A hop was given in the court room on Tuesday of last week, with Mrs. R. H. Baxter and Mrs. H. C. Baxter as patronesses.

By the will of the late George F. Godfrey the college received an addition of \$500 to the Henry Prentiss Godfrey Fund.

Briggs, '99, has been at his home in Pittsfield two weeks, in attendance upon the dedication of Powers Hall, Maine Central Institute.

The reading of "Henry V." by Mrs. Isabelle Bellows of Portland was one of the finest entertainments of the season in Memorial Hall.

We clip the following from the *Sheepscot Echo* of Wiscasset:

Our dancing academy is this year under the efficient instruction and management of Mr. William E. Preble of the Junior Class of Bowdoin College and Mr. H. B. Russ of Brunswick, both prominent and very popular young men in dancing circles.

There were thirteen young ladies from Lewiston in attendance upon the second Junior Assembly. White, '97, and White, '99, gave a tea in their honor.

Those who have not paid their last year's athletic subscriptions would confer a favor upon the different managements if they would make haste to settle at once.

The Sophomores have elected Wignott leader of the dumb-bell squad, and Hadlock captain of the '99 athletic team at the Indoor Meet and Exhibition to be holden next month.

Several students will attend the reception and ball to Governor Powers by the people of Lewiston and the Second Regiment Band on Tuesday, March 2d, in City Hall, Lewiston.

Miss Carrie Ruckley, a popular young lady in Brunswick a few years ago, has recently brought suit against a wealthy banker of Gloucester for \$50,000 for breach of promise.

The Bowdoin Glee-Mandolin Club and orchestra furnished music for the dedicatory exercises of the new Powers Hall, at the Maine Central Institute in Pittsfield on Washington's Birthday.

The question discussed at the last meeting of the George Evans Debating Society was "Resolved, that students at Bowdoin should teach at least one term of school during their course in college."

Godfrey, '99, was called home week before last by the serious illness of his father, George F. Godfrey of Bangor, the donor of the Henry Prentiss Godfrey fund for free medical attendance to students. Mr. Godfrey did not rally from his illness, and died soon after.

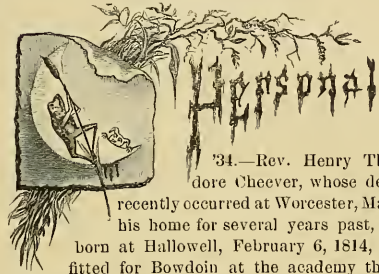
The fourth and last of the Memorial Hall Recitals was given in Memorial Hall, Thursday, February 25th. The music was entirely by English composers. These recitals have been very popular among the students and justly so, for the artists are all of the highest rank.

The Glee-Mandolin Club and Orchestra gave a concert in Bangor, Tuesday night of last week. The young ladies of Bangor tendered the club a reception and tea in the Y. M. C. A. parlors after the concert. Bangor is always an hospitable host to either athletic or musical organizations.

At the annual meeting of the Bowdoin Tennis Association in Memorial Hall last Wednesday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dana, '98, Portland; Vice-President, White, '99, Lewiston; Secretary, Haskell, '99, Westbrook; Third Director, Ives, '98, Portland.

At the meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association, held in Brunswick last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing

year: President, R. H. Tukey, Bates; Vice-President, F. W. Alden, Colby; Secretary, C. A. Pearce, Maine State College; Treasurer, T. L. Pierce, Bowdoin. It was decided to hold the third annual field day of the Association on June 9th, on the Whittier Field at Bowdoin.



Two years after leaving college were passed in Louisiana in travel and teaching. He then entered the Theological Seminary, Bangor, and graduated in 1839, but remained as resident graduate, supplying the Congregational Church in Oldtown. A bronchial affection disabling him from pulpit service, in 1842 he sailed on a voyage to the Pacific, and for three years was correspondent of the New York *Evangelist* from the South Seas and Sandwich Islands. Returning in 1846, he resumed the labors of the pulpit, supplying the Broadway Church, Norwich, Conn., several months, was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Lodi, N. J., in 1847, and the year following was installed over the Chrystie Street Congregational Church, New York, but resigned after a year's service, and then devoted himself for three years to literary labor. During this period he published "The Whale and His Captors," "Island World of the Pacific," "Life in the Sandwich Islands," "Life of Captain Congar," "Memoir of Nathaniel Cheever, M.D.," "Life and Remains of Walter Colton," "Reel in a Bottle for Jack in the Doldrums." He later held several pastorates in New York and vicinity, and published "The Pulpit and the Pew" and "Trials and Triumphs of a Year in the Old Parsonage." In 1861 his health led to a resignation of his charge at Jewett City, and he removed to Worcester, Mass., where, after supplying neighboring pulpits for a time, in 1864 the Summer Street Church was organized through his instrumentality and he was its pastor nine years. He subsequently resided in

Worcester without any charge. Mr. Cheever enlisted in the anti-slavery movement, and in the furtherance of its objects published "Waymarks in the Moral War with Slavery." His wide interest in human life has also led him to champion many other worthy causes. Another of his volumes was a memoir of his brother, the late Dr. George B. Cheever, who was a member of the memorable Class of 1825. In 1857 he married Miss Jane Tyler of Jewett City, and one of the four daughters whom he leaves is the wife of President William J. Tucker, D.D. Mr. Cheever's death took place February 13th.

'57.—Friends of General Charles Hamlin of Bangor have started a movement to secure his appointment as assistant Secretary of War in the new administration.

Ex-'58.—The following letter was recently received by friends of the late General Henry G. Thomas:

638 WEST END AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY, January 27, 1897. }

George A. and Charlotte J. Thomas, Portland:

Dear Friends,—The papers announce the death at Oklahoma City of General Henry G. Thomas. Another brave soldier of the Rebellion has answered the last roll-call and reported for duty in the great army above. It was my pleasure to serve with the General when it took moral as well as physical courage to command colored troops. The Confederacy had issued orders not to treat officers of colored troops as prisoners of war if captured, but to shoot them down. The General was ever gallant, courteous, and loyal, a brave soldier, a staunch friend, who will ever be missed by those who knew him best.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS E. GRANGER.

'60.—John M. Brown has been made by the National House a member of the board of governors of the National Soldiers' Homes in place of George L. Beal, deceased, a joint resolution being passed.

'61.—Major Sidney Michael Finger was born in Lincoln County, N. C., May 24, 1837. As a boy he worked with his father on the farm and in the tannery, and went to such public schools as the neighborhood afforded. At the age of eighteen he entered Catawba College, acting as tutor one year. In 1859 he entered the Junior Class at Bowdoin, graduating in 1861 and receiving A.M. in 1865. He entered the Confederate army and was made quartermaster-sergeant, promoted to captain, and in 1864 to major. At the close of the war he entered the profession of teaching and was associated for nine or ten years with Rev. J. C. Clapp in conducting Catawba College, one of the leading educational institutions of the state. He was an

excellent teacher and manager, and retired from the active work because of ill health in 1874, in which year he was elected by the Democrats of his county to the House of Representatives. He was elected to the Senate in 1876 and re-elected in 1880. After retiring from Catawba College he became interested in cotton manufacturing. In 1884 he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction and was re-elected in 1888. During his term in this office the Agricultural and Mechanical College and the Greensboro Industrial and Normal School were established. Since his retirement from that office in 1893 he has devoted himself to his private affairs. Major Finger was married in early life, his wife surviving him. They had no children. Theirs was an ideal life, and the sympathy of a large circle of friends goes out to the bereaved widow. He was a consistent and influential member of the German Reformed Church, active in all measures of public improvement, a good citizen, and a patriotic Christian man. Apart from his prominence and usefulness as an educator, Major Finger was a leading and influential factor in the business and political life of his section. In all the relations of life he bore himself with dignity and honor.

'61.—One of the most laborious and successful specialists in this country and, for that matter, in the world, is Professor Alpheus Packard, professor of entomology in Brown University. Professor Packard is son of the late professor of Latin and Greek in Bowdoin College, and graduated from Bowdoin in 1861. Professor Packard has just received a letter from a high Russian official, president of the Russian Society of Entomology, announcing his unanimous election as an honorary member of the Entomological Society of Russia. *The Brown Herald* says:

This honor comes as a result of the work published by Professor Packard this year in the *Memoirs of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States*. Professor Packard has received scores of letters from all parts of Europe, during the past few weeks, congratulating him on his great and exhaustive work, which not only reflects great credit upon Brown University, but upon the American nation. Professor Packard's book is entitled "Monograph of the Bombycine Moths of America, North of Mexico, including their Transformations, the Origin of Larval Markings and Armature and the Philogeny of the Lepidoptera." It contains over 250 colored drawings of caterpillars in all their stages, with numerous anatomical details. The colored illustrations were drawn by Mr. Joseph Bridgman (Brown, '67), who is a remarkably beautiful colorist. His skill in drawing these caterpillars is unsurpassed by any one living. The work is closely

allied to the study of the silk-worm in this country. Professor Packard has already collected over 100 views ready for the next volume, which will be followed by a third.

Professor Packard has earned his distinction by indomitable service. His devotion to the study of the insect world began in college 38 years ago. His pursuit of the insect world has been a labor of reverent love and an inquiry of life in all its aspects. As a biologist he stands in the front ranks. The value of his studies to the life of man is recognized everywhere. He is authority on agricultural entomology, and his volume on this subject is a textbook. Professor Packard has followed the clues of Lamarck and Darwin with the microscope, rather than with the telescope, and he has found the macrocosm in the microcosm. Among the scholars that have shed lustre on Maine, Prof. Packard stands foremost. Professor Cleveland of Bowdoin, a pioneer in chemistry, years ago gave great impetus to the scientific method in American colleges. Even in an age of magnificent scientific advances, Prof. Packard's achievements have added lustre to American scholarship. We know of no instance more illustrative of the great rewards of faithful inquiry of Nature than that supplied by Professor Packard's career.

While a great assembly of savants have been knocking at the gates of the celestial, mapping the stars, and in pencils of light, discovering the homogeneous nature of the material universe, Professor Packard has been studying minute forms of life, microscopic catastrophes, survivals, burials, crossings, and other subtle biological data, in the consciousness of the relativity of things and of the revelatory potential of every addition to the store of human knowledge. When the life of Professor Packard shall be written—and late may be that summons in its close—it will supply not only an illustration of glad and great sacrifice to science and knowledge, but a continuous illustration of the alacrity with which Nature pours her secrets into the ear of the painstaking, methodic, and intelligent inquirer. That Bowdoin College should have thus inspired two great naturalists to be up and doing, almost at the dawn of two great departments of scientific inquiry, is not the least of the many services to the country and to the world of our *Alma Mater*, thus certificated, of scientific as well as of classical learning.

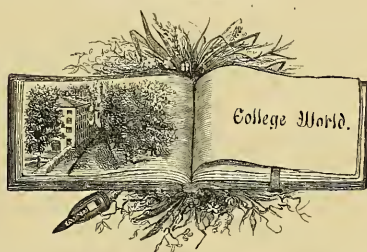
'70.—James A. Roberts, comptroller of the State of New York, has presented the library with a copy of his "A Century in the Comptroller's Office," just published. It is an elegantly bound little volume and printed on heavy paper. There are in it

pictures of the thirty comptrollers. Among the portraits is noticed besides that of Mr. Roberts himself, that of President Millard Fillmore and others more or less familiar in name and face.

Med, '74.—Dr. Albion T. Stinson, a prominent citizen and well-known physician of New Sharon, died Sunday, February 14th, after a painful illness of five weeks. Dr. Stinson was a native of Litchfield. Soon after graduating, he married Miss Anna W. Harris. He moved to New Sharon after practicing a few years at Farmington Falls, and has since enjoyed a large practice there, and taken an active part in all public affairs, always lending his influence to promote the welfare and progress of the town. He was 49 years old.

'88.—The many friends of Dr. Marcena P. Smithwick will be interested to learn of his marriage in New York City on February 3d, to Miss Regnor Nystrom of that city. The couple will reside in Boston. Dr. Smithwick was formerly principal of the Thomaston High School. The *ORIENT* extends congratulations.

'95.—A. G. Wiley was one of the successful teachers in the contest held recently by the *Boston Globe*. Mr. Wiley is principal of the Norway, Maine, High School.



Credit is given for singing in the chapel at the University of Michigan.

A woman's gymnasium, to cost \$50,000, will soon be built at the University of Michigan.

In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland one in 520; in the United States one in 2,000; and in England one in 5,000.

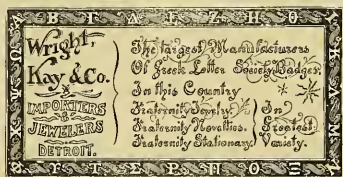
College bred men in the United States number only one-fifth of one per cent., or one in five hundred of the whole population. They have furnished 30 per cent. of our congressmen, 50 per cent. of our senators, 60 per cent. of our presidents, and over 70 per cent. of our supreme court judges.

Johns Hopkins is the only university of any note in the United States that has no college paper.

Thirty-one candidates are competing for the bicycle team which will represent Yale this spring.

The total receipts from the Yale "Prom" amounted to \$6,400, and the expenses, \$5,100.

Calcutta, India, is a great educational center, one of the greatest in the world. It has twenty colleges with 3,000 students, and forty high schools with 2,000 students. In this city there are altogether about 55,000 English-speaking and non-Christian natives.



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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 17, 1897.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 401, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1149, Brunswick, Me.

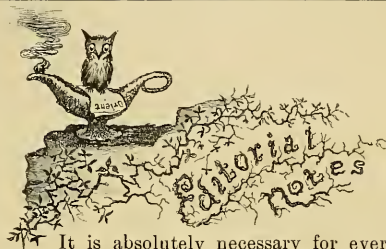
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It is absolutely necessary for every one in college to work with a will if this year's indoor meet is to come up to the high standard set last year. We do not mean by this that good work is not being done, but simply desire to reiterate what has been said many times before, that all and not a few must work in order to carry on college projects. The management has planned for several new features, and those who are in the position to know say that they will add greatly to the evening's entertainment. Each class must enter a large number of men for the events, and the different class squads ought to make the best showing possible for their respective classes. Do not kill the meet by lack of enthusiasm, but let it be recorded as the best ever given by athletes of the old college. Let *success* be our motto and success will crown our efforts.

THE winter term is almost over, and as spring draws on we are once more turning our minds towards base-ball. In spite of the fact that some of the men who occupied positions on last year's team are no longer with us and that these places must be filled by new players, the outlook for a successful season is promising. Under the able leadership of our efficient captain a

large squad of candidates for positions has been taking daily training in the gymnasium, and before many weeks will doubtless be practicing on the field. It is then that we can better judge of the comparative merits of the men. The schedule of games which has been arranged could hardly be more satisfactory, and the manager is to be strongly commended for the efforts he has already made to make the season of '97 a success.

One thing that should be mentioned and heartily endorsed is the scheme of forming a second nine, not only to give the 'varsity practice but to play regular games with outside teams. Some years ago this same plan was worked with great success, and we think it is a move in the right direction that such a thing be done this spring. We shall have, this season, two good fields, thus giving an opportunity for two sets of games, and at the same time avoiding any possibility of interference between 'varsity and other games.

It is of vital importance to the college that our athletic teams shall be of a high order, for in no way is an institution better known among the people at large than by its achievements on the gridiron, the track, and the diamond.

Our foot-ball team last fall made a record of which we are justly proud, and this spring we shall look to the wielders of the stick to see to it that the base-ball pennant shall remain at old Bowdoin, where it belongs.

To make the season the complete success which it shall be, we must one and all take hold and give the team our moral and financial support. We boast much of the "Bowdoin spirit." Let us show it by attending the games and giving the team the encouragement it so much deserves.

WE have just learned that at a recent meeting of the Bowdoin Club of Boston, a resolution was adopted practically con-

demning the movement now being made for chapter houses by the various fraternities here. We fully realize and appreciate the devoted loyalty which the alumni show towards old Bowdoin, and we know they all have the best interests of the college at heart, but we do think that the Boston club, or at least such members as voted in favor of the resolution, are laboring under a misapprehension regarding the true facts in the case.

First, it is maintained that fraternity feeling here is too strong; that there is not enough college spirit, and that the existence of chapter houses would tend still more to divide the college into small cliques, to the detriment of the college itself. In reply to this objection we wish to say that in no small college in the country is there greater loyalty shown to the institution by undergraduates than at Bowdoin. We all place the college first and fraternity second.

In any college where secret societies exist there must in the nature of things be small bodies of students closely bound together by fraternity ties, thus forming cliques, if you wish to call it by that name; but it is only natural that it should be so, and that condition of affairs can never be changed until human nature itself passes through some process of transformation.

The existence of chapter houses will not intensify this society feeling and thereby deaden our college spirit. Where in the country will you find greater loyalty to the college than at Yale? And yet each fraternity there occupies a house of its own. But this is only one example. Take any college in the land where societies exist; take such institutions as Williams, Amherst, Brown, Wesleyan—in fact, almost any college one might mention. Is there any lack of college loyalty there caused by the existence of chapter houses? We think not.

Another objection raised is that the chap-

ter house would interfere with the long-cherished plan of a college commons. A very brief consideration of the matter should dislodge such a mistaken idea. Under present conditions, of course each society would expect to have its eating club at the chapter home, but if a commons were established here we can assure our loyal alumni that all the fraternities would cheerfully give up their clubs and board at the common table. The existence of chapter houses would in no way interfere with the institution of a college commons.

The third objection raised is that chapter houses mean eventually the giving up of the dormitory system, or at least very material damage to that system. The supporters of the resolution passed by the Boston club seem to think that a chapter house is designed to give dormitory accommodations to a whole fraternity. This, so far as we know, is not the idea of any of the fraternities here. The houses are designed to accommodate only six or eight members. There are now seven fraternities here. Suppose that each had a house accommodating eight members. This would make a total of only fifty-six, while there is now a far greater number than this rooming outside the campus. At present only three or four of the fraternities are working for houses, and it certainly will be many years before all the seven possess chapter homes.

Judging from the past few years the college is growing in numbers all the time and is sure to grow much in the future.

Taking all these things, then, into consideration, we cannot see how chapter houses are to interfere with the dormitory system.

This movement in favor of chapter houses has not been undertaken by the undergraduates of the various fraternities without careful consultation with graduate members, and their action has been heartily endorsed by many prominent alumni, some of whom are closely connected with the college. We

think that when the facts in the case are properly laid before our Boston club, the members of that body will come to see the matter in its true light.

THE March *Quill* has appeared and, as usual, has many articles of interest to those who receive this quaint and well-gotten-up magazine. "The Commencement of 1828" contains many very interesting things, and to those who recall the careers of the men mentioned, it will prove a source of much amusement and interest. The three other stories or sketches show much originality, and likewise show that the interest in such productions is being nourished by our new literary monthly. The verse, which seems to be one of our accomplishments, is of excellent quality. The other departments are up to the usual standard, and the number reflects much credit upon the editors. We feel that our contemporary has now made a place for itself, and we would like to add that it has stimulated such an interest in literary work as the college has not seen for a long time. The ORIENT has felt the revival, and a great many contributions have been handed in. We trust that the new feeling that has been awakened will be permanent, and that both papers may go ahead, hand and hand, giving expression to the best thought of the college. The best way to further journalism in Bowdoin is for every student to contribute and subscribe to the two existing publications.

The Violin.

PERHAPS you have read of the love which some feel for a violin; not for its music, I mean, but for its very person; how some have a greater affection for it than they ever could have for a human being. This passion belongs to much the same class as that mania which others have for books aside from their literary value, the

passion for a book simply because it is a book. But the owner of the violin of which I am now thinking, had no such regard for the instrument which he possessed. He had laid it in its shabby case years and years ago; so long ago, in fact, that he very nearly forgot its existence. It was sleeping now in its dark casket, its strings out of tune, its belly filled with dust, and its bridge nearly broken in two. Yet it would take but the skillful tuning of its strings and the magic touch of a musician, to draw from its soul melody sweet as golden streams of sunshine. Poor violin! It was very sad as it rested there, and sometimes thought that its lost lover, for it had had one once, would never, never come to rescue it and bring it forth again into light and life.

Its present possessor knew not one note of music from another, much less did he know of violins in particular. David Gifford, for this was the owner's name, had become the owner of the violin by chance, and not from any great desire on his part for possessing the instrument.

There had been a time, some of the older residents could remember it, when he was the richest man in the town. Then, he owned the largest business house for miles around, and had money so securely invested that his fortune seemed fast doubling itself. Thus in success he had lived a happy, confiding, generous-hearted merchant, ready to do everybody a good turn, and to give a kindly ear to every appeal to his aid. For ten or fifteen years this golden age of his life lasted, and then came the reaction. A few poor investments at first. Then a new competitor in the field, fast winning popular favor. Then a fire, then sickness, some more bad turns to investments, and David Gifford went down the hill, never to arise again. Slowly but surely all his wealth slipped through his fingers as if it had been so much water. Never but once, from the time that

he realized that he was poor, up to his dying day did he ever hope or dream of gaining his lost position. His heart was gone. Poor as the poorest, no rich man in town lived a life of more leisure. But this was not because he was naturally inactive. It was because of the feeling which he had of the utter hopelessness of once more becoming somebody. So he became an object of public sympathy, if not of aid. All the children were accustomed to see his meanly-clad figure on the street, as he stood watching people bustling hither and thither, many of them in search of that which he knew was so fleeting, so transient. If one asked what David Gifford did for a living, he would have been told, "Nothing." But the fact is, that he did make some pretense of earning a living in that detestable business of the book agent. But his trade was never brisk. Occasionally he visited some old friend, a kind-hearted acquaintance, who would help him by buying one of those useless illustrated books of his. But for the last few years of his life, all seemed more or less wearied of him. "Times are hard," they would say, as if they knew more about hard times than he did. But for all his humble position no one could make a grander bow to the ladies whom he knew, no one of whom would disdain to speak to him, and no one was readier to help the sick or watch with them through the long nights.

But I am wandering from my violin, and have omitted to tell how it fell in David Gifford's hands. It was way back in the days of his prosperity, a bright, sunshiny morning, when he felt good-will toward everything and everybody. As he was about to rise from the breakfast table, he saw, entering the yard, a poor, miserable-looking fellow, carrying a violin-case in his hand. At the rap on the door, David went himself to see what the man wanted. A moment's talk assured him that the fellow was in

actual distress and really needed the money, or "a loan," as he expressed it, which he sought. "And what security will you give me that you will, sometime, pay me back this money?" said David, intending to give him the five dollars he begged for, anyway. The fellow thought a moment, then said slowly: "Dis. But how longa cann'a have to redeem?" "Oh, five years," David answered, not caring whether the fellow returned or not. Then he took the violin out of its case, looked at it a moment and then put it away. The fellow did not appear, and the violin followed David to his humble quarters, whither he was obliged to move in the course of time, but he had not even thought of the violin a half-dozen times, until one winter, when its existence was called to his attention in the following manner:

He was cutting down his expenses in every way in which he was able, for this season bid fair to be as hard for him as any through which he had yet passed. Lately he had tried to sell everything of his which he could possibly do without. There was no pawn shop, and so not much money could be raised by his second-hand business. Winter was coming on rapidly. The cold wind whistled and shook the window-casings of his little chamber, and the only fire was a tiny blaze of the scraps of wood which he had been able to gather here and there, and its little heat barely made up for the amount of cold that poured down the chimney and nearly extinguished the flickering flame. Christmas time was come, but the fashionable book-store keeper was the man who was reaping the harvest now, and naught save despair and the poor-house stared David Gifford in the face.

He was pondering over his misfortunes that gray winter afternoon, as night was shutting down and the room getting quite dark in the dusk. He was wondering what was to become of him finally, and when it

was all going to end, when a quick step on the stair told him that something unusual was going to take place, that he was going to have a visitor.

A rap on the door, and the caller, commanded to enter, came in. He was from every appearance a gentleman of wealth, of culture. Without any delay he stated at once the object of his visit. He had heard that the gentleman whom he had the honor of addressing, was the owner of a very valuable violin; a Stradivarius, in fact. He had come, to make the matter brief, "to see about the chance of purchasing it."

"A violin, a violin?" said David Gifford. "Yes, yes. But a Stradivarius? I know nothing of that." And then he went to a murky-looking closet and took down from its upper shelf the musty old violin-case, and brought forth the dusty instrument. He wiped off the dirt and then placed it in the hand of the stranger, whose eyes sparkled with delight as he held it. The string or two still remaining were quickly put into something like tune, and the first notes told the connoisseur that he had not made his call in vain, but that here was indeed an original Stradivarius of the best type. He put the violin back with something almost like tenderness, and said to David:

"Speaking frankly, I know that you are in hard circumstances; that you would be glad of ready money. I know, furthermore, that which you evidently did not, that your violin here is of great value. Now for that instrument, if you will hold it for me until a week from to-morrow, Tuesday, night at one o'clock, an inconvenient hour but the only one my train gives me in town, I will pay you cash down three thousand five hundred dollars. Is it a bargain?"

Is it a bargain? David Gifford sat speechless. Three thousand five hundred dollars! Why, five minutes ago he'd have sold it for fifty cents if he had been offered that for it,

and he mumbled as much to himself. "I wish to use you fairly," said the stranger, "and congratulate myself as fortunate in being the first bidder." With that he bowed himself out of the room, and then his footsteps sounded on the stairs and died away as he reached the street.

As for poor old David, he sat there bewildered, but not delighted, for he was so dazed that he could scarcely believe his senses. The evening wore on, yet he stirred not. The cold air was coming in, yet he roused not the fire. At last, as ten o'clock came, he locked the door, and laid himself down on the old hair-cloth sofa to sleep.

The next morning the whole scene was vivid in his mind, and the flood of hope, which was beginning to fill his heart at the chance of recovered property, made him feel young again. But he told his joyous secret to no one. He cherished it alone like a dear child. So impatient was he that it seemed as though the week would never pass, but day after day rolled slowly by until the looked-for Tuesday was at hand.

So nervous was he all that day that he must have walked miles, just in pacing his small chamber. In a feverish anticipation he remained indoors all day, and yet now that the time of his happiness seemed so near, a strange, inexplicable dread began to take hold of him. He tried to shake it off, but it clung to him. He tried to think of other things, but still it haunted him, and yet he could not have told what it was of which he was afraid. Six o'clock rang out from the clock-tower. He would have no supper. He had eaten nothing all day. No, he would wait and feast like a king on the morrow. He would do nothing but wait. So the hours passed by. Nine o'clock came; and ten, and then the bell pealed eleven times. He was in a paroxysm of excitement now. His hands shook like aspen leaves and his face was pale as death for fear of—, for fear of what?

He did not know. His breath came short and quick, and his brain was in a whirl. Oh, how long the hours seemed, and two more must pass before the stranger had agreed to come. And what if he should not come at all? Suppose that something else should happen to ruin all! What if it had been all a dream? Thus poor old David was thinking, and then a sound—'twas only the clock striking again, twelve o'clock this time. No, it was more than that he heard. It was the sound of some one groping their way up the dark stair-case. Was it the stranger, an hour before his time? No, it was not energetic enough for him. Hark! A knock! Such a knock! So feeble that it would have passed unnoticed had not the footsteps preceding it been heard.

The visitor slowly opened the door of his own accord, and shambled into the room. He was old and wan, grey and withered. David Gifford stood with dismay and despair written in every feature of his face, as the old man approached him, holding in his outstretched hand a much worn and soiled bill which he held out, mumbling, "Ma feedle, ma feedle. Fifty years ago the morrow I lose ma feedle. Now give me. Give me."

Mechanically David Gifford took the money from his hand and pointed silently to the case, open upon the hearth. Without another word from either, the odd figure stumbled out of the room and was lost in the darkness.

At five minutes of one the violin connoisseur, faithful to his appointment, hastened up to Gifford's room, and rapped sharply upon the door. But no answer. Again he rapped. Still no reply. Then, thinking that perhaps the old man had gone to sleep while waiting for him, he pushed open the door. The room would have been entirely dark save for a few smouldering embers, which gave just enough light to tell that they were not yet gone out. The connoisseur peered

about in the darkness, and was about to go out, deciding that the place was deserted, when he nearly fell over something lying upon the floor. He bent down and saw in the dim light the prostrate form of David Gifford, a five-dollar bill grasped tight in his hand, stark dead.

A Spinster's Surprise.

A FEW summers ago, a party of ten or twelve young people, including the writer, went on a trip through the White Mountains. The chaperons were two maiden ladies, sisters, of indefinite age, one of whom, the younger I believe, was very fond of telling jokes on herself. One day at Fabyans, while a few of us were spending the afternoon on the hotel piazza, she told us the following story. It seems that the adventure had befallen her only a year before, at Intervale.

In the woods near this place, there lives an old man with only a bear and a few cats and dogs for company. He earns quite a little by making mountain-sticks, which he sells to summer visitors who venture out to his den. He also gets many a dime for exhibiting his bear, and by swallowing, or pretending to swallow, the snakes and toads caught by his pets.

While strolling in the woods near the hotel one morning, Miss Prentiss, our chaperon, had come upon the old man whittling boughs off a small tree he had just cut down. His appearance was so uncouth that Miss Prentiss was somewhat startled until she recognized "old John." Then, however, with a familiarity learned from her companions on visits to his camp, she approached him with "Good morning, John," and endeavored to open a conversation with him while she gathered a few "tiger lilies." But old John kept on whittling, and would only answer with an occasional monosyllable until he had finished peeling his stick. Then he threw it upon a

pile of rods he had cut, closed his knife, and observed that it was "powerful hot." Miss Prentiss agreed that it was. The old man took off his straw hat and twirled it between his hands.

"Wasn't you out to my place two or three times?" he asked as Miss Prentiss gathered up her treasures and turned to go.

"Yes, I've been there with some young folks, several times. You have a tremendous bear, haven't you?"

"Oh, he ain't nothing but a cub, yet; he'll be big though, soon. D'ye like mushrooms?" He took one from his pocket and offered her.

"Thanks, John, but I don't care for them," she answered.

The old man seemed disappointed. "Ever eat any frogs' legs?" he asked.

Miss Prentiss shivered. "I should hope not."

"Some of the city folks is crazy for 'em," remarked John. "You do like flowers, don't ye?" he asked with a smile. "I know where there's some brakes—you call 'em ferns. Shain't I get you some?" He had at last touched a responsive chord. Miss Prentiss did love flowers.

"Oh, show me where they are—if it isn't too far!" she cried.

Old John picked up his rods and started off. "It's only a little ways," he explained. "There they be." He stopped and indicated a large bed of ferns with his hand. "Think they're pretty?"

Miss Prentiss was delighted, and fell to picking them. Old John sat down on a mossy bank near by and watched her.

"You're an unmarried woman, ain't ye?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes!" Miss Prentiss gasped.

"Um. Wall—never thought about getting married, did ye?"

"I must go home now." Miss Prentiss rose suddenly from her knees, upsetting all

her ferns. "It's dinner time." She shook her dress impatiently.

The old man gazed at her with undisguised wonder. "Wall, miss, if ye hain't, I wish ye would. I need a wife, now, I'm getting old"—he began to pick up her scattered ferns—"and begin to feel sort of lonesome."

Miss Prentiss, as she herself admits, was at a loss for a reply. As old John handed up her flowers, an inspiration came.

"Thanks, John, for the ferns, and—well, I'm sure I feel greatly honored—that is, if I understand you want me to—I mean, if you want to marry me, but I can't possibly tell you now. I've got a very—a very dear gentleman friend in town who wouldn't like for me to do anything so unusual—that is, like that—without his knowing about it. Good-bye, John."

"Good-bye, miss," he answered, holding out his hand, "no harm done, I hope; and, miss, won't you try to get me a wife if you don't want to get married yourself?"

"Good-bye, John." Miss Prentiss touched his hand and fled. At the turning of the path she stopped, out of breath, and looked back. She saw old John leaning against a tree, with an injured expression on his face. He waved his hat to her, shouldered his rods, and turned towards home.

"Good-bye, miss," he called back. "Don't forget. Tell 'em I've got a hundred dollars!"

Bowdoin Verse.

Bereft.

Rock, rock, rock, the little cradle went,
As over it the youthful mother bent;
Tick, tick, tick, the mantel clock sent,
Telling that the night was nearly spent.

Waiting for the one she loved in youth,
Dreading to believe the solemn truth;
Hoping that he would reform his ways,
And love her as he did in other days.

Ne'er again his footsteps would she hear;
Never know the child its father dear.
Death had claimed her lover evermore,
His star of life had set to shine on other shores.

Baby Ruth R—.

There's a happy little maiden
Whom I know, of tender grace;
Baby hands held out entreating,
And her upturned little face
Gently draw caress and kisses,
Warm, but not too tight, embrace.

As her blue eyes full of wonder
Gaze on everything she sees,
And when all things suit her pleasure,
Perched upon her papa's knees,
Then she laughs, as words might tell it,
"Who finds pleasures such as these?"

Sweet her voice as angel music,
'Tis a tune I love to hear;
Fairy queen, the little maiden
Rules with happy sound the ear,
While she prattles, prattles, prattles,
All day long, the baby dear.

In her fairy avocation
When she pours the liquid sound,
Made in Heaven and duly blessed,
In the ears of all around,
All agree at once in saying,
Better baby ne'er was found.

Barcarolle.

[From the French.]

Tell me, sweetheart, please,
Where o'er the dark-blue seas
Thy soul doth long to go.
Now doth the snow-white sail
Its wing spread to the gale,
The rising gale that doth so gently blow.

Of ivory as white as milk
The oar is made, the sail of silk.
A helm of gold shall my guiding hands
employ.
An orange for ballast will I bring,
For a sail an angel's snow-white wing,
And behold! a seraph shall be my cabin boy.

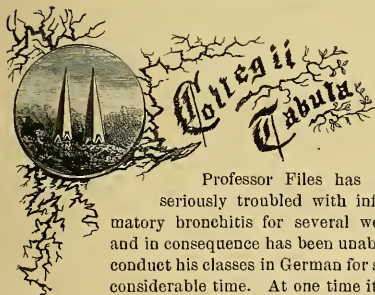
Tell me, sweetheart, please,
Where o'er the dark-blue seas
Thy soul doth long to go.

Now doth the snow-white sail
Its wing spread to the gale,
The rising gale that doth so gently blow.

Where, sweetheart, wouldst thou go with me,
To the Baltic or Pacific sea,
In Java's sea-girt isle to make thy bower?
Or wouldst pluck with thy dainty hands
The snow-flower in Norwegian lands,
Or cherishest thou more the Angsoka flower?

Tell me, sweetheart, please,
Where o'er the dark-blue seas
Thy soul doth long to go.
Now doth the snow-white sail
Its wing spread to the gale,
The rising gale that doth so gently blow.

O lead me, quoth the dainty belle,
Unto the faithful stream, where dwell
In everlasting bliss all faithful lovers.
The banks of that strange river, dear,
Seldom to mortal gaze appear.
There dwell the Cupids, there sweet Venus
hovers.



Professor Files has been seriously troubled with inflammatory bronchitis for several weeks, and in consequence has been unable to conduct his classes in German for some considerable time. At one time it was feared that the trouble would have a permanent effect upon his speech, but fortunately the fears were groundless.

Morse, '97, was in New York last week.

Fairbanks, '95, was visiting friends over Sunday on the campus.

Stetson, '98, spent the Sabbath in Lewiston, the guest of Pennell, '98.

An informal dance was held in the gymnasium by the Seniors, last week.

An order was given to Wright & Ditson for the base-ball uniforms during Pendleton's last stop.

It is definitely settled that the '98 *Bugle* will make its appearance the first week of next term.

Professor Mitchell went to Hebron Academy last Saturday and addressed the students on Sunday.

Lord, '95, Quimby, '95, Ridley, '95, Minot, '96, Libby, '96, Leighton, '96, were on the campus last week.

Joe Pendleton, '90, representing Wright & Ditson of Boston, was on the campus several days recently.

The interest in debating is on the increase with the Sophomores at least. There is some hopes of having a course in debating as an elective next term, to compete with the course in Botany and Astronomy.

A few of the students hailing from Bangor went home to participate in the municipal election. Dr. Daniel A. Robinson, one of the prominent candidates for mayor, is a brother of Bowdoin's Professor, F. C. Robinson.

Varney, '98, has returned to college after a very successful term of school. Before returning, however, he made a visit to friends in Philadelphia and Haverford College, which he left but a short time ago to enter Bowdoin.

Professor Johnson entertained the Junior Class at his residence on Friday evening last. Professor Chapman read selections from the writings of Jane Barlowe. The evening was one of the pleasantest social events of the season.

Professors Hutchins and Robinson delivered their famous lecture on the X-ray at the Searles Science Building, Saturday evening, March 6th. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Saturday Club of Brunswick, and a large and appreciative audience was present.

A semi-public debate will be given next week by the two divisions of the Sophomore Class in Logic. The subject to be discussed is the good old theme of Protection vs. Free Trade. The disputants for Protection are Marsh, Cram, and Woodbury; for Free Trade, Rollins, Philoon, and Glidden.

The third and last Junior Assembly of the winter term was given in Town Hall on Tuesday last. The Bowdoin College orchestra furnished excellent music for the dancing. The Juniors this year are indeed to be congratulated upon their assemblies, which have not been surpassed since the custom began.

The Glee and Mandolin-Guitar clubs, together with the Orchestra, will give a concert and ball in Lewiston, Friday night. There will probably be a

large number of students go up to attend. Lewiston is one of the most loyal Bowdoin towns in Maine.

At the annual business meeting of the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association, held in No. 3 Memorial Hall, March 6th, it was voted among other things, to hold the next field day of the association on the Whittier Field, June 9th. There will be representatives from thirteen schools present.

The schedule of games arranged by Manager Baxter is as follows:

Date.	Team.	Place.
April 17,	Murphy Balsams,	Brunswick.
" 22,	Portland,	Portland.
" 24,	Andover,	Andover.
" 28,	Portland,	Brunswick.
May 1,	New Hampshire College,	"
" 5,	Maine State College,	Orono.
" 8,	Boston College,	Brunswick.
" 12,	Colby,	"
" 15,	Amherst,	Amherst.
" 17,	Dartmouth,	Hanover.
" 18,	Dartmouth,	"
" 22,	Exeter,	Brunswick.
" 26,	Bates,	"
" 29,	Colby,	Waterville.
" 31,	Harvard College,	Brunswick.
June 2,	Tufts,	"
" 5,	Maine State College,	"
" 9,	Bates,	Lewiston.
SECOND NINE.		
April 24,	Lewiston High School,	Brunswick.
May 5,	Edward Little High School.	"
" 15,	Hebron Academy,	"
" 19,	Westbrook Seminary,	"
" 29,	Kent's Hill Seminary,	"

The number of books taken from the library during February, notwithstanding the shortness of the month, surpassed all previous records in the history of the library. It was 1,149. On one single day 169 books were charged. The figures so far for this year indicate a much greater interest in general reading than has before existed.

The Annual Indoor Meet of the B. C. A. A. will be held in Town Hall next Monday. There will be the usual athletic events, and in addition a class relay race, which promises to prove a very interesting and exciting race. Each class has selected its eight smartest sprinters, who will attempt to carry the flag of their class to its destination in the shortest possible time.

Forty members attended the annual meeting of the Bowdoin College Club at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, Saturday night. Dr. A. S. Whitmore, '75, was elected President, and George S.

Berry, Secretary. Matters pertaining to college interests were discussed. Oliver Crocker Stevens, '76, gave a short smoke talk; a vote of thanks was given to the retiring President, Hon. Edwin U. Curtis.

The concert given by the Ollie Torbett Company in benefit of Bowdoin athletics, March 11th, was very poorly attended. The concert was very good. The programme was as follows:

Miss Ollie Torbett,	Violinist,
Miss Lucie E. Mawson, . . .	Pianist,
and the Lutteman Quintette, from Stockholm, Sweden.	
First Tenors—	First Bass—
F. Erikson, C. Froholm.	E. Schill.
Second Tenor—	Second Bass—
C. Smith.	G. Kindlundh.
I.	
Swedish Student Song.—Bellman.	
The Lutteman Quintette.	
Piano Solo—Caprice Espagnole.—Chaminade.	
Miss Lucie E. Mawson.	
Serenade.—Ahlstrom.	
Polka.—Wahlin.	
The Lutteman Quintette.	
Violin Solo—Scene de Ballet.—De Beriot.	
Miss Ollie Torbett.	
Bass Solo—Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep—arr. by	
Moquist.	
Mr. G. Kindlundh and the Lutteman Quintette.	
II.	
Piano Solo—Witches' Dance.—MacDowell.	
Miss Lucie E. Mawson.	
Tenor Solo, with Violin Obligato—Serenade.—Schubert.	
Miss Ollie Torbett and Mr. C. Froholm.	
A Peasant Wedding.—Sodderman.	
(a.)—March.	(c.)—Congratulation.
(b.)—In the church.	(d.)—In the bridal house.
The Lutteman Quintette.	
Violin Solo—Polka de Concert.—Arditi.	
Miss Ollie Torbett.	
Kerry Dance—arr. by Shattuck.	
Folk Song, with Tenor Solo—arr. by Edgren.	
Mr. F. Erickson and the Lutteman Quintette.	

The ORIENT election will be held to-day, to fill the places made vacant by the Senior Class. There will be four vacancies in the literary board and the business managership. After the election of the new men an editor-in-chief, assistant editor-in-chief, and business manager will be chosen from the board. The banquet tendered by the retiring board to the incoming board will probably be given next week.

At a meeting of the Maine Interscholastic Tennis Association, held in the Bates chapel at Lewiston, March 6th, the following colleges were represented: Maine State College, Bates, and Bowdoin. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, T. L. Pierce, Colby; Vice-President, C. E. Milliken, Bates; Secretary, J. F. Dana,

Bowdoin; Treasurer, W. L. Ellis, Maine State. It was voted to hold the next tournament in Portland, June 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th.

Godfrey, '99, has made another notch in the strength record. He now stands second to Lovering, '97, of Harvard, Godfrey's test made last Friday showing a total strength of 1,569. His leg-lift was the most wonderful, 690 kilograms or 1,521 pounds. He pulled up but 18 times, and dipped but 33 times, neither of which equals his first test taken in the fall of 1895. This last test was mostly to try his leg-strength. Later, Mr. Godfrey intends to take a thorough examination without the hurry of the last one, which was finished inside of fifteen minutes.

The "Merry Noblemen," the music of which was written by Frank Callahan, who last year so successfully conducted our amateur opera, was given before a good house in Town Hall, Brunswick, March 9th. In the cast were several students of Bowdoin. Dr. Merrill (Med.), Holmes, '97, Sinkinson, '99, Willard, 1900, and Farrell, 1900, took parts of minor importance, while Coggan, '97, played one of the star parts with more than ordinary power. His old soldier who could find no listeners for his ever brave recitals of his glorious deeds in the war, was very real indeed. An informal dance was given by Mr. Callahan after the performance.

Y. M. C. A.

The mid-week meeting of February 11th was led by Merrill, '99.

No meeting was held on Sunday, February 14th, on account of so many students being at home on the occasion of Lincoln's birthday.

The Thursday meeting of February 18th was conducted by Rhodes, '97.

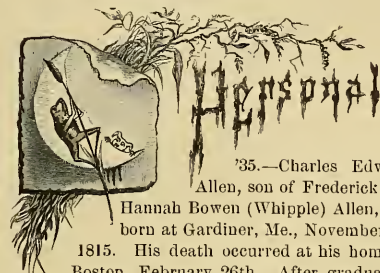
Rev. J. W. Thomas of the Freewill Baptist Church addressed the students in Y. M. C. A. on Sunday, February 21st. Mr. Thomas's talk was extremely interesting and instructive, and his audience was large and appreciative.

The mid-week meeting of February 25th was led by C. S. Bragdon. His talk was very practical and well worthy of a larger audience.

The Sunday meeting of February 28th was conducted by President Laycock, '98. The singing, which was made a special feature of the meeting, was joined in and much enjoyed by all.

Poor, '99, conducted the mid-week meeting of March 4th.

The Sunday meeting of March 7th was led by Haines, '97.



'35.—Charles Edward Allen, son of Frederick and Hannah Bowen (Whipple) Allen, was born at Gardiner, Me., November 20, 1815. His death occurred at his home in Boston, February 26th. After graduating at Bowdoin in the Class of '35 he studied law at Gardiner under his father, who stood high in the legal profession. He then continued his law studies in the office of Judge Appleton in Bangor, and was admitted to the bar in Augusta, where he practiced for a time. Later he removed to Boston and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1846. Since that time he has lived and practiced law in Boston. He was never married. The collection of geological and mineralogical specimens belonging to Mr. Allen's mother, Mrs. Frederick Allen, an enthusiast in geology and mineralogy, was presented to the college by her daughter, Mrs. Margaret A. Elton. This collection embraces more than one thousand specimens, including specimens of lava from Mount Etna, a valuable map of Mount Etna, fossils received from Sir Charles Lyell, and other specimens from many eminent American mineralogists and geologists, together with the rich collection from the tertiary formation in Gardiner, which Mrs. Allen was the first to discover.

'60.—It is understood that President McKinley has decided to appoint William W. Thomas of Portland, Me., minister to Sweden and Norway. General Thomas has served twice under former Republican administrations as the diplomatic representative of the United States at Stockholm. His wife is a native of Sweden.

'69.—The *Detroit Free Press*, in its sketches of Michigan college presidents, has the following reference to a man well known in this state:

"Hon. George F. Mosher, president of Hillsdale College, was born at South China, Me. He passed his boyhood days upon a farm, where he early

developed an ardent inclination for books. His parents determined that he should receive a thorough and liberal education as the schools of the country then afforded, and so, after having finished the work of the rural school, he was prepared for college at the New Hampton Classical Institute, New Hampton, N. H. While at this institute he won several honors, and was easily the foremost among his classmates. Later he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated with the Class of '69. Upon graduation, he was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Before graduation, President Mosher became interested in educational matters, having taught at South China, Me., in 1862-63 and 1864-65. He also taught at the seminary in Northwoods, N. H., and later at Bluehill, Me.

"For several years, from 1869 to 1881, newspaper work was pursued, President Mosher acting as assistant editor, and later as editor of the *Morning Star*, which was published at Dover, N. H., and afterward removed to Boston, Mass. From 1877 to 1879, President Mosher was a member of the New Hampshire legislature, and the deep interest he always manifested toward educational matters was recognized in his appointment to the chairmanship of the committee on the state normal school during the period of his service as a legislator. While Blaine was Secretary of State in Garfield's cabinet, President Mosher was appointed as United States consul to Nice, France, and later was made consul at Sonneburg, Germany. During this time he made a careful study of economics as applied to European countries and furnished a large amount of very timely and valuable information to the Department of State. While abroad he traveled in nearly every country of Europe, studying people, countries, art, architecture, and everything which has tended toward the advancement of humanity.

"The same care, painstaking, and exactness which characterized President Mosher's work as a student, editor, and legislator, was imprinted on his consular work. Upon a change of administration and his retirement from the consular service he received a call to the presidency of Hillsdale College. Since his connection with the institution in an official capacity its growth has been very marked, and a source of no inconsiderable gratification to all.

"Many improvements within the college proper have taken place, among which may be mentioned a new steam heating system, a new and extensive system of water supply, new and modernized laboratories. The teaching force has been increased and the curriculum has been strengthened by the

introduction of new courses and a liberal use of the elective system in the junior and senior years. The campus has been beautified by the grading of one of the best athletic fields in the state and the ample provision for all out-of-door athletics, by the placing of different class monuments in the form of beautiful conglomerates, and a graceful fountain. And, last of all, the dedication in the "Y" of the fine memorial monument, erected to commemorate the splendid sacrifice made by Hillsdale College students during the war.

"During the past decade the endowment of the college has almost doubled in amount. The Worthing Divinity School has been partly endowed, and now a strong movement is on foot for the collection of funds for a new science hall, as well as a new library and Christian Association building.

"Ever since President Mosher became the head of affairs at Hillsdale, a spirit of progress has been everywhere apparent. His broad-mindedness has been clearly manifest in his executive capacity. The old methods of student government have been relegated to the past ages to which they rightfully belong, and a just common sense has dictated in these matters. Every student is considered as a gentleman or lady, and treated as such until he has proven himself unworthy to be thus considered. The perfectness of the system has been proven in its working at Hillsdale.

"Because of his deep sympathy for the work in which he is engaged, he has effectively harmonized the workings of all the different departments of the college, the Faculty are unified in their action, and the sincere respect which the student body bears to President Mosher is conclusive proof of his popularity among them. In all that pertains to the welfare of the college, President Mosher is wide-awake and active. As a teacher he is comprehensive and thorough, as an executive he is careful and just, as a counselor he is wise and reliable, as a friend to the student he is sympathetic and kind. He always listens to the requests of students, if those requests are reasonable, and seldom fails to adjust the question at hand in a satisfactory manner.

Beside doing the regular work which is inherent in the office of a college president, President Mosher often speaks and lectures on various subjects. He exemplifies well the proposition that a teacher, above all others, should be in touch and harmony with the progress of every-day life. His public life in politics won for him many friends, and his work as an educator has enshrined him in the hearts of a large number of grateful and loyal students. What-

ever good fortune or changing circumstances may come to the college, it is the sincere wish of all that he may still for many years govern the institution as wisely and well as he has in the decade of his connection with it."

'91.—A novel and noteworthy exhibition was given at the Lyman Gymnasium of Brown University, when almost 900 students appeared on the floor of the gymnasium and demonstrated the physical results of the system of physical training at Brown. The exhibition was witnessed by men and women connected with the departments of physical culture in other colleges and schools. The success which physical training has met at Brown is due, in a large measure, to the work of the director, Fred E. Parker. Mr. Parker graduated from Bowdoin College in 1891. While in college he was captain and stroke of the eight for two years, and captain of the class crew four years. He played left guard on the eleven four years, won the college record for hammer throw and shot put, and held the championship of the college in boxing and in wrestling. Besides this record in athletics, he stood well up in the first division of his class. He is a graduate of the summer school for physical training at Harvard. Next fall Mr. Parker may take his degree of M.D. at Dartmouth. With these qualifications Mr. Parker has shown himself eminently fitted for the position of director.

'93.—Clarence W. Peabody was elected a member of the Portland School Board at the recent municipal election.

'94.—The Dover Congregational church voted unanimously to extend a call to Rev. Norman McKinnon. Mr. McKinnon was hired for a year and has already served eight months, giving excellent satisfaction.

The requirements of Johns Hopkins University have been so high that but 784 of 2,976 students have obtained degrees.

The Carlisle Indians are to make a spring baseball trip, and are negotiating for games with the national league teams.

The following is a list of the captains of the principal college track teams for this year: Harvard, W. H. Vincent; Yale, S. K. Gerard; Princeton, Robert Garrett; Cornell, F. F. Fennell; Brown, D. F. O'Brien; Georgetown, B. J. Wefers; Williams, W. B. Bliss; Columbia, S. H. Bijus; University of Pennsylvania, J. D. Winsor.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF KAPPA CHAPTER, }
PSI UPSILON. }

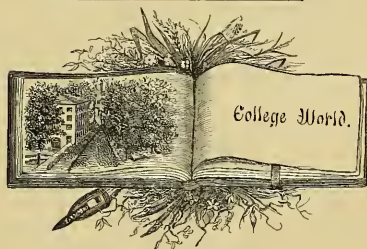
Whereas, God, in his infinite mercy, has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Sidney Michael Finger, of the Class of '61; be it

Resolved, That the Psi Upsilon Fraternity meets with a great loss in being separated from one who was pre-eminent for his high character and integrity; be it

Resolved, That the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the Fraternity be extended to the bereaved family; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the family of our late brother and one to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

FRANK JACKSON SMALL,
JOHN FESSENDEN DANA,
WALTER STIMPSON MUNDY KELLEY,
Committee for the Chapter.



THE LITERARY CHAT.

A young man in a parlor sat,
The light was burning dim;
A sweet young lady sat there too,
And she was close to him.

He talked of college ways and works,
And all such weighty things,
Of how he only read good books,
Such blessings college brings.

But while he talked of liter'ture
She of the papers spoke,
Of how she read them ev'ry day,
And many lines could quote.

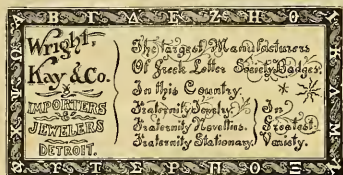
Innocently he asked of her,
Which one she liked the best.
She, smiling, said, in coaxing tones:
"The Daily Evening Press."

—The Adelbert.

The *Yale Epitome*, a new periodical, has appeared. It is to be an annual, and deals solely with college publications, aiming to reprint representative articles from each.

The editor-in-chief of *The Lantern*, the organ of the State University of Ohio, has been expelled from that institution on account of an editorial censuring the members of the Faculty for non-attendance at chapel exercises.

Representatives of ninety-nine different colleges are now taking post-graduate courses at Yale.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVI.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 31, 1897.

No. 17.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

R. S. HAGAR, '97, Editor-in-Chief.

P. P. BAXTER, '98, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

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Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

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The new ORIENT Board has organized as follows:

P. P. BAXTER, '98, Editor-in-Chief.

R. L. MARSTON, '99,

Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

W. H. CRAFTS, 1900, Business Manager.

T. L. MARBLE, '98, } Personals.
H. F. DANA, '99, }

F. R. MARSH, '99, } Collegii Tabula.
J. P. WEBBER, 1900, }

—, College World.

B. S. PHILOON, '99, Athletics.

THE time has come for us to lay aside the cares and responsibilities of the college paper, and we feel as though we were about to lose an old friend who has been a constant companion for a year. We wish to express our thanks to the associate editors and to those who have so kindly contributed during the year. In every case the co-operation has been hearty and our work has been considerably lessened by the uniform promptness shown. Several of the departments have been enlarged, and we feel that the standard of the paper has not suffered during the last few months.

We extend our best wishes to the new editorial board, for, although the election was an unfortunate affair, we know that the

paper will still live and play its part in college life. We have tried during the past year to present things as they have occurred, and whenever sides have been taken it has been after due deliberation. The ORIENT is the property of the whole student body, and it should be managed and carried on as the college wishes. If changes are to be made during the next year the whole college should be consulted, as it is the college that is to carry the responsibility of the publication. Because the paper does not always meet your approval you should not give expression to your dissatisfaction; just remember that there are several who try to express the sentiments of the college impartially, and if failures are made it is not on account of the lack of desire but of inadequate ability to present the different matters intelligently. We trust the XXVI. Volume will not be called a weak one—that the ORIENT is still a representative paper.

SO many inquiries have been made since the recent election to fill the vacancies on the ORIENT Board that some statement seems necessary in order to let all know just how matters stand.

The custom has always been to elect those men who have shown an honest endeavor to become members of the board by handing in literary parts to a considerable number. This year several members who had a voice in the meeting thought the old method a poor one, and accordingly, by means considered most dishonorable and unworthy, proceeded to run the meeting by a clear-cut deal, and finished the disgraceful affair by electing two men who were hardly eligible. To show that this statement is a true one it has been considered best to give a list of those who were the ones entitled to places: H. H. Webster, '99, handed in nine articles; O. D. Smith, '98, seven articles; E. B. Holmes, 1900, five articles; A. H.

Nason, '99, three articles; F. R. Marsh, '99, two articles; H. F. Dana, '99, one article (not published); and several others one apiece.

The two men last named were elected, one of whom has had no articles published for the year. The men who worked hard were excluded. We are extremely sorry to have such an affair happen, but are forced to make the facts known in order to do justice to those who have been treated in such a shabby fashion. Things have come to a pretty pass in college when elections for the college papers have to be managed by "combines." We are quite sure that former editors of the paper will read this with a feeling of regret, and will say that the ORIENT is too old to learn such unmanly tricks.

DURING the past year more interest has been taken in the art of debating than has existed in college for many years. This increased interest is the result of the persistent work of one of our younger professors, Mr. Mitchell. His labors in the direction of a public exhibition are about to be realized, and it is in regard to that exhibition that the present editorial is written.

While we are boasting of our athletic prowess and pointing to our splendid records in base-ball, foot-ball, and track athletics, our neighbors are parading their forensic attainments and their victories in the more brainy contests of public discussion.

We must not sit still and have the fact of our inadequate preparation for the professions thrown before those who are sincere and ardent admirers of Bowdoin. We have done some debating on the quiet, but our contests have not been published far and wide to attract those students who seek to excel in this more lasting acquirement. Early next term it is intended to have a prize contest held, with men chosen from

the three upper classes and competent judges to award the wreath to the side that best defends its position.

Apropos of the above, let us begin early and make the exhibition a success and set the contest of mind on an equal footing with those of matter, that are of such frequent occurrence with us. If this debate proves successful our debating society will grow stronger, and another year we can face representatives from other institutions. The invitations that have been received this year could not be accepted, because our men have not been thoroughly trained and would prove inefficient representatives of an institution that has produced several of the greatest debaters this country has seen.

Every man who has any college spirit will work to have this first public exhibition a success. The classes have chosen men to represent them without knowing what capabilities their representatives had. The ORIENT asks the co-operation of the whole college in this matter, and suggests that as much interest should be taken in it for the name of the college as is taken in the different athletic contests. The college can hold its own in contests of brain as well as it can in those of brawn. Bowdoin should be at the head of the procession in all lines of college activities.

ONE of those unfortunate Sophomore affairs happened in our midst last week, and to correct several false impressions that are abroad, the ORIENT adds a word to the many newspaper articles that have appeared.

While it is not our place to criticise the sentence imposed by the "powers that be," yet we have an idea that the matter could have been settled with just as much effectiveness and considerable less notoriety. The whole affair was an accident and one not likely to occur more than once in a good many years. If the jury had not made so

much out of it, it is unlikely that any impetus would have been lent to hazing in college, and surely the unwelcome ring that such affairs have would not have been sounded abroad. College discipline must be maintained, but personalities should be set aside in the judging of such disorders. Men are not attracted by such unwholesome affairs, and it is certainly wrong to give the public the impression that they are of yearly occurrence here in Bowdoin. Should such a thing happen in other colleges it is very doubtful if it ever had notice taken of it. Hazing is dead at Bowdoin and has been for a generation, but many ill-informed people would have the world believe that there is a bed of iniquity in our midst and that the lives of men are jeopardized the moment they step on the campus. Undergraduates help the idea along by going home and telling experiences to interest their friends, for much setting is invented to make the stories appear thrilling. If there is one way more than any other to attract the best element in the state to our *Alma Mater* it is in denying the ridiculous hazing tales that appear and in refusing to publish abroad such a small matter as caused the suspension of seventeen of our fellow-students last week. The young man who was so little injured, but who was made out to be so badly hurt, is as sorry that such unwarranted stories have been published as is the ORIENT, that is supposed to represent college feeling in the matter. We must remember this and practice it in the future.

Princeton has won ten of the twelve games played with Harvard since 1877.

Credit is given for singing in the chapel choir at the University of Michigan.

The smallest as well as the largest university in the world is in Africa. The smallest has five students and fifteen instructors; the largest, which is situated at Cairo, Egypt, has 10,000 students.

The Athletic Exhibition.

THE Eleventh Annual Exhibition and the Second Indoor Athletic Meet of the Athletic Association took place on Tuesday evening, March 23d. There was a large house assembled, and after the great success of last year, anticipation was high, and they were certainly not at all disappointed. Under the efficient management of T. L. Pierce everything passed off smoothly, and the events were all very exciting. The programme was a little less long than that of last year, the best features being retained, and one or two innovations being made. To begin with the events in particular, the potato race was a warmly contested one, and was won in the finals by Sylvester, 1900, in 1 minute 49 seconds. The boxing of Hatch, '97, and Pulsifer, '97, was brisk and snappy as usual, and was warmly applauded. Murphy and Wiggin, in their broadsword bout, also won applause. In the running high jump, two of the places were won by 1900; Gould, 1900, being first with 4 feet 11 inches. The 25-yard hurdle was easily won by Kendall, '98. In the pole vault, Minott, '98, and Chapman, 1900, took all the honors. There was fencing by Carmichael, '97, and Wiggin, '98, and a single-stick bout between Hewitt, '97, and Moulton, '98, all of which were excellent. By far the most interesting of the floor events, however, was the relay racing between the classes, and the most exciting event of the whole evening was the final heat between '97 and '98, won by '97 in 23 seconds. But notwithstanding the interest attaching to the floor events the interest of the audience was fully as much as ever before centered in the squad drills, for it was known that each class had put forth a special effort this year to win the cup. The drills were all good, but the cup was finally awarded to the '98 squad, which has now won it twice. The squads were made up as follows:

CLASS OF '97.—FENCING DRILL.

G. E. Carmichael, Leader.

Shorden, Stearns, French, Shute, Hatch, White, Brett, Cook, Coggan, Ackley, Randall.

CLASS OF '98.—BROADSWORD DRILL.

C. S. Pettengill, Leader.

Minott, Ives, Kendall, Dana, C. C. Smith, Wiggin, E. E. Spear, Blake, Odiorne, Perkins, Moulton.

CLASS OF 1900.—INDIAN-CLUB DRILL.

P. A. Babb, Leader.

West, McCormick, Giles, Willey, Russell, Sylvester, Chapman, Cobb, Rowell, Gould, Rumery.

Of course the excitement of the whole exhibition was rendered a little less by the non-participation of '99, but under the circumstances every one was satisfied with the effort put forth by the Athletic Association. The captains of the track teams were as follows: Seniors, Frank A. Stearns; Juniors, Edward Stanwood, Jr.; Sophomores, Edwin S. Hadlock; Freshmen, Francis M. Sparks.

After the exhibition came the usual hop. The floor was in a much better condition for dancing than might have been expected, and the music, which was rendered by the college orchestra, was better than ever before. The dancing was continued until an early hour.

A summary of the events is appended, also a programme of the events and a list of the officials.

SUMMARY.

Class Drill.—Won by '98; '97, second; 1900, third.

Class Relay Race.—Won by '97; '98, second; 1900, third.

Putting 16-pound Shot.—Won by French, '97; White, '97, second; Hamlin, 1900, third. Distance, 33 feet 1 1-2 inches.

Potato Race.—Won by Sylvester, 1900; Brett, '97, second; French, '97, third.

Running High Jump.—Won by Gould, 1900; French, '97, second; Gardner, 1900, third. Height, 4 feet 11 inches.

Twenty-yard Dash.—Won by Kendall, '98; Stetson, '98, second; Stanwood, '98, third. Time, 2 3-4 seconds.

Twenty-yard Hurdle.—Won by Kendall, '99; Merrill, 1900, second; Chapman, 1900, third. Time, 4 seconds.

Pole Vault.—Won by Minott, '98; Chapman, 1900, second. Height, 9 feet 1 inch.

The Juniors got first place, with 32 points; the Freshmen second, with 26; and the Seniors third, with 22.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

Fencing Drill. Class of '97.

20-yard Dash (trial heats).

Putting 16-pound Shot.

Class Relay Race. '98 vs. 1900.

Potato Race (trial heats).

Boxing. Messrs. Hatch and Pulsifer.

Broadswords. Messrs. Murphy and Wiggin.

Running High Jump.

20-yard Dash (semi-final heats).

Broadsword Drill. Class of '98.

25-yard Hurdle (trial heats).

Potato Race (final heats).

Fencing. Messrs. Carmichael and Wiggin.

Single-Sticks. Messrs. Hewett and Moulton.

Pole Vault.

20-yard Dash (final heat).

Indian-Club Drill. Class of 1900.

Class Relay Race (finals).

OFFICERS.

Referee—Professor William A. Moody.

Judges—Professor George T. Files, J. H. Bates, W. W. Bolster.

Timers—Col. George L. Thompson, H. V. Stackpole, Alfred Mitchell, Jr.

Measurers—W. S. A. Kimball, B. L. Bryant, J. E. Burbank.

Scorer—A. B. White, '98.

Starter—L. F. Soule.

Announcer—M. S. Coggan, '97.

Clerk of Course—James H. Horne, '97.

Historic Monhegan.

THE morning was clear as a bell; deep blue sky; deeper blue sea, tinged purple by the brisk south-west wind; all the shore and every ledge fringed with foaming surf, glistening in the slanting rays of the early sun; above all the continuous roar of breaking waves, caused by the previous storm and heavy fog at sea.

An early start if it cleared in the morning, had been the captain's last words. We

should have made the trip out to Monhegan the afternoon before, had weather permitted. The captain was ready to start, with thick fog and little wind, but on consulting the passengers, who were unwilling to run the risk of spending the night at sea, he decided to spend the night ashore and make an early run over in the morning.

The boat that was to take us out to Monhegan was only a small fishing packet, and had run back and forth between Monhegan and "the main" for many years, making three trips in summer and two in winter, wind and weather permitting. The small-craft was well named, the Effort, and served as mail boat, lumber boat, cattle boat, and passenger boat; in fact, everything taken to the little island, far in the sea, was carried over on the packet, the connecting link between Monhegan and the mainland.

On reaching the wharf I found all in readiness for a hasty departure, baggage all aboard, decks cleared as well as possible, ropes coiled, and sails impatiently flapping in the breeze. The captain was nervously walking back and forth, anxiously awaiting the passengers, for he wished to take advantage of the brisk morning breeze. I jumped aboard, clambered over piles of brick, lumber, and trunks, and worked my way astern, where I found a comfortable seat by the house.

All was ready, the warp tugging at pile cast-off; the mainsail gave a few slats, filled, swung to the leeward with a jerk, and, with a large sweep, we passed around the dock and were off. With the jib and topsail set we were soon flying through the water, boiling and curling into foam at our bow, with a long diverging path of white at the stern. Moored schooners, with dark hulls high out of water, yachts and fishing boats, faded from sight, and soon the harbor itself was lost to view.

Our course lay apparently out to open sea, but with little care we could see far on the

horizon the dim outline of Monhegan. We were on our way to the farthest island off the coast of Maine, ten miles at sea, from Pemaquid, the nearest mainland.

Monhegan, the landmark of all early American explorers, the rendezvous of early mariners, the center of life and news of early fishermen, what tales you could unfold if only you had power to reveal your past! Here Weymouth, one of the earliest explorers, after a perilous voyage, in the spring of 1605, anchored. Driven about by contrary winds he finally reached Monhegan and supplied his boat with water and wood. What a refreshing sight this forest-clad isle, with babbling brooks, dashing down over the cliffs to the sea, must have been to Weymouth's exhausted crew, after being tossed about upon the sea for many dreary days. Weymouth took possession of the island in the name of King James I., and erected a cross in token of the Christian faith.

The discovery of the island and adjoining land, known as Norumbega, caused great excitement in England, and the newly formed Plymouth Company soon sent out two ships of colonists, which sailed directly for Monhegan. Here, in 1607, Popham with his unfortunate colonists, held the first religious services in New England. The fishing grounds of Monhegan at once became famous in England, and from 1607 on, fishermen and traders flocked to the Maine coast. Here they cast anchor and made their rendezvous, fishing and trading with the Indians during the summer months. In 1614 Captain John Smith left his ship at Monhegan, and in a small boat explored the coast south, and gave the name New England to this part of America. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock this region was far more conspicuous and important, and during the summer months quite a fleet of vessels rode at anchor in its waters. Thus Monhegan became not only a prominent landmark for

voyagers, but an important fishing and trading depot. During the summer season the island was alive with fishermen, and it was to them the struggling colonists at Plymouth sent for food.

The wind held good, and the Effort steadily held her course for the island, which now appeared much larger and resembled the back of a huge whale sunning itself in the open sea. A dark mass of woods, then the light-house crept forth from the blue background of sky. As we gradually approached, Monana, a bold, ledgy island lying parallel and very close to Monhegan, as if seeking protection from the larger island, slowly separated from the green slopes beyond. Soon the entrance of the little harbor between the two islands came into view. Then with a rush, on the top of a swell crested with curling foam, we swept into the narrow harbor, around the end of Monana, its gray rocks wet and bespattered with dashing surf. Like a panorama the little fishing hamlet came into view; gray, weather-beaten fish-houses, nestled on the yellow beaches between the jutting cliffs; gabled tops of fishermen's homes peeped here and there over the cliffs, and straggled part way up the hill, which, rising high above the harbor, formed a background crested with dark firs, in the midst of which loomed the light-house. Near the beach a little fishing fleet of bright-colored boats bobbed up and down in the narrow harbor. One would almost think he was in a foreign land, so novel was the sight.

The mooring made, we were taken ashore in a small boat and landed on the little beach, amidst fish heads and refuse, soon to be washed away by the coming tide.

Now, as over two hundred and fifty years ago, fishing is the industry of the island. On this same beach the early English fishermen cleaned and cured their fish, and returned to England with ships loaded with the famous Monhegan cod.

We picked our way up the beach among the fish tables, punts, tubs, grapples, and other gear, which was conveniently piled around, and found our way to the fishermen's homes, where we spent a few of the happiest weeks of the summer vacation.

A Puzzled Eavesdropper.

ONE day, not so very long ago, Philip Richards went down town to see his lawyer. Arriving at the building, tired and hot, for it was midsummer, he found that the elevator was not running. So he had to walk up two long flights of stairs.

In a few minutes he knocked on the office door and was informed by the boy that Mr. Watson was busy just now, but would be at leisure shortly. Would he wait? Richards said he would, and followed the boy into the little reception room. He picked up a fan and sat down to get cooled off, but soon got up again and went over to the open window. Just across the wide, busy street was the new park—a most inviting place on a day like this. What a contrast between its cool, shaded paths and the dusty, sweating street! How comfortable the people in the park looked, especially when one noticed the impatient crowds on the hot brick sidewalks of the street.

Suddenly Philip was startled by a voice at his elbow—"There she goes now, into the park. Look!" He did look—to see where the voice came from; it was from the next window in the office, of course. Then he looked out into the park and saw the young lady to whom he was as good as engaged. "Isn't she a dandy?" continued the voice.

"Yes," was the reply, and Philip recognized Watson as the speaker, "she is. I suppose you've become much attached to her by this time."

"I should say I had. Why, I wouldn't give her up for anything."

Philip gasped. He, intent on a young

lady seated on a shady bench, noticed only one "she." He couldn't understand the conversation which he was accidentally over-hearing.

"You're at your country place, now, aren't you?" asked Watson's voice. "I suppose you have her out there occasionally?"

"Yes, indeed; all the time. I couldn't get along without her myself, any way."

"Who's that with her now; your coachman?"

"Yes, he's walking her around a little while I'm in here. There, she's coming back. I guess I'd better go."

"Don't hurry, Fred," urged Watson. It's not four yet. Sit down and let's talk over that other—"

Here the persons in the next room evidently walked away from the window, for Philip heard no more. In fact he was sorry he had heard so much. "But that's no coachman," he thought, noticing a young man standing by his young lady friend. "That's her brother."

The voices in the next room again became audible. "All right, I'll fix it all up. Must you go? Well, here comes your beauty. She is a beauty, too. Did you say she was fast?"

"Well, I did. You ought to see—"

Philip waited to hear no more. He couldn't. Thrusting his head out, he caught a glimpse of his lawyer friend seated on the sill of his office window.

"Why, hello, Richards," he called cheerily. "How long have you been there? Come in here. I want you to meet a friend of mine."

Richards went around to the door of the office. Watson met him, and after introducing him to Mr. Davis, his college chum, glanced again out of the window and said: "Isn't that a handsome horse of Fred's, Phil?" The black one just coming out of the park. She's a new acquisition of Fred's—can trot fast—isn't she a beauty? Fred

brought her in town for me to see. We've been admiring her all the afternoon."

"Oh," said Philip. He understood the puzzling conversation at last.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Hospital Patient.

Bare on the coverlet, the hand pale and white,
Tossing and restless through the long dreary night,
Waiting and watching for the message to come
That would end worldly suffering in the Heavenly home.

Pale was the face and placid the brow,
Blue were the eyes and the voice sweet and low,
As waiting she spoke of the time near at hand
When she'd wander alone through the Heavenly land.

Her life a struggle from earliest youth
Never had led her from virtue or truth;
Her death an ending of one of the blessed,
A leaf from the tree of life ne'er to be missed.

A Theft.

To and fro beneath the trees
There swung a hammock gently;
In it sat a youth and maid,
In love, quite evidently.

Says the youth, with laughing eyes,
"Do you object to stealing?"
"Of course," the maiden quick replies,
Her righteous wrath revealing.

Gazing on her upturned face,
By nature only tinted,
He bent down to the ruby lips
And there a kiss imprinted.

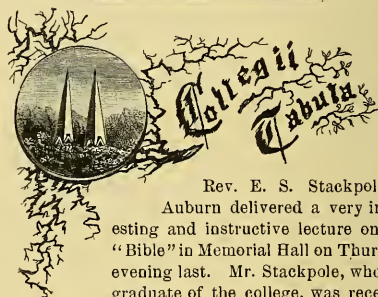
"You object, I think you said,
To stealing, very strongly.
I stole a kiss. Tell me," he said,
"If I have acted wrongly."

Softly came the answer then,
She hardly dared to say it:
"I do object. That kiss was mine;
So please, sir, now repay it."

A Clear Case of Wheels.

Late at his desk the poet stayed
Awaiting an inspiration,
And far abroad his fancies strayed.
With steady alternation
He tries to write, then lets his brain
Go whirling 'round so madly.
Anon, he stops it once again
And takes his pen up sadly.
The editor in accents terse
Had said to him that morning,

"The paper waits; we must have verse,
We've given you fair warning."
The poet tore his hair, and then
Despairing, he took up his pen—
An idea now he feels.
He writes—"A poet, minus brains,
E'en though he take infinite pains,
Can only equal 'wheels.'"



Rev. E. S. Stackpole of Auburn delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on the "Bible" in Memorial Hall on Thursday evening last. Mr. Stackpole, who is a graduate of the college, was received by quite a large body of students, and his effort was listened to with keenest attention. He stands very high as a thinker, and has written several very forcible works on religious topics, all of which can be found in the library.

Base-ball next.

The Athletic Exhibition netted about \$140.

Adjourns were in order after the exhibition.

Nearly all the Seniors have sat for their pictures. Edwards, '98, will teach in Boothbay next term.

F. E. Glidden, '99, was at his home sick last week.

Dennison, '95, has been visiting friends in college lately.

Odiorne, '98, lost a valuable fraternity pin at the exhibition.

This week is the hardest of the year for most men in college.

There were many sub-Freshmen in evidence at the indoor meet.

F. J. Libby, '94, spent a few hours on the campus last week.

Some interest was manifested over the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

"Did you put his eye out?" is the common expression nowadays.

The Freshmen of the Medical School are talking up a base-ball nine.

Extra exercises were held in the chapel on the morning of '99's departure.

French, '97, has a class of juveniles on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The campus has been a pond for nearly a month. A canoe club should be started.

The Senior German division will finish the "Faust" at the next recitation.

President Hyde's examination yesterday was conducted by Professor Chapman.

A large number of Seniors have decided to take up post-graduate study next year.

Our friend "Lishe" has left the employ of the college. The old gang is no more.

The Bowdoin College Orchestra will furnish music for the Brunswick minstrels.

Notices to delinquents in the matter of chapel excuses have been frequent of late.

A number of Seniors will try the civil service examinations in Portland, April 7th.

No more cigarettes and the University of Maine are our latest laws. What will come next?

A large number of Bath people, including several young ladies, attended the athletic exhibition.

The base-ball men were measured for suits last week. Twenty men will be provided this year.

A large number of students attended "The Yellow Kid" at the Town Hall last Saturday night.

Many of the ends were left in darkness on account of a deficiency of electric juice last Friday night.

F. O. Small, '95, principal of Washington Academy, East Machias, spent a few hours on the campus last week.

R. S. Hagar, '97, was called home recently to attend the funeral of his uncle, J. M. Hagar of the Class of '43.

Seniors are busy making up back work before the provisional list of Commencement appointments is announced.

Now the season of flashlights is once more upon us, and many jolly groups have been taken in the various rooms.

Several little fires about town lately have afforded some innocent diversion to those who had leisure to chase them up.

The optional Dante class has suspended operations on account of the general rush of work at the close of the term.

J. H. Libby, '96, who has been working in the State House during the past session, visited his *Alma Mater* on Sunday.

Professor Woodruff's classes in Greek had their examinations on Friday last, owing to the Professor's absence this week.

Alfred B. White, Edward Stanwood, Jr., Arthur Hunt, and W. B. Moulton, attended an assembly in Lewiston, Monday, the 22d.

The electric-light men have been visiting the various ends during last week. It is said that a "few" extra lights were found.

The provisional Commencement list will be sent out at the end of this term. It is thought that nearly thirty names will appear on it.

The first robin has appeared. Duck pants will soon be in order and the campus will once more emerge from the deluge of forty days.

The suspension of seventeen Sophomores took the interest out of the Indoor Meet. It would have been a close fight between '99 and '98.

J. W. Condon, ex-'97, received a second injury a few weeks ago. This time he was thrown from a sleigh and had his hip badly wrenched.

A. A. Badger, '95, was on the campus last Saturday. Mr. Badger has recently been elected superintendent of the Skowhegan schools.

Another decision has been rendered in the Fayerweather case, but it has been thrown back into another court on entirely different grounds.

The average number of books taken from the library during March up to date has been thirty-six books a day, which is a very good average.

There are rumors that a chapter of one of the leading medical school Greek-letter societies is soon to be established in the Medical School here.

The public debate, to be given by members of the Sophomore Class, has been put over until next

term, owing to the enforced absence of several of the debaters.

Just before going to press C. C. Smith, a member of the ORIENT Board, sent in his resignation. He was a valued member of the Board, and his loss will be severely felt.

Kendall, '98, has returned from Hebron Academy, where he has been teaching athletics during the last term. His good work added interest to the athletic exhibition.

Mr. Whitman of Lewiston has several scholars in college taking lessons on the 'cello. Mr. Whitman is an artist on that instrument and is considered an excellent teacher.

The subject announced for the Pray English Prize to be competed for by the Seniors is as follows: "Spencer and Shakespeare as Ethical Teachers." The parts are due June 2d.

Some of the books recently added to the library collection are:

The Purple East. William Watson.
 Selections from Steele. Carpenter.
 Rustic Life in France. André Theuriet.
 Palmyra and Zenobia. William Wright.
 The Land of the Muskeg. Somerset.
 Eighteenth Century Vignettes (third series). Austin Dobson.
 The Colonial Parson of New England. Child.
 Book of Eloquence. Charles Dudley Warner.
 Literary Landmarks of Florence. Lawrence Hutton.
 Democracy and Liberty, Vol. 1. Lecky.
 The Growth of British Policy. Seeley.
 The Sculptured Tombs of Hellas. Percy Gardner.
 Lorenzo de Medici.—Heroes of the Nations Series.
 Armstrong.
 Joan of Arc. Francis C. Lowell.
 Life of Robert Owen. David Jones.

The third and last Junior assembly was held in the Court Room, Thursday, March 18th. About twenty couples were present, including five young ladies from Bath. The College Orchestra furnished the music. A good time was reported.

The Deutscher Verein met with Professor Files on Thursday, March 25th, at 8 o'clock. Papers were read on Auerbach by Mr. Dole and Uhland by Mr. Ackley. The Verein is soon to adopt a badge of the Verein colors—red, white, and black.

The chapel attendance has been unusually large of late. Nearly all of the professors' seats have been taken by members of the two upper classes. If the classes continue to grow, compulsory attendance for the Seniors will have to be abolished.

The Glee, Mandolin, and Guitar Clubs, assisted by the College Orchestra, gave a very enjoyable

concert and dance in City Hall, Lewiston, Friday, March 19th. Quite a body of Bowdoin men attended and gave the Lewiston buds a good time in return for the second assembly.

On Friday, March 19th, the gym witnessed a touching scene. The occasion was "Seniors' last gym." Relay races were run, and then the class marched around the gym to the solemn strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Nine 'rahs for Dr. Whittier, and the class yell, closed the exercises.

Some miscreant removed the reading-room lights last week, and those who take advantage of the evenings to read the papers have been disappointed. If there is one place in college that should be well lighted, it is the reading-room. If we only had "Lisbe" back. He used to look after the details.

The recent "Opening of the Spring" has called forth a great deal of excitement among the papers of the state, and many articles condemning the Class of '99 in unmeasured terms have appeared. The wicked "Sophs" have received all sorts of epithets, but they are enjoying life under the parental roof.

A chimney burning out caused an alarm of fire to be sounded on Monday night a week ago. It proved to be in the Peterson building, across from the campus, and a large crowd of students soon gathered. The Theta Delta Chi fraternity have chapter rooms in the upper part, but suffered no damage, although some members lost a night's sleep.

Godfrey, '99, has again taken the lead among the strong men of the state after being twice beaten by Clarke, of his own class. Last week Mr. Godfrey again went to the head of the procession, and now stands next to Lovering of Harvard. Godfrey's record is a remarkable one, being 1,560 kilograms, or 3,440 pounds. Only fifteen minutes were consumed in taking the test.

The lecture which Professor Robinson gave to the Juniors who take chemistry, the next time he met the class after the Athletic Exhibition, was an extremely entertaining one. Instead of attending to the subject in hand he indulged in some reminiscences of athletic exhibitions of his college days, speaking of Dudley A. Sargent in particular, and of his influence on Bowdoin athletics, and he also referred to the other branches of athletics of former days, rowing, etc. This interesting exercise was highly appreciated by all.

The men elected by the three upper classes to represent them in the public debate to be held

May 6th of next term are as follows: Fred Gustavus Kneeland, Lovell Center; Robert Sidney Hagar, Richmond; Frank Herbert Swan, Westbrook; R. R. Morson, Upton, P. E. I.; Frank Leslie Dutton, Anson; Forrest E. Glidden, Foxcroft. The debate will be held in Memorial Hall and the following subject will be discussed: "Resolved, That the Railroads of the United States Should be Owned and Operated by the Federal Government." A trophy has been offered by the George Evans Debating Society that will serve as an incentive to the disputants.

Y. M. C. A.

The mid-week meeting of March 11th was led by Laycock, '98.

In the Sunday meeting of March 14th, Professor Woodruff gave a very interesting and instructive talk upon "Bible Study." He told the students that few people know how to study the Bible in the proper manner. Most people are accustomed to study detached passages instead of studying the whole as a unit. He explained that the latter way is the only one in which to study the scriptures, quoting to a considerable extent the admirable article of Mr. Arlo Bates in the February number of the *Quill*. Professor Woodruff's address was fine, and his audience large and attentive.

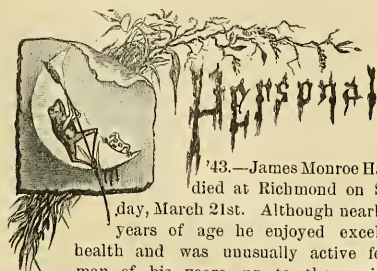
The Thursday meeting of March 18th was conducted by Merrill, 1900.

Rev. J. A. Corey addressed the students in a very pleasing manner in the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Sunday, March 21st. The subject of his talk was the "Joy of Conquest." He assured the students that the only way to come out the conquering hero in the great battle of life is to be a Christian.

At a business session, held after the devotional services on March 18th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Laycock, '98; Vice-President, Woodbury, '99; Secretary, Marsh, '99; Treasurer, Robinson, 1900.

At the games played at the University of Pennsylvania, this fall, there was an average attendance of 6,000 persons.

The highest salary of any college professor is \$20,000, paid to Professor Sumner of Edinburgh University.



'43.—James Monroe Hagar died at Richmond on Sunday, March 21st. Although nearly 75 years of age he enjoyed excellent health and was unusually active for a man of his years, up to the accident which resulted in his death. His many vessels and other property interests frequently called him to Boston and New York. While attempting to cross a street in Boston on March 3d, a heavy delivery wagon dashed around the corner of a narrow street, knocked him down, and caused the injuries which resulted in his death. He assured his daughter in Boston that he was not seriously injured, but after his return home he gradually failed, and the best of medical skill could not save him. Mr. Hagar came to Richmond from Waltham, Mass., where he was born July 25, 1822, and where his boyhood days were spent. While in college as well as throughout his early life, he was obliged to teach school, work hard, and deprive himself of many pleasures. After graduating from college he entered on the study of law in the office of his brother, the Hon. Marshall S. Hagar, and engaged in the practice of his profession several years and showed marked ability in it, but the business world offered great inducements in those days, and he soon after engaged in ship-building with his brother, later conducting business for himself. His business career has been excelled by but few men in Maine or New England. His vessels have entered the ports of every quarter of the globe. Among the ships turned out at his yard were the *Ida Lilly*, *Mayflower*, *Ida Lilly 2d*, *St. James*, *Hagerstown*, *Queenstown*, *Florida*, and *Yorktown*, all of heavy tonnage and first-class construction. His last vessel was launched in 1878, after which time he gradually retired from shipping to engage in the development of railroads and other enterprises. He was a man of calm and retiring disposition, and possessed excellent judgment and business ability. He was an effective speaker, and had he turned to politics in his younger days he might have taken high rank in the councils of the nation. Being a man of striking presence, his words had weight with all whose privilege it was to hear him in public debate. He was witty, earnest,

and forceful, emphasizing his remarks with graceful gesture and magisterial look. As a conversationalist he was always entertaining, being fertile in interesting reminiscences of public men of a past generation. He had traveled extensively, and had a wide acquaintance with public men of the day. Without claiming any of the Christian virtues, he was a firm believer in orthodoxy, and in him the church had a sincere friend and benefactor. He left a widow, Henrietta Libby Hagar, and four daughters. His funeral occurred Tuesday, March 23d. Mr. Hagar was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Med., '64.—Dr. Gardner Carpenter Clarke, a prominent physician of Niagara Falls, N. Y., died in that city on March 23d, after a week's illness with heart trouble. He was 56 years old, and had lived in Niagara Falls twenty-five years, all of which time he was a practitioner, standing high in the medical ranks. He was born in Pittsfield, Mass., where he spent his early years. During the civil war he was surgeon in a Massachusetts regiment. He studied at Bowdoin and at the University of New York. At the close of the war he was one of the managers of the National Hospital at Washington, D. C. Up to four o'clock of the day of his death, it was thought he would recover. Dr. Clarke was a member of the Niagara County Medical Society and had a large practice in the city and the surrounding country. He was a Free Mason and a man respected by every one. His wife died eight years ago. A son, Edward G. Clarke, who is the manager of the Oneida Silver Company at Muncie, Ind., and two daughters, Elizabeth G. and May G. Clarke, survive.

'65.—James Frederic Dudley, vice-president of the Etna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., died very suddenly at New Orleans on Friday, March 19th. He was on a trip through the South with his wife and daughter. Mr. Dudley was born in Hampden, February 1, 1841. After leaving college, he was for two years principal of the Thomaston High School and Hampden Academy. In 1867 he resigned the last position to engage in the fire insurance business. Two years later he married Miss Nettie S. Read of Thomaston. In 1873 he accepted a position as special agent of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company for Pennsylvania. Later he entered the service of the Etna Company as special agent, residing in Williamsport, as an adjuster of cases for Pennsylvania, but returned to the North British and Mercantile as general agent the following year, being made assistant manager of the company for the United States.

In 1888 he was elected to the assistant secretaryship of the Etna Company. On the death of Captain Bayne in 1893, he became vice-president and a director of the company. Mr. Dudley was a lineal descendant of Governor Thomas Dudley, one of the founders of the Massachusetts colony, and was greatly interested in the association bearing that name, and was also a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. Mr. Dudley was a man of the strictest integrity. He was a frequent visitor to Maine, having a summer cottage at Martin's Point, Waldoboro. He contributed generously to Good Will Farm. Mrs. Dudley and one daughter survive.

'70.—Representative DeAlva Stanwood Alexander, from the thirty-third New York district, is an enthusiast over Bowdoin College, his *Alma Mater*, and almost as soon as he arrived in Washington last Thursday began to agitate a Bowdoin dinner. He and Colonel Stanley Plummer talked the matter over, before that gentleman left for Maine Saturday morning, and as the two were saying farewells in the House committee room on rivers and harbors, Mr. Alexander announced that he and Frederick C. Stevens, representing the St. Paul district, had already got their heads together and proposed to call upon Senator Frye and one or two others, who are Maine men and graduates of Bowdoin. Invitations would soon be sent out for a Bowdoin dinner and a reunion of Bowdoin alumni in the city. If nobody else came he knew that he and Stevens and Senator Frye could be counted on. That would assure a dinner. The price has already been fixed at two dollars a plate, and there will be speaking.

'74.—Rev. Samuel V. Cole of the Broadway Congregational Church, Taunton, has accepted an invitation to become the head of Wheaton Female Seminary at Norton, Mass. He is a graduate of Andover Seminary, and has been settled in Taunton some eight years.

'81.—Frederick Clement Stevens, who represents the fourth Minnesota District in Congress, is a typical son of Maine and of Bowdoin. The career of this young and eminent politician of the Northwest, already standing head and shoulders above older men, is of peculiar interest. He received his first lessons in the manipulation of men from Senator Frye. Himself skillful in the game of politics, the Senator saw in Mr. Stevens the promise of a good future, while he was still a young man in Maine, teaching school at Veazie and Searsmont and studying law in the office of Hon. Albert W. Paine of Bangor. The Senator taught him "a thing or two,"

and Mr. Stevens, whose family has resided for many years in the valley of the Penobscot, proved an apt pupil. Mr. Stevens occupies a seat in the House next to chairman Dingley. Mr. Stevens takes an active interest in all his old associations. He was foremost in many things at Bowdoin as he has been foremost in everything he has undertaken since leaving college. He was editor-in-chief of both the *Bugle* and the *ORIENT*, rowed on his class crew, taking a great interest in athletics, was a Phi Beta Kappa man and a commencement orator. Mr. Stevens is still an orator, and has done powerful work on the stump in Minnesota. He is not a politician for revenue, and has been unselfish in his career. He held many important municipal and county offices before going to Congress. The secret of his strength is his ability to array facts logically and give them expression in a sequence of incisive, telling statements.

NECROLOGY FOR THE ORIENT YEAR, 1896-7.

- '27.—Alpheus Felch, d. June 13. Aged 91 years.
 '31.—Abiel Abbott, d. August 23. Aged 88 years.
 '33.—Benjamin Tappan, d. December 3. Aged 81 years.
 '34.—Henry Theodore Cheever, d. February 13. Aged 83 years.
 '35.—Charles Edward Allen, d. February 26. Aged 81 years.
 '37.—Elias Bond, d. July 24. Aged 83 years.
 '37.—Mark Gould, d. August 7. Aged 84 years.
 '40.—Nathan Smith Cleaveland, d. March 31. Aged 75 years.
 '41.—Henry Ingalls, d. December 10. Aged 77 years.
 Med., '41.—Andrew Jackson Fuller, d. January 10. Aged 75 years.
 '42.—William Lyman Hyde, d. August 1. Aged 77 years.
 '42.—Samuel Trask, d. January 24. Aged 75 years.
 '43.—James Monroe Hagar, d. March 22. Aged 75 years.
 '43.—Silas Briggs Hahn, d. October 25. Aged 77 years.
 Ex-'44.—Joseph Edward Augustus Smith, d. October 29. Aged 74 years.
 '47.—Samuel Augustus Bickford, d. September 17. Aged 73 years.
 '47.—Crosby Howard Wheeler, d. October 11. Aged 73 years.
 '48.—Charles Stewart Davis Fessenden, d. July 23. Aged 68 years.
 Ex-'58.—Henry Goddard Thomas, d. Aged 60 years.
 '61.—Sidney Michael Finger, d. Aged 60 years.
 Med., '64.—Osgood Nathan Bradbury, d. January 22. Aged 68 years.
 Med., '64.—Gardner Carpenter Clarke, d. March 22. Aged 56 years.
 '65.—James Frederick Dudley, d. March 26. Aged 56 years.
 '68.—Frank Eastman Hitchcock, d. October 25. Aged 49 years.
 '69.—Frank Whitman Ring, d. July 17. Aged 48 years.
 Med., '70.—Elisba Skinner Coan, d. May 30. Aged 53 years.

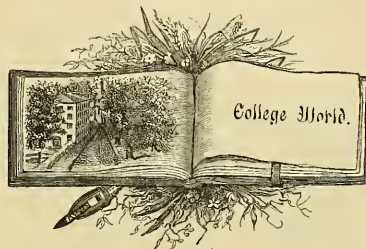
Med., '74.—Albion Thomas Stinson, d. February 14. Aged 48 years.

'77.—Edwin Judson Pratt, d. April 20. Aged 42 years.

Med., '78.—Oscar Whitney Stone, d. April 26. Aged 44 years.

'88.—Richard William Goding, d. May 5. Aged 29 years.

'93.—Charles Hale Savage, d. April 23. Aged 24 years.



Wellesley College has abolished compulsory attendance at the college church and has adopted a system of college preachers.

The history building of the American University is to cost \$150,000. Already subscriptions for the endowment amount to over \$250,000.

There are thirty-five members in the University of Chicago Glee and Mandolin Club. It is considered one of the finest organizations in the country.

The Olympic games in 1900 will be held in Paris, and in 1904 the committee will choose between New York, Berlin, and Stockholm.

Radeliffe College has received a bequest of \$20,000 by the will of the late Henry L. Pierce of Boston.

Vice-President Hobart has given \$6,000 to Rutgers College at Brunswick, N. J. Mr. Hobart graduated at Rutgers.

More than half of the total number of graduates of Johns Hopkins have become teachers, the majority occupying important chairs in the colleges and universities of America.

Kazuo Hatogama, Yale, '79, has been elected speaker of the House of Commons of the Japanese Parliament.

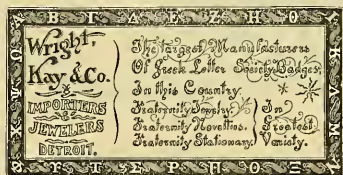
It is said that one-sixteenth of the college students of the United States are fitting themselves for the ministry.

Princeton gives a prize of \$1,500 to the person entering the Sophomore Class who passes the best examination in Latin and Greek subjects.

There are 1,126 students attending the Chicago University. There are 157 members in the Faculty.

During the last five years the University of Chicago has been given over \$14,000,000.

The winner of the recent oratorical prize contest at Wabash College has been found to have plagiarized one of Dr. Lyman Abbott's sermons. He won, however, on the point of delivery, the judges having docked him on composition and thought. Nevertheless he is to be expelled from college.



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